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THE GODSON OF LAFAYETTE

BOOKS BY ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS,

IN "SONS OF THE REPUBLIC" SERIES.

A SON OF THE REVOLUTION. BEING THE STORY OF YOUNG TOM EDWARDS, ADVENTURER, AND HOW HE LABORED FOR LIBERTY AND FOUGHT IT OUT WITH HIS CONSCIENCE—IN THE DAYS OF BURR'S CONSPIRACY. 301 pages. With Six Illustrations by FRANK T. MERRILL. 8vo. Cloth. \$1.50.

THE GODSON OF LAFAYETTE. BEING THE STORY OF YOUNG JOE HARVEY, AND HOW HE FOUND THE WAY TO DUTY IN THE DAYS OF WEBSTER AND JACKSON AND THE CONSPIRACY OF THAT AMERICAN ADVENTURER, ELEAZER WILLIAMS, SOMETIMES CALLED "THE FALSE DAUPHIN." 333 pages. With Five Illustrations by FRANK T. MERRILL. 8vo. Cloth. \$1.50.



'AND SO THIS IS WHERE THE BATTLE WAS FOUGHT?''

THE GODSON OF LAFAYETTE

*Being the Story of Young Joe Harvey, and how he
found the way to Duty in the days of Webster
and Jackson and the Conspiracy of that
American adventurer, Eleazer
Williams, sometimes called
"The False Dauphin"*

BY

ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS

AUTHOR OF "A SON OF THE REVOLUTION," "HISTORIC BOYS," "THE CENTURY
BOOK FOR YOUNG AMERICANS," "THE TRUE STORY OF LAFAYETTE,"
"HISTORIC AMERICANS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK T. MERRILL



BOSTON AND CHICAGO
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THE GODSON OF LAFAYETTE.

PREFACE.

As the second in the series of "Sons of the Republic" this book deals with a peculiar phase of American history, and with a man who yet remains a mystery and an enigma in spite of denials and explanations.

Into the most notable part of the story of Eleazer Williams,—his claim to have been the lost Dauphin of France,—this book does not enter. Mr. Wight and others who have gone carefully into the details seem to have disproved his story and destroyed his claim,—and still it is as great a mystery as when, fifty years ago, the land was all agog with the inquiry, "Have we a Bourbon amongst us?"

But upon the part of Eleazer Williams's life that was vital to the interests and unity of the republic this story is especially based,—his crazy dream of empire, by which he hoped to unite the Indians of America into one great Confederacy which should dominate and control the mighty West, and become at once a menace and a barrier to the peaceful expansion of the republic.

The scheme failed, as have all such designs, from the conspiracy of Aaron Burr to the shaky sequels to the Civil War. But for a while it held a certain amount of threat and danger, led at least one young fellow to follow the fortunes of Eleazer Williams, and ended only amid the after-happenings of Black Hawk's War, which did so much toward expanding and developing the great Northwest.

I wish to make acknowledgment for material assistance in this story to my friend, Mr. Reuben G. Thwaites, of the Wisconsin Historical Society, to Mr. W. W. Wight for his exhaustive study of Eleazer Williams, and to the Historico-Genealogical Society of Massachusetts for access to their treasures of local histories and monographs.

With the hope that young Joe Harvey, the godson of Lafayette, may prove equal in interest to young Tom Edwards, the son of the Revolution, I add this book to the series to which it belongs, and repeat the hope that the relation between the sons of the Revolution and the makers of the West may be recognized and appreciated by all who read what I have here set down.

ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.

BOSTON, February 22, 1900.

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THE GODSON OF LAFAYETTE.

CHAPTER I.

THE MAN IN THE ONE-HORSE SHAY.

THE sun was shining brightly, the birds were singing merrily, as young Joe Harvey rode the white colt down to the ford. There is a bridge across the ford to-day; but, when Joe Harvey was a boy, the only way over the creek was to follow the road that led into the stream and follow the road that led out of the stream, where to the east it traversed the fertile farm lands, or to the west climbed the hill with the old "Baltimore pike."

Joe Harvey was whistling quite as cheerily as the birds were singing as he rode the white colt into the creek. For, even though he were bound with his two sacks of corn to Gibson's Mill, the "chore" was not an objectionable one, and he had the whole afternoon before him in which to do it.

To be sure, he might have gone to Gibson's by the Creek Road in much less time, but the fact was there

was an unsettled feud between Joe Harvey and certain of the boys on the Creek Road, and a journey in that direction called for reënforcements. So, as he was going alone, Joe chose the Bottom Road, as it was called, which crossed the Brandywine at Chadd's Ford. For, all things considered, Joe had decided that, in this case at least, the longest way 'round would certainly be the shortest way home.

"Especially," he argued with himself, "if you count the time it would take to have it out with those rascally boys on the Creek Road."

Besides, the Bottom Road was historic, and Joe Harvey never forded the Brandywine at Chadd's and climbed the wooded incline of the old Baltimore pike without recalling his father's story of the famous fight at the ford that dreadful September day in 1777, when Cornwallis and his redcoats, and Knyphausen with his Hessians, fourteen thousand destroying troopers altogether, made that very stream run red with the blood of the contesting foemen, British and patriots, as they stubbornly battled to win or to defend the ford, and then strung the fierce fight over the meadows and along the ridge to Birmingham meeting-house and Dillworthtown.

Joe was a friendly enough fellow, and yet he was a good deal of a fighter, as suited the mingled Conti-

mental blood of Harveys and Garrets that flowed in his veins. Whatever he had to face he faced manfully, whether it were a long furrow or the Creek Road boys; and he had a way, too, of living things over in his restless brain. So, again and again, as he crossed the willow-bordered stream, he had peopled the place with the fierce contestants of that famous Revolutionary battle, as now Knyphausen and his Hessians came thundering down the forest-flanked pike, or now Wayne and his Continentals, under the cover of Proctor's redoubt, charged into the shallow stream to dispute its passage and hurl the Hessians back.

Even now, as, astride the white colt, with the bulging corn-sacks, like another Proctor's redoubt, guarding him on either side, he had halted midway through the creek, he levelled his stout hickory cudgel as if it were his father's old queen's-arm musket, and, pretending that he was one of Wayne's Continentals, almost imagined he could hear the heavily accoutred Hessians clattering down the pike.

He did, in fact, hear something; and, whatever it was, it was clattering down the pike, sure enough. Still standing in mid-stream with his cudgel poised, musket-fashion, he drew an imaginary bead on the approaching Hessians, determined to hold the ford at any cost, especially if, as he half suspected, the Hes-

sians should prove to be some of those objectionable Creek Road boys, who had heard of his roundabout expedition and had hurried across country to the Bottom Road to cut him off.

But neither Hessians nor Creek boys were clattering down the pike. Instead, it was a rattling old one-horse "shay," drawn by a limping roan, the driver of which was anxiously peering out to see where the hill would bring him, and to get some idea of the depth of the water at the ford.

He looked relieved when he spied young Joe Harvey halted in mid-stream with the water scarcely up to the white colt's knees; but when he saw the levelled cudgel he popped back into the shelter of the "shay" and drew up sharply at the water's edge.

There were stories afloat of a certain bold highwayman who had an uncomfortable way of "holding up" travellers in just such a manner at the fords of the Brandywine, and to the exaggerated senses of the rider in the one-horse shay this stout boy on the white colt, with a cudgel at his shoulder, became a determined highwayman on a big horse and with a musket levelled at the "stand and deliver" poise.

"What's the trouble?" he called out from the partial protection of the high dash-board. "Ford's all safe, isn't it, sir?"

Sir! Joe Harvey liked to be called sir. It sounded quite grown up and dignified, and young Joe really was a stout-looking boy for his years.

"All right, sir," he replied heartily, lowering his misunderstood cudgel. "The water isn't up to your hubs to-day. You can drive right through."

The stranger still eyed the boy's big stick suspiciously.

"What are you doing there, son?" he inquired.

Joe laughed merrily. "I do believe he's afraid of me," he chuckled to himself.

"Oh, I'm only going to the mill, sir," he replied. "I was just making believe I was one of the Continentals and that you were a Hessian coming down the pike. They had a fight here, you know."

"Sure enough; this is Chadd's Ford, isn't it — where the battle of Brandywine was fought?" the stranger remarked. "Well, I'm only a peaceful traveller, son, and no Hessian at all, so you needn't thirst for my blood. But I did think your stick was a musket. Is there a blacksmith beyond? My horse has cast a shoe."

"So I thought from the way he limped," said Joe, looking at the road. "Have you come far?"

"From Lancaster," the stranger replied; "bound for Philadelphia. It's a vile road, too. Where shall I find the blacksmith, my son?"

"Up the road a bit — half a mile or so," Joe replied; "you can't miss it. It's just where the Creek Road turns off from the village. You can find it easily. I'd like to help you if I can, though; can I?"

The one-horse shay lumbered into the creek, the water cascading from its heavy wheels.

"I thank you, son; but I reckon I sha'n't need your help," the stranger said. "You've got your corn to grind."

Then, as he reined up abreast the white colt, midway in the stream, he looked at Joe closely; looked at the road as it stretched from the ford to the village; looked up and down the placid Brandywine winding through the meadow and beneath its leaning willows.

"And so this was where the battle was fought, you say, eh?" he remarked; "General Washington was in it, wasn't he?"

"Yes, sir," Joe replied, "and so were Greene and Wayne. I'd like to have been in Wayne's command. My father was, and Lafayette was there, too. He was just a volunteer, my father says; he didn't have any command. But up on the ridge yonder toward Birmingham meeting-house, he turned back a lot of fellows who were retreating, and that's where he was wounded — up in the woods there. I've seen the spot. You know who Lafayette was, sir; he was the Frenchman, you know."

The man in the one-horse shay smiled at the boy's proffered information.

"Yes, I know who he was," he answered; "I knew Lafayette."

"You did, sir! knew him to speak to? So did my father," Joe cried excitedly, and then he hazarded more information. "I'm named for the general," he said.

"Named for Lafayette? Is that so?" said the stranger. "By the way, what is your name, my son?"

"Joseph Lafayette Harvey," replied the boy, proudly. "I'm Cap'n Harvey's boy. That's our house up on the ridge yonder," and he pointed out a comfortable, rambling white farmhouse on the upland slope, toward Birmingham meeting-house.

"Joseph Lafayette? That's a funny combination," the stranger commented, with a smile. "How did your father happen to name you that?"

"Why, General Lafayette asked him to, sir," young Joe replied. "I'm a godson of Lafayette."

"A godson, eh," the man in the one-horse shay remarked. "Why, I didn't think you had such things as godsons and godfathers in this Quaker region."

"We don't have many of 'em, sir; but I'm one of them," Joe responded with evident pride. "That's

what Lafayette wanted me to be — his godson. And that's what I am."

"Why, was he around here when you were born?" queried the stranger.

"Oh, no, I was six years old," Joe replied; and then he added, happy to be able to explain, "I'll tell you how it was. You see, General Lafayette came to see my father when he was up here visiting the old battle ground. My father was in the fight and so was the general. My father, Cap'n Harvey, helped Lafayette rally the fellows who were retreating, and the general thought a heap of my father. So of course he called to see my father. And I saw him. I was a little fellow, but I can remember him."

"That was in '24, I suppose; when the general was visiting America?" the stranger said.

"Yes, sir," Joe rattled on. "And he went with father and hunted up the very spot where he was wounded, back of our house on the edge of the woods. I can show it to you, if you want me to. They had a grand, good time together, my father and the general, I reckon, and when they got back to the house the general he took me on his knee, — I can remember just how he looked, sir, — and he asked my father what my name was, and when my father told me to tell the general my name, the general patted

me on the head and asked my father if I had been christened. Of course I had been, you know; so then the general said he'd like to have some one here that would be a sort of reminder of his pleasant visit to the old camping ground. Then he told my father that if he could add his name to mine, he would like to stand godfather to me, if my father would not object. He said he knew that the time to stand as godfather was when a boy was christened, but as he was too late for that couldn't my father get the minister and have it done, even if it was late. So my father said yes, and the minister came, and the general took hold of my hand and said something, and so did the minister; and that's how I came to be named Joseph Lafayette Harvey, and to be a godson of Lafayette."

Joe paused, quite out of breath from his long story, which he told so glibly that it was evident he had heard the tale many times, and was very proud to tell it.

"So the general stood sponsor for you, did he, long after your name day?" the man in the one-horse shay remarked.

"I suppose that's what you call it," Joe replied, "though I never heard it called anything but just godson. Well, then the general gave father ten dol-

lars for my name-day gift and a silver snuff-box with his initials and his crest on it—he's a real marquis, you know. They're both of 'em up to my house. Wouldn't you like to see them?"

"Why, yes, I should, my son," the stranger replied. "They would be most interesting to me; for, you see, I'm a godson of Lafayette, too."

"No! Is that so? You are?" cried young Joe Harvey, excitedly. "Well, that's funny now, isn't it? How did that happen? Anything like my way?"

"No, quite differently," the man in the one-horse shay replied. "You see the marquis protected me once, when I was even younger than you were and when my father and mother were in great danger. There was a cruel mob about them, just howling for their blood, but Lafayette held the murderers back; and when one of the mob told my mother to fling me out to them or they would come and take me, Lafayette just took me in his arms, drew his sword, and held it before me. Then he walked down the stairs. 'Make way for the godson of Lafayette!' he said, and the mob let us pass."

Joe Harvey's eyes were big with wonder.

"Oh, did he do all that for you?" he cried. "Wasn't it grand! Where was it, anywhere near here?"

"Bless the boy! no," returned the stranger with a

smile; "that was thousands of miles from here, far across the sea, in France."

"In France!" cried Joe, "why, are you a Frenchman, sir? I didn't know it."

The stranger nodded.

Joe Harvey looked at him critically now. A godson of Lafayette was of deeper interest to him than clattering Hessians or a Creek Road boy.

The man in the one-horse shay was a stout, well-built man, somewhat swarthy of face, dark-haired, and of pleasant features. He seemed of middle age; he was plainly, almost poorly, dressed, and wore a "dicky" and white neckcloth, much like the minister in the village, Joe thought. He had a broad, almost lazy kind of smile which came easily where anything amused him and which broadened now into a laugh as he caught Joe's earnest gaze of interest and wonder.

"By crickey!" cried the boy, heedless whether the man in the one-horse shay was a minister or not, so exciting was his story, "that was a better thing than happened to me, though, wasn't it; and I'm pretty proud of my name and the way I came by it, too. And did you get off all right, sir?"

The stranger raised a hand in protest. "Ah! ask me no more, my son," he said, "I shudder to think of it. But here I am, you see, alive and hearty, to-day.

It is better to think of the future than of the past, even though the past may have been crowded with wonders. So I must think of that blacksmith ;” and with that the stranger gathered up the reins and urged the roan to the shore.

Joe wheeled the white colt to the right about and followed the one-horse shay out of the ford. Then he rode close to the wheel and looked again and earnestly at this other godson of Lafayette.

“Two of us!” he exclaimed, “and meeting here, knee-deep in water at Chadd’s Ford! It’s the queerest thing I ever had happen,” he declared. And then he burst out with the query, “Who are you, sir?”

The man in the one-horse shay made no immediate answer to the question.

“The blacksmith’s shop is straight ahead, is it?” he said.

“Yes, sir, half a mile beyond here at the cross-road,” replied Joe, still keeping close to the wheel; for, as he said to himself, “he don’t get rid of me like that, if I can help it.” Then he said aloud, “but please, sir, I’m awfully curious to know about you and Lafayette. Who are you, sir?”

The man in the one-horse shay looked about him, to right and to left, doubtfully; he shook his head as if in

denial of Joe's request; then leaning far out of the "shay" he brought his broad face close to the boy's strained and excited features and, almost in a whisper, answered Joe's query.

"I am the king of France," he said.

CHAPTER II.

THE MASTER OF TWO EMPIRES.

YOUNG Joe Harvey was so amazed and startled at this unexpected announcement that he very nearly lost his balance in his seat between the corn-sacks, and only caught himself and his breath by sheer good fortune.

"Why! the man must be crazy," was his first thought; and then, remembering that he had heard that crazy people should be humored if they were to be restrained from the violence that contradiction often occasioned, he said, forcing a laugh, "The — king — of — France! Is that so, sir? Why, what are you doing so far away from home, in this republican country?"

"You don't believe me, my young friend. You think I am crazy," the man in the one-horse shay remarked, without any evidence of excitement. "I don't wonder. I expected you to be surprised. The fact is, you surprised me into a confession that I do not often make. But you see your story of Lafayette and how you became his godson awoke a responsive

chord in my own breast, and led me into a confidence I try to avoid. There is not much sympathy with kings and princes in this country, you know, and it is always hard for an exile to establish his claim to a throne."

The evident sincerity of his strange acquaintance rather shook Joe Harvey's faith in the "insanity plea," and his mind wavered between doubt and interest. Still, Joe felt that it behooved him to be cautious.

"But why are you here, sir?" he queried. "I thought a king always sat on a throne with a gold crown on his head." And the contrast between the regal state of a king and this stout, clerical-looking party, whose only throne was a rickety one-horse shay and whose crown was a battered beaver hat, so stirred young Joe Harvey's ready sense of the ridiculous that his look of surprise shifted to the open smile of incredulity.

"I confess this isn't the state in which a king usually travels, my son," the stranger replied, answering smile with smile; "but I told you I was an exile, you know. Come; ride on to your blacksmith's with me, and, while he is shoeing my horse, let me tell you my own strange story."

The offer was a most attractive one, and Joe yielded easily. He headed the white colt for the blacksmith's

at the cross-road, the man in the one-horse shay following at his heels.

As they rode along, Joe Harvey pondered over this singular and perplexing burst of confidence to which he had been admitted.

"If that man is not crazy," so Joe argued with himself, "he may be telling the truth. There's no reason why he should lie to me, and I can't see where the joke would be if he were just fooling me. Suppose he should be king—king of France! whew!"

Joe could find no words adequate to the occasion, even in the unformed language of self-consultation. He had heard something of the things that had happened in France since the days when Lafayette was young. He knew how the king who helped America had been overthrown, how his people had tried to govern themselves like the Americans, how Napoleon had risen and fallen, and how, once again, a king was on the throne of France.

A boy named for a Frenchman would naturally be interested in French affairs if he were wide-awake and inquisitive—and Joe Harvey was both. But, he argued, if the king were in power again, what was this king doing here in America, in a rickety, one-horse shay at Chadd's Ford on the Brandywine? Joe knew about exiles and refugees; he had seen two or three

of them, and one, at least, had lived in the village. People said this refugee was a French nobleman—a count or something, Joe remembered; he recollected, too, that the count had gone back to France when the king came to the throne again. But to see a real king! why, this was a new experience.

Joe felt himself exceptionally favored, and although, like a good republican, he had been brought up in the belief that kings and princes were unnecessary individuals who had no right to exist, and were to be regarded as altogether useless and objectionable in free America, still, a king was a king, and the glamour of royalty had alike a novelty and a fascination for a boy like young Joe Harvey, who was at once a practical young American and a dreamer of dreams as well.

This was all rather serious work for Joe. But, by the time he reached the blacksmith's, he had almost convinced himself that there might be some truth in the stranger's claim. At all events he was bound to hear that story, and when, by a lucky chance, he came upon one of his special chums, Dick Cheeseborough of Chandler's Ford farm, loitering about the forge, he was delighted to make a bargain with Dick to carry his corn for him to Gibson's Mill and thus give him a free afternoon to talk things over with the king of France. Of course, though, he kept this

question of identity to himself and did not acquaint Dick Cheeseborough with the rank or title of his new acquaintance. There are some confidences you can't share even with your best friend, you know.

They left the roan and the one-horse shay at the blacksmith's, and, together, the king of France and young Joe Harvey of the hill farm, sought out a secluded and quiet nook, where Joe knew they would not be disturbed. There, sitting Turk-fashion on the grass, Joe awaited the promised story, doubting, though half inclined toward belief. Strange things happened in the world, Joe knew; why, then, should it not be possible, he reasoned, that this clerical-looking stranger might really be a king—exiled, perhaps, but still the king?

“Did you ever hear of the Dauphin of France, Joe Harvey?” the stranger demanded.

“The Dauphin? Why, wasn't he the little fellow who was son of the king that helped America—the king who had his head chopped off?” queried Joe, who had heard from his father the story of that unfortunate prince.

“Yes, yes, my son,” the stranger replied. “That was Louis XVI., the friend of America during your Revolution. Well, he was my father. I am the Dauphin of France.”

"But you said you were the king, sir," cried the puzzled Joe.

"The king being dead, the Dauphin becomes king," the stranger explained. "Louis XVI., my father, is dead. I was the Dauphin; now I am Louis XVII. of France. *Le roi est mort; vive le roi!*"

"Yes, sir," said Joe, who, because he did not understand the French words, was all the more impressed by the learning of the speaker. "But I thought they killed you in prison. My father said they did. Just hammered the life out of you, or something like that."

"They tried to, Joe; and they said that I died. But I got away," the boy's companion said. "I was not murdered there in my prison in the Temple, nor did I die, as the story went abroad. I was smuggled away by friends of the king, my father—how, I know not, for I was as one dead. They hurried me out of the country, brought me across the seas to America, gave me to an Indian chief at Ticonderoga who had been a friend to the French; he brought me up as his son, and after I had been educated by some excellent American people in Massachusetts and sent by them to Dartmouth College, I became a missionary to the Iroquois Indians of New York and those of the farther West. That is where I am now, my boy,

away off in the Michigan country; I, the rightful heir to the throne of France, buried among savages and voyageurs and borderers in a wild and distant American wilderness."

"And do they know that you are the king of France—the people among whom you live?" inquired Joe, deeply interested in this strange recital.

"Few know it except myself, Joe, and you," the exiled prince replied. "I did not myself discover the truth until a short time since, for my Indian foster-father kept the secret close. And yet, all through my youth, there would come to me strange and misty memories of palaces and gardens, grand apartments crowded with richly dressed people, troops on parade, music and banners, and often—oh! so often, of myself a small child lying on a gorgeous robe with my head in a lady's lap—my mother, Joe, the unfortunate Marie Antoinette! Then came terrifying memories of mobs and flight, a prison—and then, all would be a blank. See, my friend, here above my eye is a fearful scar; here on my knees and ankles are other scars and bruises, marks, as I now know, of that dreadful time in which I, a poor, neglected child, lived in that fearful prison with my cruel jailors, maltreated and abused."

Joe's eyes were big with wonder at the story to

which he listened. To him the proof seemed undoubted, for youth is quick to believe the marvellous and the adventurous.

"Why don't you speak out and tell the whole world the truth?" he asked.

"The time is not yet ripe for such disclosures," his companion replied. "I hide my desire and my duty as the real king beneath my present duty to my heavenly Master as his servant and missionary to the ignorant and barbarous redmen. I bide my time, Joe; but the time will come when, as the head and ruler of a mighty empire, I may publish my claim to the throne of France and reign the lord and master of two empires."

"Two empires, sir!" cried the doubly surprised Joe. "Why, where is that other one that you are king of?"

"That you shall know, all in good time, my friend," the would-be monarch replied. "I should not tell you now, for even yet the time is not ripe, and I should hold my peace. And yet I like you, Joe. You are fearless; you are brave; you have not made sport of my claims as would too many in this unsympathetic republic. As godsons of the great Lafayette—you and I, my boy—there is between us a bond of sympathy, of fellow-feeling, almost a

relationship. I might even call you my younger brother, Joseph Lafayette Harvey. Be silent and patient and I may yet be able to do great things for you. Would you like to change your life, my son, to raise yourself from a farmer's boy whose highest duty is to tote corn to a mill and become, instead, a leader, a prince and ruler in a mighty nation?"

The suggestion sounded most attractive. Young Joe Harvey decided, without hesitation, that it was a grand offer.

"Why does my being a godson of Lafayette give me such a chance, sir?" he queried. "I don't know as I should care to go to France. It is so far away, you see, and they have a way there of cutting your head off if they take a spite against you," he added. "I reckon I'm better off right here in America."

"And that is precisely where I mean you to stay, Joe—here in America," this master of two empires declared. "But America is a big land. The United States does not own everything yet, and I have a plan, a great and glorious plan, my brother, to which even my dreams of ruling in France give place. They are uncertain, and I may not, as yet, prove my claim. But let me once have the power and might to back my claims, and even those selfish

usurpers of my right across the sea shall hear me, because they must, and will yield to the force that I can bring against them. Would you like to lead an army against these French usurpers, Joe, and gain fame and wealth and glory? It is a chance that comes but once in a lifetime and can come to very, very few. Join me, come as my brother, and I can make you such a leader, when the time is ripe. Will you join me, Joseph?"

Joe Harvey was getting into deep water. This singular man, with his talk of two empires and an invasion of France, of fame and wealth and glory, was so filling the boy's head with strange and confusing ideas that the young aspirant for adventure and renown was becoming decidedly mixed. Indeed, he found himself falling back upon the fear that his new acquaintance was, after all, either a crazy man, a joker, or a liar—Joe was uncertain which.

"I don't see what you mean, sir; I'm getting all mixed up," he said. "How can I become all the things you promise?"

"By working with me, Joe; by helping me in my great schemes," the tempter replied. "You are young and strong and ambitious and reliable. I need just such young and vigorous blood as yours; I need a lad like you to be my confidant, my helper,

and my son. I may not yet prove my claims to the throne of France, but the throne of an empire vaster than France, richer in opportunities, greater in power, lies open to my hand. It waits for me even now. I have but to grasp it—thus! and it is mine!”

The stranger, roused by the glory of his dreams and his assurances, extended his open hand as if to secure his prize, and slowly closed it as if he were, in truth, gathering the guerdon within his grasp. Even a less ardent boy than Joe Harvey would have been moved by such enthusiasm and faith, and still even Joe hesitated.

“I don’t think my father would like to have me be a prince, sir,” he said slowly and cautiously. “It don’t sound just right for a free American who doesn’t believe in such things; and I don’t really know yet what you mean. Where is this empire you are talking about? If it isn’t in France, where is it? There are no such things over here.”

“Ah, that is all you know about it, my younger brother,” the man who would be king replied. “I know a land that stretches toward the setting sun—a great, a mighty land. It has vast fresh-water seas on which the navies of the world might ride; it has broad stretches of field and forest teeming with wealth to be had only for the asking; it is peopled with a

wild and valiant race whose chief delight is war and conquest; there the women are the workers, the men are the warriors. United as I can make them, those roving tribes can hold the world at bay, and I—I—the ill-treated and tortured Dauphin, the exiled king of France, neglected, wretched, unappreciated, almost unknown, may be king and emperor of this mighty realm, the master of great opportunities, the dictator of a continent, the fear or scourge of the world. All this I may be if I so desire, and as I can make my friends rich and powerful, so too can I make him whom I adopt as son, as brother, as associate, the sharer in my glory,—even, if I so will it, the successor to my power. Will you be that man, Joseph Harvey? Lafayette, your godfather and mine, won fame and leadership before he was twenty years old. Be my companion, my associate and my son, and I will make you a greater than Lafayette. I like you, Joseph Harvey; I admire you as a brave and manly youth. I will train you to command and leadership, so that, when you are a man, you, too, may be ranked among the great ones of the earth, the lord of a mighty realm, prince, king, or emperor, as I may find you fitted to such high estate. Would you like it, Joe?"

Young Joe Harvey, as I have told you, though a practical youth, had still in him the romance of desire

that made him often a dreamer of lofty dreams, a builder of air-castles, a prophet of great things for Joseph Harvey — when he should be a man. The offer of this king, as he had already come to consider the man of the one-horse shay, opened vast and gorgeous possibilities in the lad's ambitious soul. His eyes grew big with desire, his face flushed with the excitement of the dream of wealth and glory.

"Wouldn't I, though, sir?" he cried. "I'd show these folks about here what I could do. I'd make these Creek Road boys open their eyes. Where is this empire of yours? Who are you, when — when you are not the king of France?"

His companion smiled. The boy's direct question brought him from his roseate dreams to everyday affairs.

"I am called Eleazer Williams, Joe, a missionary of the Protestant Episcopal Church to the Indians of the West, a poor servant of the Lord in the forests of the Michigan territory about Green Bay."

"A minister? Why, sir, what is this empire you were talking about? Where are you to start it, please?" the boy asked, fearful that all the talk he had listened to had been misunderstood by him, and that he had simply fallen in with a religious enthusiast. But the answer of the Rev. Mr. Williams reassured even while it puzzled and startled him.

“It is the West, my boy, the great and teeming West,” Eleazer Williams replied, the light of power and possession flashing in his eyes. “It is the boundless West that stretches from the great lakes even to the mighty Pacific — the grandest empire ever given into the hands of man — as it shall be given into mine!”

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CHAPTER III.

HOW JOE YIELDED TO TEMPTATION.

“THE West! An empire in the West! Why, that all belongs to the United States, sir!” Joe exclaimed, almost as greatly surprised by this startling intelligence as he had been at the stranger’s announcement that he was the king of France.

“How can you set up an empire there?” he asked; “and who is there out West to rule? Why, they’re just a lot of murderous, scalping Injuns. Dick Cheeseborough’s father was out there, and Dick knows all about it. You can’t make an empire with them if you tried; and even if they were good for anything, you couldn’t make an empire if you wanted to. Because, don’t you see, that’s the United States of America,—that Western country is,—and you’d better not run up against the United States of America. You’d get shot as a traitor before you could say ‘Jack Robinson’ backwards. I’m awfully disappointed. But, there! that’s just the way when I get interested in anything, it turns out good for nothing, every time. I thought you really

meant something, sir, and it's just a big joke, that's all!"

Joe's tone was almost pessimistic for so bright and hopeful a boy. But the visions of principalities and powers raised before his eyes by this clerical-looking man in the one-horse shay had been so swiftly dispelled that Joe felt almost as if he had a personal grievance against this make-believe king and would-be emperor, who was really only a travelling missionary, weak in his upper story, who had raised false hopes simply to destroy them.

That was what Joe Harvey thought; but this alleged "son of Saint Louis," whose real name seemed to be the Rev. Eleazer Williams, did not appear in the least disturbed by Joe Harvey's indictment. Instead, he only smiled indulgently upon the disappointed lad, and laid a reassuring hand upon his shoulder.

"You're like all the rest, Joe," he said at last, "quick to jump at conclusions. Do you think I would say such things to you just for a joke, or because I like to fool you? No, my boy, I mean all that I have said, and with you and such as you to help me, I'll make it all come to pass."

"But how can you?" queried Joe Harvey, only partially reassured; "the West is the United States."

"By what right or justice?" demanded Williams.

"By gift of the Indians? No, sir. By purchase from France? How can France sell what she never honestly owned? The Indians are the original and rightful owners of the soil beyond the Mississippi; they are the real owners of all the Northwest territory. By the help of our godfather, Lafayette, the thirteen colonies gained their independence; but they didn't gain all North America. They were just a strip of land along the Atlantic; they did not extend beyond the Alleghanies. How, then, can they assume to own the land they never knew, a country stretching miles and miles away toward the far-off Pacific? Do you know how?"

Joe knitted his brows thoughtfully. The question of expansion and American imperialism was new in those early days.

"Well, I don't know just how they do it," he replied, "but they do, that's sure."

"Yes, they say they own it and claim it by right of possession," Williams retorted. "But the actual resident is the possessor, Joe Harvey, isn't he? And the actual resident of that splendid Western country is the red Indian, whose fathers and grandfathers, generations before him, occupied and owned the land over which I would rule — their empire and mine!"

"Yes, but how is it yours?" persisted Joe. "How can you make it your empire; what would the Injuns say?"

"Say!" returned the other; "come with me, Joe Harvey; come with me to that mighty West and see. Come with me and see Black Hawk,—Black Sparrow Hawk, his real name is,—the warlike chief of the Sacs; come and see White Cloud the Winnebago, who calls himself the prophet, the hater of the white man; come and see Shaubena, and Keokuk, and Neapope, Oshkosh and White Crow, and other chiefs of the Wisconsin; come and see the Oneidas, and the Tuscaroras, and the Senecas, and others of the Iroquois nations of New York, who share my dream of union; come and see, too, how the Indians of the great Northwest remember and respect the French power, which England overthrew, but the memory of which survives in the brave voyageurs and *courrier du bois*, as well as in the Indian legends and the Indian speech; come and see how, as the rightful king of France, I am the living representative of that power which the redmen of the West feared and respected, and how, as king of France, I am, also, emperor of what was once, and still is, French possessions."

"But France sold it to the United States, you said," objected Joe, attracted, in spite of himself, by this alluring invitation.

The missionary had lost himself in his own dream of empire.

"Yes, sold it!" he replied with warmth; "but not by France, not by the real France. It was the usurper, the Corsican, the assassin of the France of King Louis, the spawn of rebellion and treason and murder; it was Napoleon Bonaparte, self-styled emperor of the French, who sold my father's land. The thief does not own the thing he steals. Bonaparte never owned France nor her possessions. My family are the real owners of France, and I, their living representative, have never consented to the sale of my American lands to the United States. Therefore they are still mine and, like a father among his people, I shall rule my faithful Indian subjects and build up the empire of the West, until united and invincible my warriors follow my standard and win for me my heritage of France.

"In all this work of upbuilding and union," he continued, "I need a helper; I need a secretary—one who shall know my plans and thoughts, and be to me companion, assistant, and friend. Come with me, Joe Harvey. Be you my helper, my companion, my secretary. My success shall be your success. Once firmly established on the throne of the West, I, Louis the Seventeenth, by the grace of God king of France and emperor of America, will give you honors, titles, riches, fame and glory such as no boy in all America ever enjoyed before and none can ever exceed hereafter."

Joe Harvey was so exalted and carried away by the reasoning, the enthusiasm, and the promises of this ardent and self-assumed potentate that prudence was stifled and caution was thrown to the winds. Air-castles, such as he had never before dreamed of, rose, like Aladdin's palace, before his eyes. A boy of ambition is always attracted by the allurements of opportunity and the promise of power. To succeed, to rise, to "be somebody," to win recognition as a leader and to gain honor from the world — these attract him more than the merely selfish and sordid idea of wealth. Every boy, however practical he may be, is an idealist, and is his own ideal. He longs to show the world what he can do, and if he thinks he can make this show both brilliant and commanding, he is apt to yield to the temptations of unsubstantial promises and the attractions of a visionary career.

You must not wonder then if this honest but restlessly ambitious country lad of the quiet Pennsylvania hills was raised to unthinking enthusiasm by the proffer of the tempter, and became filled with sudden dreams of glory and of fame; you need not marvel that he seized with avidity and accepted without question the specious logic and large assurances of this overwrought adventurer who promised so generously and talked so well.

Eleazer Williams could see by the flushed face and

sparkling eyes of the boy that he was almost won. He liked and felt that he needed this spirited young fellow, and he shrewdly followed up his own lead.

"You can write a good hand, Joe?" he asked.

Joe nodded; he was still speechless and castle-building.

"And you can ride, you can shoot, you are bold in adventure, you are fearless in action," continued Williams, checking off the boy's acquirements. "See, now! those are just what I need in my secretary, my trusted lieutenant, my aide-de-camp. In time you will become my right-hand man. Other boys not nearly so bright or bold as you have risen to high stations, from even lower beginnings. Why should not you? Think of Lafayette, whose name you bear, a boy of nineteen, adventurous, brave, and bold, made a general because he was Washington's trusted friend, when he was but twenty. Think of Napoleon Bonaparte, — a usurper, I grant, but successful because he was bold, — the conqueror of Europe before he was twice your years. Joe, it is a grand opportunity and a grander future that I offer you. It is yours to take and make if you have but the courage and the pluck. Will you try it? See, here is the hand of a king offered you in pledge of his promise. Take it, and seal the bargain."

Do you wonder that one enthusiast yields to the

promises of an enthusiast stronger than himself? Can you blame this simple country lad, aflame with youthful ambition and desire, if he saw only the rosy side of promise and felt that the chance of his lifetime was before him? Of course, he should have reasoned with more wisdom, and tried to see the shady as well as the sunny side of the question. But to him there was no shady side. What boy ever thinks of consequences other than those he wishes to consider? As it had been with many a boy before his day, as it will be with many a boy while boys are a part of this world of promise and opportunity, Joe Harvey fell a ready victim to his own desires and, with scarce a moment of hesitation, grasped the extended hand of this "emperor of America," proffered with a smile of assurance and accepted with one of confidence.

"Take me with you, sir," he cried. "It's a glorious chance, and I should be a fool to let it slip. I know you'll keep your promise. My, though! Won't folks around here open their eyes when they hear of Joe Harvey, secretary to an emperor, and, perhaps, a general and a hero—the biggest man in all America, next to you? Wait till they see me ride up to the hill farm, all grand with lace and braid—I'll have gold braid and a sword, won't I, sir? And a splendid horse, just as Lafayette rode, when he was a general?"

"All in good time, my son," was the reply of his smiling tempter. "Here, let me see how you can write."

He tore a leaf from his memorandum book and handed it, with a lead pencil, to Joe Harvey.

"What shall I write, sir?" demanded Joe, seizing paper and pencil.

"Oh, anything," replied Williams. "Or, no; stop a minute. Write what I tell you," he commanded. "Ready? Say:—

"Dear father: I am going to show a gentleman the way to Chester. He doesn't know it, and he will pay me well to direct him and ride there with him. I have sent the corn to the mill by'—what was your friend's name? Oh, yes, Dick—'Dick Cheeseborough. I would have gone home first to tell you, but the gentleman is in haste.' Sign it, 'Your loving son, Joe Harvey.'"

Joe wrote as dictated, scarcely thinking of the words, as Williams looked over his shoulder.

"That's excellent, my boy," the missionary to the Indians said approvingly. "Why, Joe, you write a good hand. Just what I want in a secretary. You'll make a fine one, too, I know. Now, can't we send this note up to your father by the blacksmith?"

"Oh, don't you think I had better go home first?"

queried Joe, with just a twinge of conscience. "think father would like it best. You see, father is getting to be a pretty old man, and I don't like to go away without telling him."

"But this note will tell him, Joe," replied Williams. "Besides, he'll ask questions, and the older he is the more he will question and object. Old men always do. He has outgrown all his desires for glory, and he wouldn't believe in yours. If he fought in the Revolution, he couldn't have been much older than you are now when he went marching off to the war and fame. You trust to me, Joe. We'll fix it up at Chester. It's much the best way. Your father will feel all the more proud of his boy when he hears what you really have become, than if you should try to tell him what you are going to be. Old men don't believe in what is going to happen; they only know what has happened. And nothing will happen unless you help to make it happen. We'll talk it all over at Chester. That isn't very far from here, is it?"

"No, sir," Joe answered; "only about fifteen or twenty miles. I'll ride over there with you, anyway, and if you don't want me right off I can come back home and talk it over with my father. You see, I'm the youngest boy, and except for father it isn't so pleasant at home. There are four older boys than I

am, so I haven't much chance on the farm except to do all the hard work and get all the scoldings. They'd pile everything on me, if it wasn't for father."

"And he's an old man, you say, Joe?"

"Why, yes, sir," the boy replied. "He was a soldier in the Revolution, you know. He's pretty near seventy-five now."

"And when he's gone your brothers won't give you any sort of a show on the farm, eh?" the man who wished an empire suggested.

"No, they won't," Joe admitted ruefully. "They'll pile things on me more than ever. I know they will."

"Yes, yes," the boy's companion chimed in, sympathizingly. "I know just how it is with such men. I've had a wide experience with the world, Joe Harvey, and I find that the man who succeeds must look out for number one, first of all. I haven't done enough of that in my day. I've slaved and sacrificed for the good of the Indians, trying to make Christians of them, when I should have served my interests better by claiming my rights as the lawful lord of France. Now I propose making of my Indians subjects and followers, and, after that, I'll turn 'em into Christians; for education is power, Joe, and religion and education must go hand in hand."

Joe did not precisely follow the reasoning of his friend, and if he had stopped to consider he would have questioned both the sincerity and humility of the remark. But just then Joe was thinking rather of self than of righteousness, and he accepted the doctrine without hesitation. In this world selfishness rather than sin leads men and boys astray; indeed, selfishness is the cardinal sin from which all others spring. So, when Eleazer Williams declared that a man's first duty was to look out for number one, Joe Harvey did not dispute him. Thereupon the tempter followed up his advantage.

"You come with me, Joe," he said, "and I'll make your brothers as proud of you in time as that earlier Joseph's brothers were of him, in the Bible story. You know how they treated him and how it all came out. We'll make it come out the same way again,—robe, and ring, and all. For you are Joseph, too, and I'll be another Pharaoh and raise you so high as to make your brothers bow down to you, even as did the brothers of the Bible Joseph in the land of Egypt. Why! I believe it is fated, Joseph Harvey,—Joseph Lafayette Harvey,—you boy with the two names of success and power. You are set apart by a wise Providence for a ruler and a great man, and it is of no use for you to square yourself against fate. Come, let

us get to the blacksmith's at once. It is time we were on our way toward Chester."

Without a word Joe Harvey rose and followed his new leader. There are men who are capable of controlling the actions and subordinating the will of others, and such a man Eleazer Williams must to a certain extent have been; for young Joe Harvey was not the only one who believed in and followed him.

They found the horse new-shod and the "shay" quite ready. At Joe's request the blacksmith promised to get the note to Captain Harvey.

"Charge him well for the job, Joe," he whispered to the boy in one of those almost audible asides born of the clang of hammer on anvil; "parsons are easy if they've got the cash, and this one has; he paid me in good silver. It's wuth something to drive to Chester with that rig, so you want to make it a good job, Joe; maybe it'll prove the beginning of your fortune."

"Will it?" Joe Harvey wondered as he clambered to the seat. "I reckon it will be if I've got anything to say."

And then, seated beside the exiled king of France, disguised as a preacher to the Indians, the godson of Lafayette waved a farewell to the grimy blacksmith and rode off, in a one-horse shay, toward fame and fortune.

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE SITE OF THE TREASURY.

I HAVE often wondered what induced Eleazer Williams to thus lead away young Joe Harvey. He knew that the boy had neither money, position, nor influence, and that a penniless boy in his company might be a protégé but never a patron.

But Eleazer Williams was a schemer and had countless plans in his head. And, indeed, history is full of just such puzzling cases. If you have read a "Son of the Revolution," you will remember that, in much the same way, did Aaron Burr entice young Tom Edwards from Uncle Ira's farm; and, even as Tom Edwards floated down the Ohio in an atmosphere of glorious dreams of power, so did Joe Harvey ride along the road to Chester, enveloped in the golden haze of visions of empire and conquest.

Even before Chester was reached, however, Joe's plans were materially changed, and he knew that the hill farm at Chadd's Ford would not see him again until, perhaps, — until, indeed, he assured himself, — he

should ride into the sleepy little village in clattering state at the head of his guards and warriors. For temptation, in the form of the Reverend Eleazer Williams, had so wrought upon him that the boy found himself entering, more and more, into the plans of this prince of schemers, of whom history is yet uncertain whether he believed in his own wild projects, and really had at heart the bettering and development of the red race whose blood ran in his own veins, or whether his designs were altogether selfish and altogether fanciful.

At any rate, he had captured the better judgment of young Joe Harvey, though it must be admitted that, again and again, in that ride toward Chester, the teachings of his patriot father and the traditions of the republic confronted the lad and roused the query, "Is it not treason to plot against the welfare of the United States of America?"

He even propounded that question to Eleazer Williams as they rode along. But that plausible schemer merely smiled serenely upon his young companion and gently flicked the reins upon the back of the jogging roan.

"It is no treason to the republic, my son, to bolster up and defend the republic," he said at last. "Those vast Western lands to which I look for empire are an unexplored and undeveloped region, and the United

States, even if they did own them, could do next to nothing toward peopling and defending them. With my Indians I can do this. For, by their aid, we shall keep off alike the English of the north and the Spaniards of the south, while the hordes of lawless and wicked men who rush into all new lands poorly protected by a distant and indifferent government will be restrained by my power and made into law-abiding rather than law-breaking subjects.

“Trust me, Joe Harvey, no harm shall come through me to the United States of America. I love the republic, as the son of that King Louis who first acknowledged its independence, and as the godson of that hero who fought for its independence by the side of Washington and Wayne. In helping me, Joe, you help the republic, and show yourself its faithful son rather than a plotter of treason.”

It is so easy to be convinced when one wishes to be convinced, that Joe Harvey readily accepted this reasoning of Eleazer Williams, and brought himself to believe that he was clearly doing the republic a service. And when the man in the one-horse shay further explained that he was really on his way to Washington to enlist the President of the United States in his plans, and arrange with him for the removal of the Eastern Indians to the Western lands he coveted, Joe fell at

once into the idea and became all excitement when Williams announced that his plan was for the lad to accompany him, as his secretary, to this interview with President Jackson.

All thought of returning to the humdrum life beside the Brandywine was quickly given up. He was to see the President — Jackson, the hero of New Orleans, Jackson, the idol and great man of all America, especially of Chadd's Ford! Joe felt himself, indeed, to be at last upon the short cut to fame, and could scarcely restrain his impatience at the necessary delay.

At Chester, however, he did find time to send another note to his father, telling him of his great opportunity for occupation and advancement, and how he had promised Mr. Williams to act as his secretary and helper in the negotiations with the Indians and their agents; for only thus would Mr. Williams permit the boy to divulge any of his plans.

"Brag is a good dog, but Holdfast is better, Joe," he said. "We won't say what we are going to do only you and I know our real purpose. We must trust to time to develop results; so we will not spoil our chances by letting the world share our secrets. Let me once get the consent of the President to the removal of the New York Indians, and I have the seed of my grand plan well started toward growth."

"The New York Indians?" queried Joe.

"Yes. The New York Indians,—the Six Nations,—the Iroquois," explained the Reverend Eleazer. "The Iroquois are the grandest Indians of America, Joe. With them as the foundation and mainstay of my confederacy—my empire, let me say—success is certain. For they are the bravest and greatest soldiers in all the world, and they believe in me and will follow wherever I lead."

It was all very fine, and when, at Chester, they boarded the steam packet that was to convey them around to Washington it is hard to say which most impressed Joe Harvey,—his first sight of a real steamboat, of which he had heard such wonderful stories, or the fact that he was himself to see General Andrew Jackson, and later march with the Iroquois to victory and empire.

Perhaps, however, it would be nearer the truth to say that what most surprised the boy—it may, indeed, have disappointed him just a little—was to discover that Eleazer Williams was evolving his gorgeous plan for power not as a political or personal scheme, but as a broad and liberal "land boom," which, apparently, had as its base the civilizing and Christianizing of the Indians and which, as such a philanthropic plan, received the indorsement and approval of all good men.

Thus Joe learned also that the money which was to back up and set afloat Eleazer Williams's grand enterprise was to be supplied by that famous real estate syndicate of that day, the New York Land Company; while the moral support and indorsement were to be secured from two great missionary boards, which believed all the good stories Williams told them and never suspected that he had other and selfish hair-brained motives or designs. Upon these moral and financial backers this dreamer of dreams relied to secure the consent of the President to lead the New York Indians into the vast territories of the Wisconsin country—at least to conduct there a strong delegation of chiefs and warriors, duly accredited by the safe conduct of the United States government as explorers or as the advance guard of Indian emigration.

Washington, in Jackson's administration, was not the Washington of McKinley's day. It was scarcely even the promise or prophecy of the great show city which now lifts to the fair southern sky dome and monument, palace wall and gilded roof which, embowered in foliage, tell of the wealth and power of the great and far-reaching republic of which it is the capital.

The White House, big and bare, Joe saw, and the unfinished Capitol, wingless and domeless, while between, unpaved and muddy, scarcely more than a

track through a wet forest, stretched the beginnings of what is to-day a splendid boulevard and what, in time, will be the grandest street in all America,— Pennsylvania Avenue.

But to Joe Harvey, son of the hillside and the farm, Washington seemed a splendid city, and Pennsylvania Avenue a magnificent street, as, the morning after his arrival, he strolled up to the white Capitol on the hill and back to the white “palace of the Presidents,” set on its little rise above the far-reaching Potomac flats.

The grand portico and porte cochère, that all the nation knows to-day, the nation did not know then, for they did not exist; but Joe thought the big, plain white “palace” a palace indeed as he stood outside “the President’s grounds” and looked at the home of the head of the republic.

He sat down on a convenient pile of stones dumped in the open space, and fell to thinking about the President of the United States, and how grand it would be if he should some day become just as great a man, the head of a mighty and prosperous nation.

“Perhaps,” he confided to himself, “if Mr. Williams’s plans come out as he hopes, we may have just as grand a city as this as the capital of our Western empire; and, if I stick to him and stand by him, I may be one

of the chief men in it—perhaps, in time, the greatest man in it, just as General Jackson is the greatest man in Washington to-day. I'll have a palace to live in just like the White House yonder, with gardens and grounds and a stable full of horses. I think I'll have ten horses to my coach. I wonder how many General Jackson has? Not less than ten, I reckon, and I suppose he always rides out with a regiment of soldiers on horse-back to show the world what a big man he is. I'll have a regiment, too, dressed in splendid uniforms, with swords that shine like silver, and flags all gold and color. I'll be a bigger man than Jackson then, and all the people will crowd to see me as I ride out with my escort of Indian princes and warriors, just as he does now, I suppose, with his generals and soldiers."

So immersed was the lad in his glittering day dreams that he did not notice the approach, nor was he aware of the presence of a newcomer, until a gruff voice at his elbow demanded, "Son, have you got such a thing as a lucifer about you?"

Now it happened that Joe did have in his pocket a box of those ingenious though somewhat clumsy light-makers, then new to commercial and domestic use, known as "lucifer matches." He had acquired the box and was keeping it more from curiosity than for use; for, in his home, the flint and steel were still the only

means for striking a light. But, generous always, Joe was ready to accommodate, and just a bit vain of the opportunity to show that he carried a box of lucifers. He turned to see who it was that had made the request, at the same time fumbling in his pocket for the precious lucifers.

The applicant at his side was a tall, lean, sinewy and striking-looking old man with a seamed and rugged face set off by heavy eyebrows, and a thatch of stiff and grizzled hair. The smile with which he greeted Joe's glance of inquiry and the searching look in his fine and compelling eyes settled the question of accommodation at once in the boy's mind, and with cheerful alacrity he handed his neighbor the box of lucifers.

"I have a few left, sir," he said. "I was keeping them for curiosity. I don't have anything to use them for. Please help yourself. They're wonderful things, aren't they? I never saw them before."

The old gentleman, who towered above him, dropped to the boy's side and sat down on the pile of stones. He held in his hand a corn-cob pipe with a long reed stem, and as he took from its receptacle at one end of the box the little bottle of sulphuric acid into which the brimstone-tipped lucifer must be dipped to set it aflame, he said to Joe:—

"I came out without putting a fresh box in my pocket,

and I want to smoke. Thank you, son; you're a friend in need."

The cob pipe was soon in action, and between the puffs the old gentleman regarded Joe with kindly, almost childlike eyes.

"It's a bad habit, son, this smoking," he said warningly. "I hope you don't have it."

"No, sir, I don't smoke — yet," replied cautious Joe.

"Don't do it, ever," his new friend replied. "You can't teach an old dog new tricks, you know, and I've smoked a cob ever since I was a boy where I was raised, down in Carolina. But I'm glad to meet boys who haven't got the habit on 'em yet. A bad habit is worse than the chills, and it's harder to shake off; I'm a slave to it, you see. It helps me think. Don't you be a slave to anything, son. A free American should be free clear through and not a slave to anything, not even to his own fancies."

Joe flushed at this, as if he felt that this stranger had been reading his thoughts. Certainly, just then, Joe Harvey was indeed a slave to his own fancies.

"Can't help having them sometimes, sir," he said, almost apologetically.

"That's all right, son," the old gentleman said; "have 'em, but don't let 'em get the best of you. A young fellow like you, with the world all before him,



'THANK YOU, SON; YOU'RE A FRIEND IN NEED.'

can be the master of his fancies if he tries, and even make them come true. Don't give way to 'em, though. Just harden yourself against them as the Injuns do, sometimes. It'll pay best in the end. You can't sway or control an Injun if he once sets his mind on a thing, no more'n you can — Andrew Jackson."

"Who? the general — the President, I mean?" Joe exclaimed. "I don't believe any one can make him do anything he don't want to do. He's a great man, sir, isn't he! I'd like to be as brave and bold as Andrew Jackson."

"He's only a man and an old one at that, son; and he's seen a heap of life," the old gentleman observed, smiling good-naturedly. "But I reckon he'd change places with you, if he could, and be a boy again with his life to live over. Andrew Jackson would do a heap of things differently if he had that chance, you may be sure of that."

"Why should he, sir?" cried Joe, who had been brought up to believe Andrew Jackson infallible. "He's a hero, he is, and everybody hurrahs for him. What more can a man want?"

A look of sadness came into the old man's fine eyes. He shook his grizzled head soberly.

"Ah, son, hurrahs aren't everything," he said. "What more can a man want, do you ask? — friend-

ships, lasting and loyal friendships, boy, that outlive all the honors and applause of the moment. Andrew Jackson has seen many a friendship die out and many a friend change to foe. Be careful whom you choose as friends, son; but, once chosen, cleave to them, fasten on to them with hooks of steel. Evil communications corrupt good manners, you know; but a loyal friend is the next best thing to God."

Joe wondered at the old man's earnest words; he wondered, too, whether Eleazer Williams were such a friend. He had half a mind to ask this grizzled old philosopher, but it seemed almost like treason to doubt; so he smothered the query he had almost made, and changed the subject to Indians.

"Can't you control an Injun, sir?" he asked, thinking of the warriors he hoped to command and lead.

"Only with a snaffle and curb, same as you do a balky horse," the old gentleman replied. "Do you like horses, son?"

"Oh, don't I, sir!" Joe cried enthusiastically. "We've got lots of good ones on our farm. Good goers, too, some of them."

"Talk of goers! you ought to see some of mine down in Tennessee," the old man exclaimed quite as enthusiastically. "That's the place for horses. Where

is your farm? Where do you come from, anyhow, and what's your name?"

"From Pennsylvania, sir," said Joe. "My name is Harvey — Joseph Lafayette Harvey."

"Lafayette, eh? That's a good name to have," the stranger remarked. "Named for the French marquis, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," Joe replied proudly. "He was my godfather."

"No! you don't say so?" cried the old gentleman. "See that you do credit to the name. You must have seen the general, if he's your godfather."

"Oh, yes, sir, when I was a little shaver," Joe answered. "My father fought with him and Wayne at Brandywine."

"You don't say so!" again exclaimed the lad's new friend. "A revolutioner, eh? Good stock, good stock that. Be proud of it, son, and don't disgrace it by doing anything against your country. The nation your father fought for and that Lafayette fought for is one you should be ready to fight for, too, if the need comes — as it may — as it may," he added.

"Why, sir," exclaimed Joe, "who's going to fight us? Is there any nation that dares to?"

"No foreigners, son; they'd better not risk it," the old gentleman replied hotly. "But there's a rascally

lot of fellows just now right among our own people. They would make trouble if they dared. But let 'em try it; let 'em try it! They'll find old General Jackson's got some fighting blood left in him yet. The Union it must and shall be preserved — that's what I say; let that be your watchword, too, son. America united can stand against the world, and we've got to see to it that the Union is kept whole. So don't you do a thing to weaken it, son, by word or deed. I want to see the boys of America stand solid for the Union. Love it as you love your home, son. You wouldn't leave your good home for any high-flying chances at glory or gold getting. Stick to the Union, boy, just as strongly. There is no greater glory than in being an American, and all the gold you could struggle for won't pay for the loss of mother's love and father's care. I want to see all our boys true to their homes and loyal to the Union."

Joe was silent. Glory and gold getting were precisely what he had left his home for, and this word of warning troubled him greatly.

"Shouldn't a boy strike out for himself, sir, if he has a good chance?" he asked.

"If that chance is really a good one; if your father approves, and if taking it will make a better American of you, then, I should say, consider it," was the

reply. "But—look before you leap, that's all. This republic will grow by means of its wide-awake boys who do strike out for themselves; but don't you strike out until you see something worth striking for. What's the matter?" he asked abruptly, casting a searching glance at the boy by his side: "are you starting in life so soon? What are you doing here, away from your home in Pennsylvania? Where are you bound?"

Joe Harvey was almost on the point of confession. But an interruption saved him, as three gentlemen, hurrying up, joined them.

"Ah, Mr. President, you are before us," exclaimed one of the newcomers. "We were detained at the Capitol. Webster's making a mighty speech. Shall we look at that treasury site now, sir?"

The old gentleman rose to his feet.

"Here it is, sir, right here," he exclaimed positively, "right where the old one stood."

"But Mills, here, wants to set it back fifty feet from the street line, general," said the first speaker. "He says it will give more effect to the architecture; and Mills ought to know; he's an artist."

"Bosh!" exclaimed the irascible old gentleman. "What's an artist know about it? What's effect got to do with it? Room's what you want. The Treasury of the United States, sir, is going to be great enough

to call for the biggest building we can build. So put it where folks can get at it. Put it here!" he exclaimed. "Here's the building line," and he struck his stout cane firmly on the ground and traced out the long line of frontage which he desired.

As he strode off, dragging his cane along his prescribed building line, Joe struggled to his feet. His eyes had grown bigger as the talk proceeded. He looked keenly at the retreating figure of the determined and vigorous old gentleman who was marking off a great outline with his stout cane. Then Joe laid an inquiring hand on the arm of one of the party.

"Who is he, sir?" he asked.

"Who — the man you were talking with? You don't mean to say you don't know who that is, boy? Why, it's the general, — the greatest man in America, — Old Hickory, General Andrew Jackson, President of the United States."

CHAPTER V.

JOE HEARS A GREAT SPEECH.

THAT General Jackson—the victor of New Orleans—the President of the United States! Joe Harvey could scarcely believe his ears. Why! where were the guards and soldiers, the horses and trappings that should attend the goings and comings of a hero and a chieftain?

“When I’m head of a nation, as I mean to be,” Joe emphatically assured himself, “you better believe you won’t catch Joe Harvey sitting around on a stone heap smoking a corn-cob pipe and giving advice to boys. I’ll just be spangling around in epaulets and gold braid, I will. He did give me good advice, though, didn’t he? I wonder why? I’m sure I don’t want to do anything against the Union. That would make me a traitor, and there’s no traitor blood in Joe Harvey, I can tell General Jackson that. But if I am the chief and leader of a band of warriors who are to protect the United States against Spain and England, I shall be a protector of the republic, and that’s greater than being just a plain, everyday

boy on a farm. I'd like to tell General Jackson so. I'd like to have him know what I'm going to be. I've a great mind to see him again and tell him what I'm going to do with Mr. Williams."

Thus he soliloquized; but he saw that it was too late to make a confidant of General Jackson, for that energetic functionary was even now pacing off his ground plan.

"What was it he said he was going to build here?" queried Joe. "A new treasury building? a treasury is what they keep money in, isn't it? Then this must be where they are going to build the United States Treasury. My, it will be a big one, though, won't it, if the President is pacing it off? We'll have to build a big treasury, too, for all the gold and money we'll have in Mr. Williams's new empire. I wonder why he calls it an empire when the United States is a republic. We're the Union, though, aren't we? That's what General Jackson is afraid somebody's going to break up. Who wants to break it up, I wonder? I'm sure I don't. I wonder why the Capitol wouldn't be just the kind of a building to put up for our treasury? I should think it would be a first-rate thing to copy. I guess I'll go up and look it over again."

So, thinking no more of President Jackson's solemn warning, but thinking a good deal of General Jackson's

fame as a successful soldier, the boy strolled along the muddy avenue fringed with its scraggy poplars, and climbed the hill to the big, unfinished Capitol at "the far end" of the avenue.

There he found a crowd surging about the doors, and, boy-like when he comes upon a crowd, Joe's curiosity was aroused, and he pushed his way through the throng which finally came up against the closed doors of what he understood to be the Senate Chamber of the Congress of the United States.

Flushed and panting from his vigorous but successful effort to elbow his way to the end of things, Joe tried the door. It yielded to his touch, but only opened sufficiently to enable a forbidding doorkeeper to say,—

"You can't come in here, boy; Mr. Webster is speaking, and there is no room."

Now to be denied entrance to any place—especially any public place—is to a well-regulated and healthily inquisitive American boy the strongest spur to desire.

"Mr. Webster speaking!" he said. "Why, yes; that's just what that man in the treasury lot told President Jackson. I reckon I want to hear him. Folks say he's a master hand at a speech."

So Joe, patient and watchful, waited his opportunity for a second attempt.

It came speedily. For a tall, slender, pleasant-faced man worked his way through the crowd which, enthusiastically respectful, parted to permit his passage, and even raised a restrained cheer of recognition and welcome. The newcomer pulled open the guarded door, and the doorkeeper, peering out, said: "All right, Mr. Clay. I reckon you can squeeze in, sir."

And as Mr. Clay "squeezed in," young Joe Harvey slipped in with him.

But the restraining hand of the doorkeeper fell upon him.

"Here, boy, I told you you couldn't come in, didn't I?" he said. "How many times have I got to say it?"

"But I want to hear Mr. Webster, sir, and you can't keep me out. Haven't I a right here? I'm an American."

Clay looked down with a smile at this insistent young American who had followed in his wake.

"Of course you are, son," he said. "Let him in," he said to the doorkeeper. "He doesn't take up much room, and it will do our boys good to hear Black Dan lay down the law and explain the Constitution. Follow me, son," he added, with his hand on young Joe Harvey's arm. "I reckon you can find standing room."

Joe thanked him heartily, and, relying on his skill at unobtrusive elbowing, he did find standing room. Indeed, he pushed so far forward that he gradually attained a capital position to see, upon the floor of the Senate, a notable and now historic scene.

The Senate Chamber of that time was the room now occupied by the Supreme Court of the United States—a good-sized apartment surmounted by a low half-dome. It was packed that day with a throng which crowded upon the desks of the Senators, and filled the galleries with an intent and listening audience.

In the centre of the cleared space before the desk of the presiding officer a massive-looking man was speaking, and, save for his own resounding voice, a hushed and admiring silence filled that crowded room.

The speaker was of tall and commanding figure, of well-knit and sturdy frame, his dark, almost swarthy complexion giving truth to his popular nickname of "Black Dan," while his great head with its broad forehead, its wonderful eyes flashing beneath their thatch of shaggy eyebrows, and the forcible mouth and jaw told of a strength and power and will that made him seem like some old hero of the ancient days, or, as one observer has expressed it, "a sturdy Roundhead sentinel of Cromwell's time, on guard before the gates of the Constitution."

Daniel Webster that day was dressed in his well-known costume of blue dress-coat with brass buttons, buff waistcoat, high cravat, and black trousers; and, with one hand jingling the coins and keys in his pocket, and the other raised in characteristic gestures, he held his auditors spellbound, as from his lips came that torrent of eloquence, argument, and patriotism, familiar now to all the English-speaking world as one of the triumphs of oratory—the matchless “reply to Hayne.”

Joe Harvey did not, of course, appreciate the fact that he was listening to one of the world’s greatest orations; but he did know that Daniel Webster was speaking, and that Daniel Webster was, as his father had told him, “a master hand at speaking.” Soon, curiosity grew to interest, interest to wonder, and wonder to fascination that held this restless, thoughtless American boy as it was holding that whole listening audience of friends and foes.

Even as he listened, General Jackson’s words of counsel and warning seemed mingling with the orator’s splendid sentences. Joe knew that Mr. Webster had been speaking a long time, and that his oration seemed drawing to a close; he wondered what had gone before, and wished he could have heard it all, for that earnest plea for loyalty and union struck even to the heart of a careless boy; while the orator’s noble sentiments of

patriotism and of devotion to the flag fired the young soul with ardor and filled it with conviction.

He heard the orator make that final plea for an undivided union which has become an enduring portion of America's heritage of eloquence, closing the inspiring and lucid defence of the Constitution which he had that day expounded so nobly as to make Daniel Webster fixed in fame as the Constitution's ablest defender.

He heard the orator remind his auditors that the American people for forty years had preserved "this, their own Constitution," that they had seen "their happiness, prosperity, and renown grow with its growth and strengthen with its strength," and that it could never be overthrown by direct assault, although it might be evaded and nullified by those who, pledged to preserve and wisely administer it, might prove faithless to their public trust.

Then, at last, did Joe Harvey hear that plea for the Union which, as he read it, long years after, reawoke the thrill with which he had listened to it, given in that wonderful, matchless voice that raised the boy to an exaltation of loyalty, a willingness to die in its defence, culminating at last in that burst of eloquence over the flag that burned itself deep into the hearts of a succeeding generation, and sent men forth to

battle to the death for the integrity of the Union and the salvation of an unmarred flag.

“While the Union lasts,” Joe heard Daniel Webster declare, “we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us—for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, ‘What is all this worth?’ nor those other words of delusion and folly, ‘Liberty first and Union afterward’; but everywhere, spread over all in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that

other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, — Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!”

The voice ceased; the orator sat down; and Joe Harvey, stirred as he had never been stirred before by spoken words, stood enthralled and spellbound, as did all who listened to the closing words of that noble and immortal speech. For a space no one moved; then the presiding officer's gavel descended with an awakening tap, and a burst of applause swept through the crowded Senate Chamber. The throng moved toward the doors.

Joe Harvey, carried irresistibly along, was strangely quiet for so alive and restless a boy; he made no attempt toward pushing; the memory and influence of the words he had heard filled his soul and restrained his actions. The experience of that day was never wholly forgotten, even though for a time obscured.

But in the wide corridor that led into the rotunda, suddenly a hand fell upon his shoulder, and looking up the boy's eyes fell upon the dark but attractive face of Eleazer Williams.

Impetuously, he grasped the man's hand.

“Oh, did you hear Mr. Webster's speech, sir?” he cried. “Was it not grand?”

"Tremendous," was Williams's reply. "And so that's where you've kept yourself, eh? How did you get in?"

"I went in with Henry Clay, sir," Joe replied with gratified pride, and added with a due sense of his importance, "I only came in toward the end. I was kept down by the White House talking with the President."

Williams laughed appreciatively, casting at the same time a keen glance of inquiry upon his young secretary.

"Well, well, you do keep fine society!" he said. "A friend of Clay and Jackson, eh? Why, you're a young man to cultivate. Did you — did you — say anything about our — enterprise?"

"Why, no, sir," replied honest Joe, "you told me not to."

"Quite right, quite right, my son. You are a boy to be relied upon," Williams cried in a relieved and appreciative tone. "I knew I could trust you with my secrets. And now I'm going to try you still further with a more responsible commission. I want you to go to New York for me."

"To New York, sir? Alone?" exclaimed Joe.

"Why not? I can trust you," Williams replied. "I want you to find my Iroquois warriors who are waiting for me there, and hurry them back here before Governor Cass gets along. I'm afraid he'll spoil some of my

plans if I don't have my Indian friends here. You'll find them in charge of Mr. Ogden of the land company, at a place I'll tell you of, and I want you to bring them here straightway."

Joe's adventurous soul was at once off on a new tack. Even Webster's speech was, for a time, crowded into the background, as this mission with which he was intrusted by Williams filled his mind. Already things seemed coming his way; already his dreams were shaping into fact; for here he was, sent to summon his Iroquois. He was to enter Washington, even as he had dreamed, at the head of his Indian warriors.

CHAPTER VI.

JOE HARVEY'S PRINCELY RETINUE.

AS befitted one who was to re-enter the capital with a retinue of red-skinned warriors, Joe Harvey next morning boarded the Baltimore mail-coach at the door of the Indian Queen Hotel, where, for fully a hundred years, tavern, hostelry, or hotel has stood for those who visit Washington.

Joe climbed to the top, where, on his perch behind the boot, the burly guard had his station, and was soon bowling along the excellent turnpike road toward Baltimore. The guard was an important personage, determined in looks as he was burly in build, and he kept a ready hand upon the big, wide-mouthed, funnel-shaped blunderbuss which he carried as protection against the highwaymen who, now and then, would "hold up" the Baltimore mail-coach.

Joe soon struck up an acquaintance with his near-at-hand protector, and, in the succession of his highly entertaining tales of road agents and road adventurers, was so altogether oblivious of his surroundings that

the steamboat wharf at Baltimore was reached entirely too soon. In fact, the boy was sorry that he could not go all the way by stage-coach to New York, instead of by the constantly shifting routes by road and water, by coach and steamboat.

There were at least five or six such changes of road and conveyances before the long and tedious journey between Washington and New York was completed, taking at least fifty hours for what to-day is done in five; and yet, when Joe Harvey was a boy, that fifty hours to Washington was considered the crown of quick travel.

Eleazer Williams had paid the lad's passage, given him a little money, and armed him with a note to Mr. Ogden of the land company, whom he was to seek upon his arrival in New York. But when the Elizabethport boat landed him at last in the big town, the journey had told so heavily upon even his boyish vitality that he was glad to go at once to the City Hotel, just above Trinity Church, and "turn in" for a night's rest.

Early next morning he sallied out to wait upon Mr. Ogden with his letter; but he was astir even too early for the New York of those business-like times, which kept earlier hours in trade than it does to-day.

Inland born and bred, Joe Harvey had the inlander's natural curiosity and attraction toward the sea, and

when he learned at the building in which Mr. Ogden had his counting room, that the rich merchant would not put in an appearance for at least an hour, Joe strolled down to the Battery, circled by its comfortable mansions and the beautiful expanse of the broad and sparkling bay, and, at the water's edge, gazed off seaward, wondering how it looked "off there," and playing with his half-formed desire to sail away to sea.

As he stood thus wondering and speculating, a hand was laid on his arm, and a voice, unmistakably French in accent, inquired, —

"Pardon me, sare, but can you tell me where I may find ze habitat of ze—what you call?—New York Land Companee?"

Joe turned quickly, surprised at the question. He met the gaze of a short, well-built, rather seedy-looking gentleman, evidently French in face as well as in speech, who, raising his hat, repeated his inquiry.

"The New York Land Company? Why, yes, I can tell you," replied Joe. "I am going there myself soon, to see Mr. Ogden. I will show you the way."

"Ah, so!" the Frenchman exclaimed. "You are well met, sare. And you would see this Monsieur Ogden, too. Is it business of the company that you have with him?"

"Surely," responded Joe. "Have you?"

"Not so much of the land, sare, as of the one who is mixed of himself with the land company. Do you perhaps, sare, know of one called Williams? El-ezar Williams? I cannot well speak his name; El-ezar, you would call it?"

Here was a singular coincidence, thought Joe. "Mr. Williams—the Rev. Eleazer Williams, do you mean?" he cried in surprise. "Why, I know him well. I—" the boy hesitated. Already he had learned from experience not to be too communicative. "I know him well," he repeated. And then he asked suddenly, "Do you?"

"Do I? Ah, do I not then?" the Frenchman replied. "He is a traitor—a miscreant—a, what you call, a dan-gerous man."

Joe Harvey pricked up his ears. "Well, well, what have I come upon here?" he queried, but he made no open comment.

"Is it that you would be wiz him, sare, in the land-buying?" the stranger demanded. "Ah, young gentleman, beware of that El-ezar, as he would be called by some; he will lead you into the danger, into the plotting, into the great conspiracee which will end but at the death of traitors. Ah, you are a boy of this land—of America, yes?"

"Why, certainly, I am an American boy," Joe

replied, still more astonished at this unexpected warning.

"And of the name—of the name of what?" the earnest stranger demanded. "Will you tell me that?"

"My name?" returned Joe, "why, yes, I'm not ashamed of my name; I'm proud of it. Harvey, sir; that's my name—Joseph Lafayette Harvey."

"Ah! Lafayette? You bear the name of the friend of America," cried the Frenchman, excitedly. "I knew him, sare, when I was of scarce your years. And later—yes—and later. I was of those who would have stolen him away from his prison at Olmutz where the Austrians—bah! those sheep—where they had—what you call—incarcerated him. He was a great man, sare, our Lafayette. My emperor called him 'noodle,' but my emperor did not know his worth."

"Your emperor!" cried Joe; "whom do you mean, sir?"

The Frenchman lifted his hat. "There is but one who could be my emperor, sare," he replied; "see! I salute his memory—Napoleon!"

Joe had seen such men before. There were many of them in America when Joe Harvey was a boy.

"Are you a refugee, sir?" he asked.

"That is it; I am of the refugees," the stranger replied. "When my emperor was a prisoner, because

of those *canaille*, the English, and those sheep, the Austrians, then I too would have stolen him from the rock of Helena, even as I would have stolen Lafayette from the prison at Olmutz, and I could not, because my comrades failed me. Then I came to live in this free America of yours, which now this El-ezar, as he would call himself, will put in peril. Ah, beware of him, my son. He is of the stock of the sheep; he is the son of the Austrian."

"What do you mean, sir?" demanded puzzled Joe. "What is Mr. Williams that you call him an Austrian?"

"His mother was, my son," the stranger replied. "His mother, the Austrian whom my countrymen rightly put to death. This El-ezar of yours, he is — he is — listen to me, boy," — the Frenchman brought his lips close to Joe's ear, — "he is the king of France."

Joe started in sudden surprise. In the rush of other affairs he had quite forgotten the confidences of the man in the one-horse shay by the Brandywine; how long ago that seemed.

But he laughed aloud, as he laid a hand upon the stranger's arm.

"Why, that is nothing new," he said. "I have heard that said, before, of Mr. Williams; but I had quite forgotten it."

"As I have not, boy, as I have not," the Frenchman

cried excitedly; "and your America, sare, she will not forget it when this false friend of yours has had his way. That is why I would see the Monsieur Ogden whom you can tell me of. Point to me where I may find him, this Monsieur Ogden. I would warn him, sare."

"Why would you warn him, sir?" Joe inquired, more puzzled than ever. "How can Eleazer Williams harm Mr. Ogden?"

"By his scheme, sare, his grand machinations," replied the Frenchman. "See, you boy, this El-ezar, as you call him, will through the help of this Monsieur Ogden, who knows him not, join the savages—the Indians—into a vast empire which then he will turn over to the Bourbons—the murderers of my emperor—those who ruined my France. Will not that defeat the business of your Monsieur Ogden—will not this overthrow your America—which has given to me a home? It shall not be, sare. I will stop this great game. I will overthrow it, for I—I know the truth."

"Oh, that's all nonsense, sir; I'm sure it is," Joe replied. "Mr. Williams has said as much. He plans to—" again the boy stopped, recalling the warning of Williams—"to do the Indians good in a religious way and help the republic."

"Bah!"—the Frenchman snapped his fingers in a rage—"and again I say, bah! This El-ezar of yours

—this son of the Austrian—the Widow Capet—he is a traitor as was she. He is a miserable, he is a dangerous one. Beware of him! He will bring you to misery, perhaps even to the death.”

This was a pleasant prospect, if true. But it could not be true, Joe assured himself. This excitable Frenchman was either a crazy man or an enemy to Williams; he must be prevented from doing his errand. It devolved upon him—Joe Harvey—to thus prevent him. But how—how? Joe turned away and walked up and down the Battery wall, thinking deeply. Then he returned swiftly to the stranger.

“I don’t know what you mean, sir,” he said slowly, “and—I don’t believe what you say. But I’ll tell you what I’ll do. If you will go up to the City Hotel, on Broadway, and will wait about two hours for me, I’ll call for you and take you to see Mr. Ogden. I’ve got a letter to him and that will do for us both. I know that Mr. Williams, whether he is the king of France or not, doesn’t mean any harm to the republic. But if you think so and can stop it, why it’s your duty to do so. Let me get through what I’ve got on hand and we’ll go to see Mr. Ogden together. How will that suit you?”

The Frenchman grasped the boy’s hand and shook it warmly.

"You are a good American," he said. "I give to you the honor and will do as you say. It is well to meet one who has the name of our Lafayette, and will help me to do the good, as our Lafayette did to the republic of America. It is well. I go. I wait for you, as you say, at the Hotel of the City. Adieu."

And, again pressing Joe's passive hand, the Frenchman turned into Broadway, while Joe, strolling along the Battery with one eye over his shoulder, waited until this dangerous Frenchman who was plotting mischief to Eleazer Williams was quite out of sight. Then, dodging his patron's accuser, along the narrow and crooked streets of lower New York, Joe raced toward Mr. Ogden's office, until at last, breathless and heated with his run, he stood panting and anxious before the merchant's door. He had gained two hours' time by his shrewdness; he must forestall the accusation and set Williams right with the man who was to give him the opportunity to join his Indian retinue. Once let him have forty brave warriors at his back, so reasoned Joe Harvey, and he could have no fear for the threats or schemes of a crazy Frenchman. And then it flashed upon him that he had never asked the stranger's name and did not know whom he was to warn either Mr. Ogden or Eleazer Williams against.

"How careless of me," he declared. "You've got

to have your wits about you better than that, Joe Harvey, if you'd be good for anything; for my father says a general must always have his wits about him, and I'm to begin being a general this day."

Then, resting at the door for a brief two minutes until he had recovered breath and composure, Joe Harvey entered the building and was speedily in the presence of the responsible head of a once famous land syndicate.

Mr. Ogden was a big man, of jovial manners, but of clear business build. He wheeled about in his chair as Joe confronted him and received and read the letter from Eleazer Williams.

"And you are the young man from the Reverend Eleazer, eh?" he said, looking straight into Joe's eyes and tapping the letter on his chair arm. "Joseph Lafayette Harvey, the Pennsylvania boy, eh? Good name, good name, my son. Any relation to—to—" here he consulted the index to his blotter—"Captain Harvey of Chadd's Ford? and why Lafayette?"

"Why, sir!" exclaimed Joe, "he's my father, Cap'n Harvey is. Do you know him? And Lafayette was my godfather."

"Well, well! Is that so? Yes, yes, yes," nodded Mr. Ogden. "Bless you, I know 'em both. What are you doing with the Reverend Williams, I'd like

to know—studying for the ministry or for Indian management?”

“For the last, I reckon, sir,” replied quick-witted Joe, uncertain whether the query was a joke or a hidden reference, on Mr. Ogden’s part; “that is,” he added, “if I can get any to manage—where are they, sir, my Injuns?”

“Bless the boy,” cried Mr. Ogden, “does he think I keep Iroquois warriors on tap like cider, or stow ’em away in my warehouse like cheese and West Injy goods! No, no, young man; your Injuns, as you call ’em, are round in the tavern on Beaver Street with that French chap—De Ferriere—the marquis, as we call him, the interpreter.”

A marquis in his train, too; and Mr. Williams a king or a prince, at least! Joe felt that he was in great society, indeed, with a king as his patron and a marquis for a companion. His “retinue” must be really imposing.

“Do they fill the tavern, sir?” he asked.

“Do they fill—who fill—your Injuns? Ha-ha-ha!” Mr. Ogden slapped his knee as he laughed aloud. “Oh, yes, they fill the tavern, Joe; altogether too much for the tavern-keeper, I reckon. He said as much when he came round here to collect his bill for lodging. Said he’d rather lodge a houseful of

white Christians any day. Here, I'll give you a line to the marquis and money for the return trip—that's what your Mr. Williams says I'm to give you. The man seems to think I'm made of money. But it's a good thing, I reckon. I'll back him up a bit longer. His success is mine; because I want the Oneida lands, you see, and he's working a scheme to get all the New York redskins out in the Western country. Ever been to his claim, Joe?"

"No, sir, but we're going there soon," the boy replied, "and oh, Mr. Ogden!" he exclaimed, suddenly remembering his acquaintance on the Battery, "I want to tell you; there's a crazy Frenchman at the City Hotel who's coming to see you. He's got some sort of a big story about this scheme of Mr. Williams. He says that Mr. Williams is plotting mischief against the United States, and he's coming to warn you against him. Says that Mr. Williams is trying to work out a plan to turn the Western country back to the French king and break up the Union. I don't believe it; do you, sir?"

Mr. Ogden laughed heartily.

"Another of 'em around, eh?" he said. "Why, I've heard something like that before. My friend, the Reverend Eleazer, seems to be stirring up a hornet's nest. There are Injuns, and politicians, and missionaries, and

even Governor Cass himself, of the Michigan territory — they've all been at me to break up Mr. Williams's work. But don't you believe it, Joe. This Union isn't going to be broken by anything Williams or any other man can do — unless it's the nullifiers down South, and I reckon General Jackson can handle them."

"He will, sir; I know he will!" cried Joe, enthusiastically. "He told me, only the other day, that they'd better not try it, or they'd find old General Jackson had some fighting blood left. And I guess he has, from the way he said it."

"Did General Jackson say that to you, boy?" cried Mr. Ogden. "So you've been cornering the President, have you? Bright boy, Joe, you'll get on, I reckon; and I judge the President is right, sir; the old general's got plenty of fighting blood left, and the Union isn't going to be broken, while he's around, by any amount of nullifiers, let alone Williams and his Injuns. And if you and the other boys of America will follow in Jackson's path, you won't see any break-up in your day. I don't expect to in mine, at any rate. I want to see the old flag floating over a whole Union — one stretching from the sea to the big lakes, one and indivisible."

The words brought back the great speech to which Joe had listened in the Capitol at Washington, and his eyes fairly glistened with excitement as he exclaimed:—

"That's just what Senator Webster said, sir. I heard him — and oh, didn't he say it fine!"

"Black Dan, eh! What, you've been talking with the President and Senator Webster, too? Why, Joe Harvey, you've either got a list of distinguished friends or you've got the pluck of a real, go-ahead American boy. How did you know these people?"

Joe explained; and Mr. Ogden listened with deep interest.

"You're a bright boy," he said, with an approving nod, "or a mighty lucky one. I reckon the country's safe if she's got chaps like you to make men of. But here, hullo! Here come your men. They've saved you a trudge to their tavern. Can you conduct all that back to Washington, my son?"

Joe turned as the merchant spoke. Three men stood in the doorway; all were bronzed and swarthy, but the features of one stamped him as a white man — a Frenchman; undoubtedly he was the marquis. The other two were Indians; there was no doubt of that, even though they were, greatly to Joe's disgust, dressed in "white man's clothes." They are probably the interpreters, he decided. The real Indians, in their paint and feathers, were doubtless drawn up outside.

"Where are the rest?" he asked.

"The rest!" cried Mr. Ogden. "Why, this is all

there 'is of your company, Joe. What did you expect—the whole Iroquois nation? Let me introduce you. This is my friend the Marquis, as I call him, Mr. De Ferriere; and these are the Oneida gentlemen, Cornelius Bear and Daniel Bread. My friends, this is Mr. Williams's agent, Mr. Harvey—Mr. Joseph Lafayette Harvey, and a very bright chap he is, who is here to take you on to Washington, as agreed."

Was this his princely retinue, this backwoods Frenchman and two civilized Indians? Was this all, when he had expected an armed and befeathered host? Joe was grievously disappointed. His dreams of leadership and parade were rudely disturbed.

But he smothered his feelings and returned the Frenchman's bow and the Indian hand shakes. Indeed, he advanced to meet them halfway, in friendliest fashion, though sore at heart. But just as the greetings were over, Joe started back with a twinge of conscience and an exclamation of surprise, for there in the doorway, behind those disappointing Indians, appeared the flushed face and accusing eyes of his new acquaintance,—the excitable Frenchman he had met on the Battery.

CHAPTER VII.

CORNELIUS BEAR PATCHES UP A TRUCE.

“**H**ULLO, again! What are you doing here, sir? The two hours are not up, yet,” cried Joe, determined to forestall any explosion on the stranger’s part.

But though he stepped forward, hoping to steer the newcomer away from this undesirable interview, the Frenchman permitted him no discretion.

“Ah!” he burst out excitedly; “it is you, traitor; it is you, *garçon*, who would break the word you to me gave,” and a quivering Gallic fist was brandished beneath young Joe Harvey’s nose so violently that the boy almost fell back upon his “Indian retinue” for protection. “But I will unmask you,” vociferated the newcomer; “I will speak true about you—you and your El-ezar, sare. Is it perhaps, Monsieur Ogden I have the honor of saluting?”

By this time Mr. Ogden was on his feet.

“What do you mean by this intrusion, sir?” he demanded. “This is my private office. I am Mr. Ogden. What do you want, man? Speak out.”

“Speak!” almost shrieked the excited Frenchman,

“sare, yes, it is I that will speak. Of him beware, sare,” and again he shook his first at Joe Harvey; “trust him not, and trust not the *commandant* of his — this Williams — this El-ezar, who is what you call, a — a schemer; trust not this fellow, sare, who to me did promise to bring me before you and who — as, behold! sare — brought himself before you at the first, — the traitorous one! I apprehend him! I denounce him! He bids me go to the Hotel de Ville, the Hotel of the City, as you would say, there to await him for two hours. They tell me at the Hotel de Ville I am not to wait there unless I have desires to see the honorable mayor or some of the officials of the city. It is not them I would see; it is you, sare, you to whom this *garçon* was to bring me. So I inquire, I seek, I find you here, sare, here! and that *garçon* is before me. I warn you, sare. Beware, beware of him and his El-ezar! It is a plot!”

“A plot? And what is that?” demanded the “French Injun,” as Joe designated him they called the marquis.

The newcomer turned upon his compatriot savagely and broke into a torrent of French words and gestures. The “marquis” replied in kind and quite as vigorously, and the two seemed fast approaching a personal encounter, when Mr. Ogden strode in between them, his ample form making a substantial barrier to keep the angry Gauls apart.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this is no place for private quarrels. My office is no duelling ground. If you're looking for such a place, go over to the Elysian Fields and fight it out. Don't try it here. I won't stand it. What's it all about? Here, you boy,—you Harvey,—what's the matter with these Johnny Crapauds? Can you make out what they're talking about?"

But poor Joe was powerless. The village school of Chadd's Ford had not included French in its limited curriculum, and he did not know the difference between *cheval* and shovel. He shook his head in perplexity.

"I don't know what they're driving at, sir," he replied. "I told this man to wait for me at the City Hotel, and he's been browsing around the City Hall, by mistake. That's all I can make out. He's found his way here without me, and he's got some kind of a bee in his bonnet."

"A nice sort of a messenger you are, my son," said Mr. Ogden, sarcastically. "Why didn't the Reverend Williams send along somebody who could make out this jargon, instead of a Pennsylvania Dutchman like you? If he's going to unload French and Injuns on me like this, why under the sun did he send me a fool boy who don't know how to handle 'em? Will you be quiet, you two! Tell us in American what

you're up to, or I'll send for the watchmen to settle you. Can't any one here explain?"

Joe was too much crushed under Mr. Ogden's rebuke to advance any opinion. He began to feel that he was indeed out of place as a general who could not command. But even as he stood, speechless, the elder of the two Indians came forward and laid a restraining hand upon the arm of the marquis.

"Will my brother tell us what this stranger says?" he inquired. "The words he speaks are not known to the chief of the lodges, and we of the Oneidas know no plot against him. Speak in the speech we all know, that we may make peace between you."

Again, in spite of himself and in spite of his own inabilities, Joe could not restrain his surprise at this turn of affairs—ignorance acting as interpreter and savagery as peacemaker. In place of the war-whoop and the tomahawk he had expected to control, here were Christian courtesy and arbitration. Clearly, it was not what Joe Harvey, leader of an Indian "retinue," had expected.

Mr. Ogden nodded approvingly.

"That's the talk," he said. "Cornelius Bear, you're the only man of sense in the place. If anybody has a grievance here, speak out! But speak so that we may know what's troubling you."

"This pairsonne here," said the marquis, obeying the touch of Cornelius Bear and the demand of Mr. Ogden, "he say that our Priest Williams is playing false, and that the boy, his messenger, is false. He say he have secrets to — how is it — ah — dispose of to you, sare, Monsieur Ogden, and that I am but a tool — I and my Indians here. *Sacre mille tonnerres!* am I — a noble of France, a soldier of Louis, a man of position among these red brothers of mine — am I the tool of any man? I will have his blood! Who is he, I ask?"

"And so do I, so do I, marquis," said Mr. Ogden. "Secrets to dispose of, eh? I'm paying no good money out for secrets. What I am doing is backing this Oneida enterprise. What secret can there be about that. Isn't it all plain and above board?"

"It is about this Williams — this El-ezar, as you would call him, that I would speak to you — solus — alone, sare," the stranger declared, approaching the American. "He is a schemer; he is playing the double game with you, sare, and with others. I am a soldier of the emperor, of the great Napoleon. Would I then play the double game?"

"Well, you learned how under a master of the art," Mr. Ogden replied, evidently no Napoleon worshipper. Whereat the stranger sputtered again in his excitable French.

"This El-ezar of yours," he shouted, rounding off his fresh outburst, "he schemes; he plans to turn back the land you would help him to into the hands of the Bourbons,—the enemies of my emperor,—the friends of the English, who murdered him. He will drag you down to the death. I know it."

"Stuff and nonsense!" replied Mr. Ogden. "That's an old story, my friend. We've heard it over and over again. What proof have you?"

"The proof of my eyes, the proof of my nose," declared the Frenchman, striking a hand against those detective members. "I see it; I smell it; I know the man."

"And do not we know him, my brother?" demanded the Indian, Cornelius Bear. "Has he not lived among us from a boy? Has he not taught us the way of his God, and led us to the light? We would believe him,—he, the friend of Skanandoah the chief of the Oneidas,—he who made us Christians and turned us from our pagan ways. See you, my brother, we are to follow our teacher, our evangelist, to the wide plains of the West, beside the Big Fresh Water, among our brothers the Menominees, the Winnebagoes, and the Chippewas. There the Six Nations shall lead their brothers in the way of peace and right. Let not my white brother, who comes here with tales that are but fables, think to turn us from the path."

The old Frenchman regarded the Indian contemptuously.

"Ah, savage, ignorant one," he said, "you, too, are dupe and tool. Hear me yet," he cried to Mr. Ogden; "this man, this priest, El-ezar, is a villanous one; he is of traitor stock. Trust him not, I say. He is spawn of the Bourbons; he is son of the Austrian, the Widow Capet; he is, so has it been told to me" (even in his excitement his voice dropped to the whisper of mystery) "he is the king of France!"

"Pouf!" Mr. Ogden fairly snorted in his contempt, "the man is crazy. Take him off, some one. You, Harvey boy, call the watch. I can't have my time taken up with a crazy loon. The Reverend Eleazer, king of France! Did ever you hear such stuff, Joe, or did you, marquis? I'll have nothing to do with you, sir, you and your tomfoolery. Get rid of him, somehow, Joe Harvey. This is your affair and not mine. I must see you and your Injuns off for Washington, and then, hang me if I don't wash my hands of the whole business. I've got no time to fool with lunatics!"

Joe Harvey kept silence in reply to Mr. Ogden's query. The pledge of secrecy he had given Eleazer Williams, to say nothing of the inappropriateness of the occasion, kept his mouth sealed as to the identity of the king of France. But when it came to the removal of

this "lunatic," as Mr. Ogden evidently deemed the strange Frenchman, Joe was equally nonplussed. He scarcely felt himself equal to the occasion, and once again he turned to those he had expected to lead, and by looks, rather than by words, asked the advice and assistance of Cornelius Bear, the Christianized Oneida.

He, too, apparently shared Mr. Ogden's opinion and considered the strange Frenchman a "lunatic"; but with the Indians the lunatic or the insane were considered as "possessed by the spirits," and were to be pitied and protected rather than shunned.

"Let my brother return to his own lodge," said Cornelius Bear, gently taking the stranger by the arm; "but let him tell my young brother here" — nodding toward Joe Harvey — "or the great chief of the wampum belt" — turning toward Mr. Ogden — "where his lodge may be. Then may we summon him to council if the thing he says be true. For, my brother," and Cornelius Bear drew the stranger almost imperceptibly toward the door, "this which you tell us is more for the ears of me and my red brothers of the Six Nations than for my white brothers of the stone lodges. No one shall lead us astray or sell our rights to the great chief of the French across the wide salt water; we are of the Six Nations, and no man shall lead us except by our own will. Should any try it then will we send to

our brother in his own lodge to speak the truth and give us good counsel. Even now we go to see the Great Father and his wise men of the great Council Fire at Washington. I am Cornelius Bear, a Christian of the Oneidas. See, my brother shall give to me, for me and for my people, the paper that tells us his home lodge."

He thrust a card and pencil into the Frenchman's hand, and, withdrawing him from Mr. Ogden's office, was absent but a moment, when he returned and handed the card to Mr. Ogden.

"Maurice Bellenger, New Orleans," read Mr. Ogden from the card the Oneida gave him. "Know him, marquis?"

De Ferriere tapped his forehead a moment thoughtfully.

"I know him not, sare," he said at length. "Of Nouveau Orleans, eh? Ah, so! he is perhaps of those refugees from the Corsican, who are yet in hiding or in exile in your Southern country. Assuredly, my friend, he is—what you call it?—cracked," and again the marquis tapped his forehead significantly.

"Cracked! well, I should say so," declared Mr. Ogden, emphatically. "But I must say, Cornelius Bear, you did the thing handsomely. There's a lesson for you, Joe Harvey. I'm afraid the Oneida will have to

lead you rather than let you lead him. He's a diplomat, he is."

And Joe felt that the merchant spoke the truth.

"But after all," continued Mr. Ogden, "that isn't your business. You are here simply to conduct these men to Washington. The Reverend Eleazer will do the rest — diplomacy and all. That's a good one, though! the Reverend Eleazer king of France! Why, he's half-Injun, from up Caughnawaga way. If he's a king, then I'm a Dutchman! But come! we don't want any more lunatic asylums raiding my office. Get away as soon as you can, Joe. Here's the money all ready for you; here are your men just as ready. The Elizabethport boat goes in two hours. Catch it, by all means, or you'll lose a day. And tell his Imperial Majesty, the Reverend Eleazer, to remember the New York Land Company when he comes to his own again. His Imperial Majesty! By the great horn spoon! but that's a good one. Good-by, boys; Cornelius, you're a wise Bear of the Oneidas. Tell the Great Father at Washington he ought to make you minister to the court of the Bourbons. You'd be a safer and wiser one than Peggy O'Brien, anyhow."

And with laugh and joke and hand shake the president of the New York Land Company fairly pushed Joe Harvey and his "Indian retinue" out of his

office, glad to be relieved of so worrying an incumbrance.

Somewhat chagrined at the way in which all his grand ideas of generalship and retinue had "petered out," but relieved that he had escaped the rocks upon which this Bellenger of New Orleans had well-nigh brought him to wreck, Joe Harvey conducted his princely party of three to the Elizabethport boat, and was soon on his slow and winding way to Washington, a wiser, even if a sadder boy.

In due time they reached the capital. And on the way Joe learned to respect and even admire the wisdom and courtesy of his Indian companions, especially of the Oneida, Cornelius Bear, who had evidently received a good and fitting name when he had dropped his savage for his baptismal name; for, even like Cornelius of old, the Christianized Oneida seemed to Joe Harvey to be "a devout man, and one that feared God with all his house." He told Joe of the good and conscientious work that Eleazer Williams had done among the Oneida Indians of northern New York, until Joe, with some regret at the overthrow of his great schemes of princely power, began to feel that Williams's desire for leadership must be religious rather than royal.

So they came, at last, to Washington, and there

Eleazer Williams welcomed them with many warm words of encouragement and appreciation for Joe Harvey who had, as he said, "generalled the expedition," though honest Joe was inclined to give the credit rather to Cornelius Bear, the Oneida, than to Joe Harvey of Chadd's Ford.

But in spite of the warm welcome and the words of encouragement, Joe Harvey soon discovered that Eleazer Williams, his patron and chief, was in a state of mind.

Joe, as in duty bound, had reported to Mr. Williams the incursion of the Frenchman, Bellenger, into Mr. Ogden's office, and how deftly Cornelius Bear had kept the peace by proclaiming Mr. Williams's good work among the Northern tribes, as well as his undisputed Indian ancestry.

"So Cornelius said that, did he, son?" turning from the little mirror before which he had been shaving. "And what did you say, Joe, when the Frenchman proclaimed my royal birth?"

"Why, I said nothing, sir, as you warned me," replied honest Joe.

Eleazer looked a bit disappointed.

"Um!" he said; "well, perhaps that was best. Yes, it was best. The time is not yet ripe, Joe; no, the time is not yet ripe. You did right. I knew I

could trust you with my secrets. Both that and my Indian empire must wait their proper time. An Indian, eh? That's what the Bear said, was it?" He turned again to the mirror, and passed a hand over his clean, fresh-shaven, and rosy cheeks; his keen eye sparkled as he regarded the bright eye and rather good-looking face mirrored in the glass before him. "An Indian, eh? Look you, Joe; is this the face of a savage? How much Indian blood is there here? We will show them in time, son, which it is that prevails in this face, Indian or white man, prince or parson, rover or ruler. In time, I say, Joe Harvey; but even now is there vermin in my path. Courage, boy; but I'll sweep 'em out!"

"Vermin, sir, and who?" queried Joe, seeing that something troubled his adopted leader.

Then Eleazer Williams told his young follower that Colonel Stambaugh, the Indian agent in the Michigan country which Williams was arranging to purchase as the nucleus of his "empire," had arrived in Washington with a dozen of the Western chiefs seeking to defeat the Reverend Eleazer's schemes. The agent, so Mr. Williams declared, was urging the Western Indians to demand a treaty that would crowd out the Eastern Indians, and secure the confirmation of his own appointment as Indian agent at Green Bay, so that he might

overthrow the plans of the "leader of the Iroquois," as Mr. Williams proudly declared himself.

"There is some evil influence at work against me, my son," the Reverend Eleazer declared to Joe. "It must not be permitted to succeed. Find out for me what it is, Joe. You are bright, you are active, you have a way of securing the confidence of people. Ferret it out for me, Joseph, my son, for on the overthrow of this Stambaugh plot hangs our future,—yours and mine alike, Joe Harvey,—if we would make our dream of Western empire come true. To work, to work, my son! I tell you it is my destiny to lead this great movement, and lead it I will, though all the force of the United States should be arrayed against me!"

"But would not that be treason, sir?" demanded Joe, always aroused by any reference to antagonizing his country.

"Treason!" Eleazer Williams turned on the boy, almost impatiently. "Treason to be of service to the republic, Joe? Have I not told you that it is not treason but the highest patriotism to be of service to the republic in spite of its false friends—even to save it from them? My plan is to establish a firm and lasting defence for the republic upon its Western border. With our Indian warriors disciplined and united as I (with your help, Joe) will unite and discipline them, we will

protect the republic, we will thwart the schemes of England, France, and Spain. We will make a vast, a powerful and wealthy Indian empire of the West, which shall be of mightier service to the republic than all its timid supporters and selfish politicians put together. With me you rise, Joe Harvey; with me, you fall. But we will not fall; we will rise to heights grander than ever you can imagine, if but this vile plotting against me is brought to naught. Down with it, Joe! Help me to strangle it here, where we have it at hand, and then forward! to victory and empire!"

Fired to effort by the fervid and defiant words of his leader, Joe Harvey rushed away to investigate and if possible to discover and checkmate this new-sprung hostility to the beneficent and princely plans of the would-be founder of empire.

Joe always believed in striking at the heart of things. He would face the foe in its own stronghold. Colonel Stambaugh and his Western Indians, he knew, were at the Indian Queen Hotel. Thither Joe went to begin his investigation, and, upon its very portal, the first man he saw was his excitable foeman, Bellenger, the "crazy Frenchman."

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. WEBSTER'S BICYCLE RIDE.

THE recognition well-nigh staggered Joe for an instant; but with a ready self-possession he recovered himself and advanced to Bellenger with outstretched hand. Joe Harvey determined to try diplomacy.

"Ah, again, Mr. Bellenger," he cried, scarcely giving the Frenchman time to launch into invectives. "I hardly expected to see you here, but I am very glad I have met you. Mr. Williams would like to see you."

The Frenchman's mouth actually opened in astonishment; his eyes snapped with excitement and misapprehension.

"How, what!" he exclaimed. "Your El-ezar would see me — me, his enemy?"

"That's only because you think so, sir," Joe replied. "He has no wish to be your enemy. You just don't understand him, and you two could work together finely if you only would pull in company. I told

him about you, and I think it would be good for you to see him. Will you go with me now?"

"But it is here that I have the appointment," the Frenchman announced. "This Monsieur le Colonel — how you call him, Stam-bo — has wished again to see me."

"Again, eh?" Joe said to himself. "Then here's part of the 'evil influence' Mr. Williams suspected, right in my hand. You just must work him your way, Joe, my boy."

"Excuse me, sir," he said aloud; "but it is not here, it is there, at Mr. Williams's lodging, that your best chances lie. I'll tell you what. You come with me now, while you've got me, and see Mr. Williams; I'm a slippery fellow, you know, if you lose sight of me. He'll explain things, of that I'm sure, so that you won't care to see Colonel Stambaugh. You'll find that your fear of Mr. Williams and the French king scare is all a fairy tale. We're good Americans, we are; what else would you expect of a godson of Lafayette?"

Half convinced by Joe Harvey's earnest words, the Frenchman suffered himself to be drawn away from the headquarters of the opposition, and accompanied the boy to the lodgings of the Reverend Eleazer.

"I'll hunt up Mr. Williams and have him see you

at once," said Joe, as, having the "marplot" safely within doors, he left him but an instant to find and warn his patron.

"I've found the 'influence,' Mr. Williams," he cried, almost clutching the "emperor's" arm in nervous reaction. "Bellenger of New Orleans, the crazy Frenchman who almost upset things for us in Mr. Ogden's office, is downstairs. I nabbed him just as he was going to see Colonel Stambaugh, and I just dragged him here. I told him he didn't understand you, that you two could pull together, and that he *must* see you. And here he is."

Mr. Williams clapped Joe heartily on the back.

"Good boy, Joe," he cried. "I'll see the comrade of the Corsican. I'll fix it up with him, trust me. Why, Joe, 'twas a masterly act. You're a born diplomat. I'll make you ambassador to the court of France, when we come into our kingdom."

"Make it England, please, sir," said literal Joe. "I never shall be able to get that French lingo."

Williams laughed, as he pushed Joe before him from the room.

"Any place, my son," he said; "nothing will be too good for you. And now for Monsieur Bellenger."

They descended the stairs, and Joe having intro-

duced the two men, in reply to a nod and wink from his leader, withdrew.

"I'll just run up and see the President a minute, sir," he said, in his off-hand way. "Anything special to say to him to-day?"

That completed the capture of the suspicious Frenchman; it gave great delight to Mr. Williams.

"No, thank you, Mr. Harvey," he said. "I don't think we have anything more to say to the President just now. He understands my mission. I may have something of importance to consult him about after my talk with Monsieur Bellenger here. Better save your call on the President until later. You might see the Secretary of State, if you think best. You know what I mean."

"All right," said Joe. "Good morning, Mr. Bellenger. I'm glad I found you when I did."

And then he withdrew. He certainly did know what Mr. Williams meant—to make himself scarce for a little while; and this he proceeded to do at once.

It must be confessed that Joe Harvey had a twinge of conscience as he walked along Pennsylvania Avenue, after this little "stroke of diplomacy" on his part. Above all things, Joe was an honest and straightforward youth, and anything like misleading or double dealing was foreign to his nature. But "all's fair in

love or war," was the proverb he had in mind, and he felt that the salvation of Mr. Williams's plans depended, just then, upon keeping the Frenchman and Colonel Stambaugh apart. And this he certainly had done.

Of one thing he felt assured, — that Eleazer Williams would "down" his opponents and detractors, achieve his ends, and reign, "emperor of the West," as the adventurer declared he would. So strong an influence does assurance have upon the youthful mind. Boys like a leader who asserts, not one who denies — as indeed do most people, whatever their age.

Eleazer Williams certainly had assurance. He never suffered the possibility of defeat to tinge his talk or detract from this assurance. By that, he had led the Eastern Indians to enter into his plans; by that, he had gained the foothold in the West that gave him credit and a following; by that, if but the Indian nature had been less fickle, less swayed by tribal rivalries and less unstable in its stand against white aggression, even his master schemes of dominion and power might have come to some measure of success. But the Indian nature, like that of every other race, — African or Asiatic, — must yield at last to the more tenacious and strenuous dominance of the white man, and Eleazer Williams's dream of empire, so far as it rested upon Indian support, must fall as has every such dream, from

the days of Montezuma the Aztec to those of Tecumseh, Osceola, and Aguinaldo. The right to remain uncivilized is not permitted to any nation or tribe of men, in this world of progress and achievement.

This great truth, however, was as far from young Joe Harvey's comprehension as from his thoughts, as he strolled along Pennsylvania Avenue, "killing time" until Mr. Williams should have completed the manipulation of the hostile Bellenger.

As he had mentioned the Secretary of State, Joe felt that it would ease his conscience if he really should visit the plain square building in which the Secretary had his office; but, as he strolled that way, he saw something that attracted his curiosity and drew him into G Street. It was a "velocipede"; and, just then, this "velocipede"—it was really a bicycle—was one of the sights of Washington.

Astride of a two-wheeled contrivance with a high saddle, from which his legs dangled till they touched the earth, and from which, by "toeing" the ground, the rider would drive the wheels along, a well-dressed young Englishman from the British Embassy had been taking his afternoon "spin" along admiring Pennsylvania Avenue, and had now come to a stop at Boulanger's, —the famous restaurant near the old War Department, then a favored resort for the notables of the capital.

Joe was "sizing up the queer contraption," as he called it, when the rider dismounted, looked at Boulanger's, then at his "machine," and finally at the boy.

"Ah, would you mind watching this a bit, my fine fellow, while I run into Boulanger's a moment, don't you know?" queried the old-time "cyclist."

Now Joe objected to being called a "fine fellow" by an Englishman. He had no love for the Englishmen, as had few of his compatriots of that day, when 1776 and 1812 were still recent and hostile memories. But curiosity got the better of hostility, and he who expected to become a prince in an empire consented to serve his hereditary foeman as "horse boy."

"I will if you won't be long, sir," he replied; "I'm on duty elsewhere."

The Englishman nodded; then, giving the "wheel" into Joe's keeping, he entered the restaurant, while the boy, from curiosity, passed into desire, and then, yielding to temptation, wheeled the velocipede across G Street and attempted to ride it.

It was riding that was half walking; so it was easy enough to get the hang of the thing after a few trials, and Joe was soon "exercising" his silent steed up and down G Street.

As he wheeled up in front of Boulanger's in one of his numerous turns, a big man coming out paused a

moment to look at the "toy," as most people then called the velocipede,—the father of the modern bicycle.

"That looks easy, my son," he said, as Joe drew up beside him.

Joe looked quickly at the speaker. There was no mistaking that noble head, those compelling eyes, that deep but mellow voice. It was "Black Dan"—it was Daniel Webster, the Senator from Massachusetts.

"Oh, it's easy enough, sir, when you get the hang of it," Joe replied. And then in the generosity of temporary possession he asked, "Want to try it?"

Mr. Webster had been lunching at Boulanger's and had left some of his dignity there.

"Why not?" he replied; "only don't let me fall off the thing and make a fool of myself."

Joe promised him a hand, and the portly Senator "straddled" the wheel. He was a goodly weight for the velocipede and his seat was uncertain; but Joe held close at his side, and Daniel Webster made two turns on the borrowed wheel up and down G Street.

Once Joe thought the Senator was "floored," and his heart went to his mouth, quite as much in fear that the rider would measure his length on G Street as in fear for the safety of the Englishman's "machine"; but the portly rider swayed this way and that, and then,

with Joe's help, recovered his equilibrium and his balance, and in good order dismounted under the trees opposite Boulanger's.

"What won't they get up next?" the Senator remarked, as he gave the velocipede into Joe's keeping, and leaned against the tree, inspecting the Englishman's wheel. "I've a good mind to get one of 'em for my place at Marshfield. I've a good driveway there to roll it on."

"I thought you were going over once, Mr. Webster," Joe remarked with a smile, and then he added, "I wouldn't like to see you floored, sir; it would be the first time, though, wouldn't it? I heard you floor Senator Hayne. That was grand, sir."

Mr. Webster smiled.

"Ah, you were there, my son, eh?" he remarked. "I hope I said something for a boy like you to remember."

"You did, sir," Joe replied with enthusiasm. "I sha'n't forget what you said about the flag, or about Liberty and union."

"Do you know what those words mean for you and all American boys, my son,—liberty and union?" said the big Senator. "We're going to give a great country into your keeping, my boy—you and such as you. Be sure that it always is a Union."

"How much sea and land do you suppose our flag ever will float over, sir?" queried Joe, with but a vague idea of the nation's vastness, and wondering, as he made the query, what Mr. Webster would think of Eleazer Williams's claims to the West. "How far will the Union run?"

Now Daniel Webster's idea of the great West was almost as vague as Joe Harvey's. To him, as to thousands of Americans of his day, those far Western plains were of little real value. He had no notion of their extent or possible worth.

"Why! north and south, my boy, from Canada clear to the Gulf," he replied; "see to it that the North and South are never disunited."

"But what about the West?" persisted Joe. "Don't you suppose we'll ever reach out there?"

"Why, yes, certainly, certainly," Webster declared, "we'll touch the Mississippi yet. That's our natural Western boundary, and you will see it so when you are a man."

"But not beyond that, sir?" queried Joe. "Don't you suppose we'll ever use the land beyond the Mississippi?"

"What for, my son?" demanded the Senator. "It's no good. What will we do with it?"

"Make homes, I suppose, sir," Joe replied, though

he himself did not see where the people would ever come from to build the region up, unless, indeed, this was to be done by the Indians whom he and Eleazer Williams were to lead.

“Homes! nonsense! What do we want of it for homes?” Mr. Webster retorted. “It’s no good as a country for Christian people to live in, I tell you. What do we want of such a vast, worthless area, when we’ve got God’s own country this side of the Mississippi to make homes in? It’s a great region of savages and wild beasts, of deserts of shifting sands and whirlwinds of dust, of cactus and prairie dogs. To what use could we ever hope to put those great deserts or those endless mountain ranges, impenetrable, and covered to their very base with eternal snow? What can we ever hope to do with the Western coast—a coast of three thousand miles, rock-bound, cheerless, uninviting, and not a harbor on it? What use have we for such a country?”

Joe did not think the great Senator drew a very promising picture of the land where he and Eleazer Williams hoped to found an empire. Mr. Williams, indeed, talked quite differently. Joe wondered which one was right.

“Then you think, sir, we can’t do better than leave it to the Injuns to take care of?” he queried. “Do you think they’d ever get too strong for us there?”

"Too strong for us? Who—the Indians?" cried Webster. "You don't know the Indians, my son. They're a vanishing race. They're welcome to the deserts, if they want 'em. We've got enough to attend to east of the Mississippi. We've got a Union here to fight for and strengthen. Leave the far West to the Indians, if they want it. We never shall."

"But suppose France or England takes a notion to it, sir?" persisted Joe.

"Let 'em try it, my boy! Let 'em try it," exclaimed Mr. Webster. "We can protect our boundaries, if we have to 'swartout' every alien in America to do it. The Western bordermen who helped Jackson at New Orleans, and broke up the conspiracy of Tecumseh, are equal to keeping that Western waste out of the clutch of European nations, even if we make new alliances with every red Indian beyond the Mississippi. Don't you worry about that, my lad. You're a far-seeing youth, I guess. What's your name, and where from?"

Joe replied to the query, as he had many a time, and "Black Dan" nodded approvingly at the name.

"Harvey, eh?" he said. "That's a good name. One of my dearest friends at home is a Harvey. And Lafayette? A godson of the general, you say? You ought to be proud of that honor, my boy. It ought

to make a better American of you. Did I know him? Certainly. It was my privilege to receive him that day we laid the corner-stone at Bunker Hill."

"Oh, sir, what did you say to him?" cried Joe.

Mr. Webster looked down with a smile upon the eager, inquiring boy, and jingled the keys in his pocket, as was his custom.

"Well, my son, I don't think I can give you my speech over again," he said with a laugh. "It did strike me, though, as quite a coincidence, that the general who had so befriended us in our need should be with us to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of our independence—and upon Bunker Hill! I think I expressed something of that thought in my speech. Let me see! Ah, yes! 'Fortunate, fortunate man,' I said; 'with what measure of devotion will you not thank God for the circumstances of your extraordinary life! You are connected with both hemispheres and with two generations. Heaven saw fit to ordain that the electric spark of liberty should be conducted through you from the New World to the Old; and we, who are now here to perform this duty of patriotism, have all of us, long ago, received it from our fathers to cherish your name and virtues.'"

Even Daniel Webster was lost to his surroundings, as there, on a Washington side street, he recalled for

an inquiring boy the words of one of his most famous oratorical triumphs. As for the boy, he hung almost breathless on the words as they fell from those marvellous lips. Suddenly Mr. Webster smiled broadly, and laid a hand upon the lad's shoulder.

"Well, Lafayette Harvey!" he said. "I don't often make a show of myself in the street for a boy. But I seem to have been drawn into it twice by you, Joseph. First, by riding on that contrivance of yours, and then by the memory of the man whose name you bear. Don't do anything to disgrace it, my son. A good name is the heritage given by our fathers to keep unspotted from the world. And, as for that whirligig thing—well, it reminds me of the hymn. I must have looked like that coming down G Street, didn't I?"

‘And on the wings of all the winds
Came flying all abroad.’”

And with another friendly nod, Daniel Webster strode off toward Pennsylvania Avenue, humming (without a bit of melody) his favorite verses from the Eighteenth Psalm, while Joe Harvey recovered himself from the spell of that memorable interview just in time to catch the hail of the young English attaché across the street, and to return the velocipede he had “kept an eye on.”

Then he, too, followed in Mr. Webster's wake to Pennsylvania Avenue. But scarcely had he turned the corner when he felt a vigorous grasp on his arm.

"I say, neighbor, I've kind of lost my bearings, I guess. Can you show me the way to the Navy Department?"

Joe looked at the inquirer before replying. He had been taught to do this instinctively, after so many similar accostings; for Joe Harvey was learning caution gradually.

The speaker was a short, stocky, sailor-like looking man, with twinkling gray eyes and a bronzed, weather-beaten face. He carried in his hand something tied in a red bandanna handkerchief, and his grip upon his burden was firm and determined.

"It's this way, sir," Joe replied. "I'll show it to you. I'm going that far."

"Do you know the Secretary of the Navy when you see him, lad?" queried the stranger. "I want to get my peepers on him."

"I don't think I do," replied Joe; "but it'll be easy enough to see him at the Department."

"Stranger here too, be ye?" said the man with the bandanna bundle.

"Well, not exactly," replied Joe. "I've been here off and on quite a while, and I know some of the big

bugs — the President and Mr. Webster and Mr. Clay and the Secretary of State." He rattled off the names carelessly, but with underlying impressiveness.

"O ho! you know Old Hickory, do ye? Old rascal, I call him," the "sailor-man" broke in, shaking his bundle with emphasis. "But I've got square with him. I've just been up taking a look at the White House, where the old chap lives. Nice sort of a President, he is, to clean out the money from the Bank as he did! But I've got square with him," he repeated, with a chuckle. "Just you wait till I show the Secretary of the Navy what I've got here;" and again he shook his bandanna bundle significantly.

"Well, you can do that soon," Joe replied, as he pointed toward an unpretentious looking building beyond them. "There's the Navy Department."

"'S that so," said Joe's companion. "Say, I guess you're a good sort of young chap. Come in with me while I see the Secretary. Just see what he says when I show him this," with a jubilant shake of his burden again.

Joe's curiosity was aroused.

"What you got in it?" he asked, as together they halted before the steps of the Navy Department. "And who shall we say wants to see the Secretary?" he added.

The man paused an instant before ascending the steps.

"Just you say that Dewey wants to see him — Cap'n Dewey from the Cape," he replied.

"And shall I tell 'em what you want to show the Secretary, cap'n?" queried Joe.

"No, I guess not, sonny; I'll do that myself," Cap'n Dewey replied. "It'll take him right between the eyes, I guess; and I want to see how he acts when I chuck it at him. You come along with me and see the fun."

Joe was nothing loath to do this. He enjoyed surprises, you know. But his curiosity grew with the mystery.

"All right, I'll go in with you," he said. "But what's in your bundle? Won't you tell a fellow before we go in? I'll enjoy that surprise all the more, and — well, I don't want to get into any trouble, you know."

"Trouble!" cried the cap'n, pushing the boy before him up the steps. "This ain't going to be any trouble for you. I don't know how it'll be for me, though. But I'll show it to him, whatever happens!"

"All right; but what is it? What'll you show him? What's in your bundle?" persisted Joe.

Captain Dewey lifted the bandanna bundle to the level of Joe's eyes.

"Feel it," he said.

Joe felt. The contents of the bandanna was something round and hard and "knobby."

"What is it?" he repeated, as he fingered the bundle.

Cap'n Dewey again shook his mysterious possession resolutely. Then he pulled Joe's ear close to his lips.

"I'll tell ye. 'Sh! don't say anything. It's the head of General Jackson!" he whispered hoarsely.

CHAPTER IX.

WHY GOVERNOR CASS SAID NO.

JOE HARVEY drew back in horror and would have fled the place, but for Captain Dewey's restraining hand. Had he come upon a maniac or a murderer? he wondered.

He had heard of frequent attempts to assassinate the gruff old hero-president, and his first thought was that here was another horrible and successful endeavor, into which he was to be dragged as a confederate. Again he tried to escape; and again the hand of the man with the bandanna bundle held him prisoner.

"I swan!" cried the Cape Cod captain, with a breezy laugh; "I believe the boy thinks I've got a real simon-pure, flesh and blood head in my bandanna! Set down, lad—set right down here on these steps and let me tell you about it. It's a wooden head I've got here—a figurehead, don't you see?" I sculled out and sawed it off 'n *Old Ironsides*, down to the Charlestown Navy Yard, and now I'm going to deliver it up to the Secretary of the Navy. We don't want the figurehead

of the man who insulted us down to Boston on a Boston-built frigate, and I'm going to tell him so. Now you come along!"

He pulled the unresisting, but still mystified, Joe Harvey up the stairs, and the next moment was within the doors of the Navy Department, looking for its chief.

"Mr. Secretary," said the captain, as he, with Joe at his elbow, was ushered into the presence of that officer, "I'm the man that sawed off the figgerhead of the *Constitution*, and here it is."

And, with that, Dewey planted the bandanna bundle on the Secretary's desk. The folds of the handkerchief fell away and disclosed to the astonished Secretary the grim, carven, and wooden features of the hero of New Orleans.

"What!" cried the indignant head of the Navy, "are you the man who disfigured *Old Ironsides*? I'll have you arrested at once, you and your accomplice;" and he frowned upon poor Joe, as he reached for his bell to summon a messenger.

"Hold on, Mr. Secretary," said the captain, "he ain't my accomplice. He's just an obliging young fellow who showed me the way to your place; and I don't find any statute against defacing a man-o'-war, do you? You can sue me for trespass if you want to, but you've got to do it where I trespassed, and that's in Charles-

town, in the state of Massachusetts. If you say so, I'll go back there and stand my trial in the Middlesex County courts. But you can't arrest me here for what I didn't do here. Besides, I've given you back the figgerhead. There it is."

The Secretary of the Navy leaned back in his chair and looked at this self-acknowledged "trespasser."

"Why," he said, "you're a regular sea lawyer, aren't you, Captain — " he paused to supply the name.

"Dewey, sir, Cap'n Samuel Dewey from Cape Cod," the sailor responded.

The Secretary nodded.

"I think you have the right of it, Captain Dewey," he said; "but you're a mighty cheeky chap. How did you do it?"

Thereupon the captain told his story. "Upon that hint, he spake," as Othello said.

He told the Secretary how the Boston men, angered because President Jackson, while the guest of their city, had signed the order that crippled the United States Bank that they believed in and he didn't, were still more enraged when they learned that their Boston-built frigate, the famous *Constitution* (or *Old Ironsides* as it was often called), then lying in the Charlestown Navy Yard for repairs, was to be ornamented with General Jackson's "statue" as a figurehead.



"THE PRESIDENT LOOKED

UPON HIS DECAPITATED EFFIGY."

"It kind o' riled me, too," said Captain Dewey; "so one night, when it was raining pitchforks, I sculled out with a muffled oar, right under the cutwater of *Old Ironsides*, clum up to the headboards and sawed off the head from the figger; and here it is, sir! We don't want it in Boston, so I brought it to Washington."

The Secretary laughed aloud.

"Cheeky!" he cried, "why, cap'n, you're a hero, even if you are a Whig. I'll have to tell — Say, you wait right here and let this boy go over with me to the President. I'll see what he says about it. He admires courage, even in his enemies."

The Secretary seized his hat and, followed by Joe with the bandanna bundle, went straight to the White House.

"Well, well," thought Joe to himself, "I'm going to see the President anyhow, as I told Mr. Williams I would. I wonder if he'll bite my head off, for mixing up in this affair. That would be giving my head for his."

The Secretary of the Navy told the story, as he and Joe stood before "Old Hickory" in the little room the President called his "study," and where they found him smoking his dearly loved corn-cob pipe.

Then at the Secretary's command Joe unrolled his bundle. The President, from beneath his shaggy eyebrows, looked upon his decapitated effigy.

He glanced at it but a moment ; then he burst into a roar of laughter, long and loud.

"Is that it?" he cried at last. "Why, it's the most infernal graven image I ever saw. That fellow—What's his name—Dewey—did just right. I'd like to have done it myself. The cap'n's in your office, you say, Mr. Secretary? Well, you just give him a kick and my compliments, and tell him to saw it off again."

Even Joe joined with the Secretary in the laugh over the President's decision. Jackson looked at the boy critically.

"I've seen you before, son," he said at length. "You're the boy that gave me the lucifers t' other day, aren't you? You're the godson of Lafayette, eh?"

Joe admitted that he was.

"What you doing here?" demanded the President.

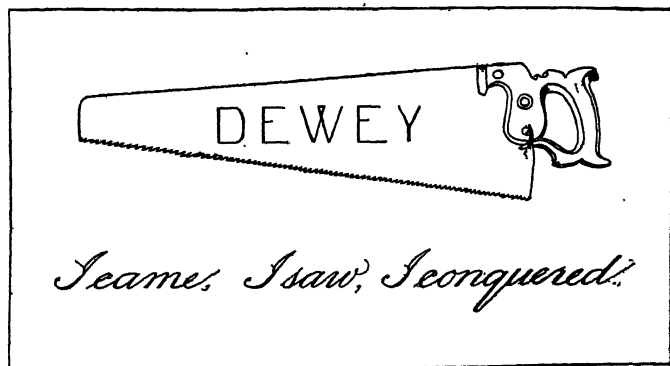
"What you told me to do, sir," replied Joe, boldly. "I'm going to the West to strike out for myself. I'm with Mr. Williams and his Injuns."

"Is that so?" responded the President. "H'm! Well, that's a sort of a mix-up, isn't it? See here, you tell Mr. Williams he wants to go easy. The New York Senators are against confirming my appointment of Colonel Stambaugh as the Indian agent at Green Bay, and I'm afraid he won't get it. But that'll break the treaty too, and I don't see where your Mr. Williams will come in.

You tell him he better stick to his preaching and give up politics. We're not going to let those Injuns spread themselves. Tell Dewey I'd like to see him, Mr. Secretary," he added, turning to Joe's companion. "Blamed if I don't like spunk, whoever's got it."

Joe Harvey carried back the severed head of General Jackson to the Navy Department, and Captain Dewey was "pardoned."

That "figgerhead" of the *Constitution* you may see to-day, in the midst of other "trophies" and captured battle flags in the Lyceum of the Naval Academy at Annapolis. Joe Harvey met the "unconquerable Dewey" years after, and saw what the fearless captain called his "visiting card." It looked like this:—



And Joe Harvey's sons and grandsons lived to see the day when, beside each other, in the Navy Yard at

Charlestown, floated the *Old Ironsides* from which a Dewey had severed the obnoxious head of his political adversary, and the modern *Olympia* on whose bridge a later Dewey had dared and done a mighty deed in naval war.

Bidding his new sea-faring friend good-by, Joe hastened back to the lodgings of the Rev. Eleazer Williams. He felt that he had, indeed, most important news.

The excitable Frenchman had disappeared, and the Reverend Eleazer was sitting at a table strewn with papers.

"I've seen the President, Mr. Williams," cried Joe. "He told me to tell you that Colonel Stambaugh will not be confirmed."

Williams sprang to his feet and caught Joe Harvey in a close embrace.

"Ah, ha ! it is my day," he cried. "By this," he said, breaking out into a psalm, —

"I know that thou favorest me
Because mine enemy doth not triumph over me."

Joe, my boy, you are ever the bearer of good tidings."

"I don't know about that, sir ; there's more to tell," said honest Joe. "The President says to tell you to go easy, for the treaty won't go through, and that he won't let the Injuns spread themselves."

"How'll he stop it, Joe? How'll he stop it?" demanded Mr. Williams. "I reckon you can't sweep back the Atlantic with a broom—not even if you're General Jackson. If we're strong enough to tumble Colonel Stambaugh down, I guess our friends can pull the treaty through. The New York Senators and Mr. Ogden's land company are behind me, and the New York Indians will yet be in the Michigan country. We want to get out there just as soon as we can, Joe Harvey, and have everything ready for them. Let the treaty go. I'm against it anyhow; it's a spurious affair, and our friends are on top now. All we've got to do, my boy, is to go in and possess the ground. It's our day, sure enough, Joe Harvey. What was it that verse-maker said?

"'Westward the course of empire takes its way.'

It's our empire, Joe, and it's in sight to-day. It's in sight, I tell you. Already I can see the promised land."

Joe believed he could almost see the promised land, too, and "dovetailing" Mr. Webster's opinions with Mr. Williams's prophecies, he actually found himself believing that he and Eleazer Williams were destined to be the protectors and benefactors of the republic.

So the preparations for the Western journey came none too speedily for restless Joe Harvey. Bellenger

had disappeared. In some way, best known to himself, Eleazer Williams had overcome the scruples of the excitable Frenchman. Colonel Stambaugh and his opposition seemed, for the moment, defeated; and with Joseph Lafayette Harvey, private secretary, with the "French Injun," De Ferriere, and the two Christianized Oneidas, Cornelius Bear and Daniel Bread, as his "following," Eleazer Williams, the emperor to be, took his slow and devious way to his "possessions" in the Northwest.

In due time they reached Detroit, the capital of the Michigan territory already clamoring for statehood. Here, in this bustling frontier capital, with its stirring and romantic story reaching back to the days of Cadillac with his soldiers and traders under the flag of France, with its memories of Pontiac and his braves, and its bloody records of foray, feud, and battle, Joe Harvey found much to see and much to interest him; while his indefatigable patron was preparing for the last stage of his "progress into his kingdom" on the shores of distant Green Bay, across the broad waters of Lake Michigan.

There was not so very much for Joe to do in Detroit while Williams and his party waited for the sailing day of the schooner *Andrew Jackson*, by which they had taken passage for the voyage around the Michigan

peninsula to Green Bay; so he spent the time, like a wise lad, in noting the ways of the pioneers, and marvelling at the steady growth of the forest-covered territory into which was pouring a constant stream of immigration from the East.

One day, as he strolled along the "river road" (now Woodbridge Street in beautiful Detroit), he stopped to watch the washerwomen doing their "laundry work" in the picturesque French fashion, with plank and stool and short-handled *battoirs*. That was not the way clothes were washed at Chadd's Ford, and Joe found the method most interesting.

So interesting, indeed, did he find it that he was unaware of the approach of a horseman along the "river road" until he found himself almost beneath the horse's feet.

"Hup!" the rider, too, occupied with his own thoughts, had well-nigh gone over the boy in the road. He reined up suddenly.

"You want to watch out, son," he said, "or somebody'll ride you down. Why! hullo, sir, you're the youngster I saw in Williams's party yesterday, aren't you?"

Joe strongly objected to being called a youngster, but he could not deny that he was of the Williams' party; he looked up to reply and then recognized the

rider. It was Governor Lewis Cass, the great man of the Northwest.

Joe had seen him, as the governor intimated, when, the day before, he had gone with Mr. Williams and his "quartet," to see the "boy governor" of Michigan, young Mr. Mason, and the old governor Lewis Cass, whom President Jackson had just appointed his Secretary of War. It was Governor Cass who had arranged for the presence of Williams and of Colonel Stambaugh in Washington to present the facts in the Indian land sale, and to the governor Williams now felt it wise to report on his Western way.

Truth to say, however, in that brief interview Joe Harvey had paid more attention to the "boy governor," Mason, an energetic youth of nineteen, than to the real power in the territory, Governor Lewis Cass. For, as Joe assured himself, he'd seen too many big men in Washington to bother over one more; but you don't often see a boy that's a governor, and, as Joe Harvey expected to be even higher up than that before he was as old as Stevens Mason, he was interested in seeing how "that boy" conducted himself.

A man of energy and power was General and Governor Lewis Cass, a positive man of force and vigor; but his smile was pleasant, and his eye was friendly as he glanced upon the lad below him and recognized

him as the boy he had seen in Eleazer Williams's company.

"Coming out here to grow up with the country, son?" he inquired. "It's a good idea. I did it myself when I was about your age; left my father's poor little home among the New Hampshire hills, and just footed it out to the Ohio country; had to just blaze my way to what I am now; mighty good experience for a young fellow, but mighty rough sometimes. You'll have it easier — what's your name, did you say?"

Joe told him, and, as usual, the governor remarked upon the Lafayette.

"The old general's godson, eh?" exclaimed the governor. "Good capital that, son. 'A good name,' you know the Bible says, 'is rather to be chosen than great riches;' and to have Lafayette for a godfather, and his name as a part of your own, ought to help make a man of you. What you doing with Mr. Williams?"

The question was as abrupt as unexpected; but Joe answered promptly:—

"Oh, I'm a sort of a secretary, sir, I suppose," he replied. "I'm to help him with his Indian work, you know, and do what you say—grow up with the country."

"Studying to be a preacher like Parson Williams?"

queried the governor. "Is he going to make a missionary of you?"

Joe laughed. Somehow it seemed odd to think of himself as a missionary.

"Well, not just the kind of a missionary you mean, sir," he answered. "Mr. Williams wants me to help him get the Injuns together, and keep 'em where he can handle 'em best for his purpose, you know."

"No, I don't know as I do know just what his purpose is, young Harvey," said the governor; "what is it?"

Joe hesitated just an instant. He had never been cornered quite so closely by any former questioner as to his patron's intentions, and he feared he had said too much already.

"Why, sir," he replied slowly, "it's only a sort of an emigration scheme, I think. Mr. Ogden, you know, and the New York Land Company are helping this on, and we hope the most of the Six Nations will join us and all of the Stockbridge Injuns. That will make quite a lot, you see, and Mr. Williams will have plenty to do looking out for them; and that's where I come in. Perhaps I can make 'a good thing out of it for myself; don't you think so, sir?"

"My boy," replied Governor Cass, leaning down from his seat in the saddle to lay a hand upon the

shoulder of the eager-faced lad, "I've lived a good many years and run up against all sorts of people. I know Mr. Williams, and I never met a man who puzzled me more. He's half Injun, anyhow, and all I've got to say is, don't you trust him too implicitly. As for his Indian emigration scheme—it won't go. The government don't want all those New York redskins crowding into the Wisconsin country; and I won't have it. Pontiac and Tecumseh both tried to join the tribes in a big confederacy and fight the United States, and I don't propose letting the Reverend Eleazer make a Pontiac or a Tecumseh of himself. We're going to have trouble, too, with that foxy old Black Hawk, the chief of the Sacs, over in the Wisconsin lands, and we don't want a crowd of Eastern redskins coming in here to help him out. That's why I sent Colonel Stambaugh and his Indians to Washington—to make a new treaty and shut out the New York Injuns; and I don't intend to let Mr. Williams kick over my plans."

"But the treaty didn't go through, sir; and Colonel Stambaugh wasn't confirmed as agent," Joe replied.

"Don't I know that?" Governor Cass exclaimed. "I've just got the news, after seeing Williams; and, if I am not governor here any longer, I am now Secretary of War, and I'll keep the Northwest clear of plots if I

have to turn the whole United States army into the territory. You tell Mr. Williams that. You tell him I want to see him again. I'll put a flea in his ear that'll buzz some of his great schemes into kingdom come. And let me put one into your ear, too, son: those New York Injuns the parson is aiming to run in on us here will get only so much land as a few of them can occupy—say twelve or thirteen square miles or so, in the Fox River section, and there won't be much in that for you, unless you're going to run a store at the agency. But an agency store isn't what such a bright boy as you wants to waste his time on. Don't you waste it on Parson Williams, either. He's got some grand notion in his head—any one would think he was a prince of the blood! But grand notions have landed many a rider in the ditch before this. From the way he talks about 'my Indians' and 'my plans,' one would say he was going to set up for a king over 'em all. King Eleazer the First! How's that?"

Joe Harvey actually paled under these words from Governor Cass. Had the plans and dreams of Mr. Williams, after all, been penetrated? Was this great leader of the West a wizard who could read the thoughts of men? Joe was too literal, when his fears were awakened, to rightly read what was merely the

governor's sarcasm at the Reverend Eleazer's conceit; and the further words of General Cass did not tend to relieve the lad's startled fears.

"No, sir;" Governor Cass continued, "King Eleazer the First wants to understand that this great Northwest, to gain which I have negotiated more than twenty treaties with the Indians, isn't going to get under the control of the redskins again, or that of any man who sets himself up as their leader. This land, my boy, is to be for the white man; here, by lake and forest, will we rear the roof-trees of the white man's homes and kindle the fires on the settler's hearths; for he who occupies the lowliest cabin upon the very verge of civilization has just as important a part to play in the fate of our country as he who lives in the proudest city in the land. Just remember that, young Lafayette; and remember what I tell you—watch out for Parson Williams! Even King Eleazer can't make you a sure enough prince, no matter how big may be his promises."

CHAPTER X.

HOW BLACK HAWK HELPED.

G OVERNOR LEWIS CASS rode off with a smile and a hand-shake, leaving Joe Harvey worried and troubled on the river road. The washerwomen at the waterside no longer interested him, the thud of their *battoirs* seemed to beat down and bleach out all his high hopes, and, turning about, the boy hastened, with a heavy heart, to report to Eleazer Williams why Governor Cass said no.

But if he expected his evil tidings to "down" that determined and sanguine adventurer, he was mistaken. He did not yet really know the Reverend Eleazer.

"That's nothing new, Joe," said his patron; "I saw through Governor Cass long ago, and I'm mighty glad he's going to leave these regions for Washington, even if he is to be Secretary of War. I'll show you how to do things. Trust me to handle this boy governor who's his successor. Jackson put him here as a favor to the boy's father, and some of the folks in Michigan think it's an outrage to put up a boy like this Stevens Mason

in authority over men old enough to be his father. The Injuns won't like it, either. They respect only older men as chiefs; age and talents are to be revered, is what they say — that's why they follow me, you know; boys are not to enter the councils of the elders, much less to have authority over them. So this change is just my opportunity."

"But you have promised to give me position and command in your Indian empire, sir," said Joe. "Won't the Injuns refuse to be led by me because I'm a boy?"

"Not if I appoint you, Joseph," Mr. Williams replied. "In my empire I am to be supreme, and the Indians will yield to my authority and receive you as my deputy. Their war chiefs are often young warriors, you see; and you will be a leader, not a councillor. But about Governor Cass. He wants to see me, does he? Sorry he can't, but the *Jackson* is in, Joe, and sails as soon as we can get on board. Lewis Cass and Stambaugh are nothing but a couple of tricksters. Why, I've got the New York Senators and half the Congress at my back, and if I threw down Stambaugh's confirmation as Indian agent, I reckon I'm strong enough to break up Governor Cass's plan. So, all aboard, Joe! We'll let the interview with Governor Cass wait until, perhaps — yes, until I do send you as ambassador to him to treat as to holding the boundaries of

our new possessions. If he's Secretary of War, so shall you be; and we'll see which is the stronger, — Andrew Jackson, with a handful of regulars and a mob of good-for-nothing militia, or Eleazer Williams, with half a million warriors at his back! That'll be the time to talk to Governor Cass."

Arrangements were speedily completed, and in a few hours the party was aboard the schooner *Andrew Jackson* bound on the voyage around to Green Bay. Before they were out of the St. Clair River, however, Mr. Williams, who, notwithstanding his defiance of Governor Cass, had evidently been giving his words much consideration, beckoned Joe to him.

"What was it Governor Cass said about Black Hawk?" he asked.

"He said there was going to be trouble with the foxy old Sac chieftain over in the Wisconsin lands," Joe replied. "Will that interfere with our enterprise, sir?"

"Interfere, Joe? no, indeed," Williams replied. "I'll make it of the greatest advantage. Do you think you could find Black Hawk for me, Joe?"

"Find Black Hawk, sir!" cried Joe, in surprise.

"That's what I said, Joe," Williams replied. "I have just learned from a trader on board that Black Hawk is to be at Solomon Juneau's trading-post at Mil-wa-kee in a week or so. What he's coming across country for,

from his village on the Mississippi, I don't know; but he's coming, and I want to get word to him. He'll be a powerful ally in our great scheme, and I mean to keep friends with him."

Joe had heard of Black Hawk as the great chieftain of the Western Indians, but to be intrusted with a mission to him was more than he had bargained for. His thirst for adventure and the boyish love of action, however, led him to welcome the opportunity — and Joe Harvey was never one to think of danger.

"How will I get to him, sir?" he asked.

"I've planned it all out for you, Joe," Mr. Williams replied. "The captain will put you ashore here at the bend, just before we sail into the big lake. Daniel Bread will go with you as one who knows both Injun and French, and there's a trader on board who has told me of an *habitant* who will put you on the straight road across Michigan. Here is money for supplies and guides, if you need them; here is the letter to Black Hawk, which you can read over and over until you get it by heart, in case you should lose it on the way. But don't lose it. The 'talking paper,' as the Injuns call a letter, has great weight with all redskins. You know my plans; tell him as much or as little as seems best to you when you see him. Get him to come with you to Green Bay, if you can; for if I can once see him there,

I can make the secret arrangements with him that may be needful. Offer him anything, even to a joint leadership in our enterprise; for I rely upon him to influence the pagan Injuns beyond the Mississippi. Get ready at once, Joe; you will land in half an hour. I'll talk with Daniel Bread a bit, and then off you go to Black Hawk!"

Off it was! and almost before Joe Harvey had a chance to get his breath and realize what he was about, he had been set ashore with Daniel Bread and was arranging with the "*habitant*" to whom Eleazer Williams's friendly trader had given him a message.

Thanks to Governor Cass, the territory of Michigan already possessed roads—such as they were. A highway had been opened from Detroit to Chicago, and, riding on horseback along this road, according to directions, Joe and his coppery-colored comrade cut across Michigan and, skirting the southerly shore of the fresh-water sea, rode at last into the straggling little trading-post of Fort Dearborn, at the mouth of the Chacaqua or "river of thunder," where, only a few years later, sprang up the ever growing city of Chicago on the lake—the beginnings of the mighty metropolis of the West.

From thence Joe and his Indian companion would have gone up the lake's side to Juneau's trading-post at

Mil-wa-kee, but the sutler at the fort assured Eleazer's envoys that he had but just come down "from above," and that instead of being at Juneau's post Black Hawk was still far to the westward, at his own village on the Mississippi, at the further end of the great Sac trail.

Now the great Sac trail to Canada, so Joe speedily learned, was an almost air-line path from a point on the lake shore south of Chicago to what is now Rock Island on the Mississippi. It was a plain, well-beaten path; so, engaging a half-breed Pottawatomie as guide, they took the western trail to Black Hawk's village. For Joe had decided that his orders compelled him to find Black Hawk, wherever he might be, and Joe had learned, thus early in his adventurous experience, to obey orders. Westward, therefore, from Lake Michigan they rode across Illinois, through or near to what are now the bustling, busy towns and cities of Joliet and Kankakee, Dresden and Ottawa, La Salle and Peru, Princeton and Morristown, until, near the rapids of the Rock, the Pottawatomie turned to the right and led them straight into the Prophet's village.

A more cautious courier would have avoided such a danger point, for Joe learned as he rode along that the Indians of the upper Mississippi were restless

and antagonistic, aroused to open protest against the advancing wave of white immigration which was crowding upon and threatening the Indian corn-fields, villages, and hunting grounds. But Joe Harvey was as yet unlearned in Indian affairs, and, as a son of Eastern civilization, had but little conception of Western methods. The Pottawatomie guide had learned from wandering Indians that the chief, Black Hawk, had gone to the village on the Rock to consult with the man who, in the end, proved his evil genius—Waubakeeshiek the Winnebago, better known by his English name of White Cloud; Joe's mission was to find Black Hawk; so, into the Prophet's village, he rode forthwith.

But the Prophet's scouts and sentinels were watchful, and, before the lodge-poles of the village were touched, Joe was virtually a prisoner, though the peace signs and words of the Pottawatomie and of Daniel Bread held off hostile actions until the return was made to his announcement that he bore a message to the chief, Black Hawk.

A runner, despatched to the chief with the tidings, speedily returned, and, surrounded by a motley company of women, warriors, dogs, and children, Joe Harvey and his companions were escorted to the central lodge.

At the entrance to the lodge Joe dismounted from his pony. As he did so, the door-flaps parted, and there strode out to meet him an imposing figure, — six feet of athletic Indian, broad of face, full-eyed, thick-lipped, and shaggy-headed, a sinister-looking, determined, self-satisfied savage. His suit of fringed and faultless white buckskin was topped by a towering head-dress from which streamed the eagle feathers of a chieftain, while each ankle was girt with sleigh-bells that jingled above his moccasins, and from nose and ears hung heavy rings of gold.

"This must be Black Hawk, surely," thought Joe, duly impressed by the living statue of savagery. He would have handed to the chief the "talking paper" he was charged to deliver; but the Pottawatomie half-breed laid a restraining hand upon his arm.

"Wait, boy; it is the Prophet," he whispered. Then he put into English the guttural demand of the big Winnebago.

"'Who bears a message to Black Hawk?' he asks."

"I do," replied Joe. "I come with a letter that calls for an answer." And the Pottawatomie, acting as mouthpiece for both boy and chief, interpreted queries and answers in turn.

"You are but a boy," said the Prophet, looking down from beneath his towering head-dress at the

lad before him. "From whom comes your talking paper? From the war-chief of the long-knives on Sycamore creek, who seek to drive us from our lodges and corn-fields, at their peril?"

"No, sir," Joe replied. Somehow, so he declared afterward, he couldn't help being respectful to so big and commanding an Injun. "I come from the friend of the Western Indians, Eleazer Williams, at Green Bay, who seeks council with Black Hawk for the good of his people."

"Williams!" exclaimed the Prophet, and his one white and half-sightless eye, which gained for him his name White Cloud, fixed itself upon the boy-messenger with a most uncanny look; "is he the black-coat from the East? the man who would put the New York Indians upon our land?"

"For your own good; for a union of strength, sir," Joe hastened to reply. "See, here stands one of them, Daniel Bread, the Oneida."

"Ugh!" grunted the Prophet; and he extended a hand in greeting to the Oneida. "That is better."

Then he turned, and through the lodge door sent a call within.

Again the door-flaps parted, and a second chieftain stood beside the Prophet. Joe Harvey needed no second glance to feel assured that he stood in the

presence of Mataka-ime-shek-iakiak, the Black Sparrow Hawk, chief of the Sacs.

He saw a man of less height than the Prophet, and less stalwart in form. His spare, pinched face and high cheek-bones bore a thoughtful, almost a kindly expression. His forehead was full and high, and in the scalp-lock that sprang from his otherwise bare-plucked head, was the bunch of eagle feathers that proclaimed him chief. His head, erect and well carried, gave to him a look of quiet dignity, and his fine and piercing eyes looked down upon the boy with almost friendly inquiry. Joe Harvey was visibly impressed with the appearance of this chieftain, so different in manner and expression from his crafty and sinister-looking associate, White Cloud, the Prophet.

"What would my young brother have from Black Hawk?" the chief asked, through the interpreter.

"This letter from Eleazer Williams, at Green Bay, will tell you, sir," replied the boy, and he placed in the hands of the Indian patriot the letter he had brought from his patron.

"The talking paper," said the chief, turning the letter helplessly in his hands. "Can any here tell what words it speaks?"

Joe looked inquiringly at Daniel Bread. But the speech of the Oneida was not that of the Sac or the

Winnebago, and the Christian Indian was well nigh as helpless as the Pennsylvania lad.

"Let the Pottawatomie translate," he said to Joe.

But the message of Williams was too important to trust to an untried half-breed, and Joe hesitated.

"Has Black Hawk no trusty follower who knows the English tongue?" he inquired.

"Is not my brother, the Pottawatomie of Shaubena's band?" demanded Black Hawk of the half-breed interpreter. "Shaubena knows our thoughts; let his young man tell us what message the black-coat at Green Bay sends by our little brother."

If the chief trusted the half-breed, Joe Harvey could see no reason why he should not use him, too. So, following the courteous gesture of Black Hawk, Joe entered the lodge, and, through the mouth of the Pottawatomie, gave the chieftain of the Sacs the message Eleazer Williams had sent him.

"I, Williams, son of Ko-nan-te-wan-te-ta the Mohawk, send this writing to the great chief of the Sacs, whom men call Black Hawk," so the letter ran. "The white men from the East press my brothers of the West beyond endurance. So, too, do they push from the hunting grounds of their fathers my brothers of the East. I bring the East to the West. Upon my call

wait the chiefs and warriors of the six nations,—Oneidas and Senecas, Tuscaroras and Onondagas, Mohawks and Cayugas. I am Ato-taho, the war chief; I am Mana-bozo, the medicine; I am Hia-watha, the tribe-joiner. Through me the league of the great Six Nations sends this wampum to the mighty chief of the West. Let us join for defence and protection. Let us make a great confederacy, before which the white robbers of our lands shall bow in defeat. Let us establish, beyond the Great River, a home for all our race, and mark the boundary beyond which no white foot, no robber of the soft-shell breed, shall dare to pass. The young white chief who bears this paper, my messenger, a son of the Six Nations, knows my wishes. Talk freely with him, O chief, and let him bear your answer back to me, beside the shining Big Sea Water.”

The chief's eyes sparkled with approval as he listened to the talking paper. Across the broad face of the Prophet gleamed a smile of satisfaction, and even Joe Harvey, though he did not quite understand how or when he had been made a “son of the Six Nations,” failed to catch the full meaning that underlay Eleazer Williams's crafty presentation of treachery, saw in the message he bore the promise of the great future the “king of France” had prophesied for him, and held

his head high as became the messenger of a new dispensation—the empire of the West.

The Prophet spoke first. In rapid, vigorous, and guttural speech, to the accompaniment of which, as he grew warm in his utterances, the great gold rings in nose and ears tinkled in emphasis with every eloquent shake of his massive head, he pressed the matter upon the credulous Black Hawk. The Pottawatomie interpreter gave to Joe Harvey the gist of the harangue.

“The Prophet says that the words of the black-coat from the Mohawks are good,” so the half-breed explained. “The day of deliverance is at hand. Let the Eastern braves and chiefs of the great Six Nations beside the Co-ha-ta-te-yah (that’s your Hudson River, boy) join us speedily. See, our brother Nah-po-pe of the Sacs has brought us tidings just as good. The Winnebagoes and the Ottawas, the Chippewas and the Pottawatomies, are ready to join us, too, when the Hawk shall send the summons. And our white friend, the British war chief at Malden, promises us aid. Bring your warriors and women here. And when our corn-fields are ripe, and we have bread for our young men and our children, then let our brothers along the Great River and our brothers from the East join in one grand union with the Sacs and the Foxes. The Great Spirit will smile upon us, and with the Hawk leading as war

chief we will sweep the whole land of the white robbers and the long-knives, and the home of our fathers shall be ours for evermore. Strike, I say, O chief. Send back the wampum, red with our war talk, to the new brother from the East where he waits beside the Big Sea Water, and tell him we greet him as our friend in peace and war."

Then Black Hawk spoke, shaking Joe Harvey vigorously by the hand in token of brotherhood and approval. The noble old redman, straight as an arrow for all his seventy years, said through the interpreter:—

"My little brother brings us welcome words. Speed back to the Mohawk war chief who waits by the Big Sea Water in the land of Foxes, and tell him his words of wisdom have made glad the heart of Black Hawk. Our hour has come. The white man must go. Too long has he crowded us from our corn-fields and stolen our hunting grounds. My brother, Keokuk the chief, and I, Black Hawk the Sac, have been gentle and peaceful. We would have no war with our white brothers. 'Take,' we said to our Great Father, 'any land you choose this side the Great River, take even our lead mines and we will agree; but leave us our home; do not take from us our village at the point.' And the Great Father and his chiefs promised me that if we had not sold the land to the white people, the Great Father

would not take it from us. Then I touched the quill and kept my word. But, now see! The white men have lied to me. They brought the fire-water into our village and made my people drunk; they cheated us out of our homes, our guns, and our traps. They have taken the land on which are our corn-fields and villages. But I will be patient no longer. I will put a stop to it all. I will clear the land of these robbers and intruders. Look about you, my brother, here is the land of my fathers; it is a beautiful land. I love my villages, my corn-fields, the home of my people. Shall I not fight for them? Tell your chief we will stand like brothers, hand in hand, against these spoilers of our home land."

"Good! the chief speaks good words," cried the Prophet. "Let the white boy tell his chief all that the Hawk says. And tell him this from me, White Cloud the Winnebago; if our brothers from the East will join us, the Indians whose fathers once owned all the land, from the Great Salt Water to the mountains, will be stronger than the white robbers who have seized it. If we work together none will be stronger than we. I, Wau-ba-kee-shiek the white-eyed one, the Prophet, bring help to the new league. The nations on the Big Sea Water have sent me tokens; wampum and tobacco have they sent me, in promise of union — Ottawa and Chipewewa and Pottawatomie; while as for the Winnebagoes,

my people, all! I hold them thus in my hand. And more than this: our British father in Malden has promised me guns and ammunition, provisions and clothing. Ah, we are going to be happy once more! Tell your chief that, son of the Six Nations. Say to him that if he joins us with his young men and his warriors, he shall be great in the councils of the mighty nation which the redmen of America will set up here in unity and brotherhood by the side of the Great River. For if we march together and act like braves, we have nothing to fear, but much to gain. Then let the war chief of the long-knives come if he dare; let him trouble us if he dare. See, we are ready!"

Even the stolid Oneida, Daniel Bread, Christianized into a hatred of war though he was, felt the thrill and excitement of Black Hawk's determination and the Prophet's defiance.

"Good, good!" he cried in his native tongue; and, taking from the hand of the Prophet the strip of red-dened wampum extended to him, he thrust it upon Joe, the envoy. "Let the son of the Six Nations bear this to our chief," he said. "See, it is not white with the colors of peace; it is red with the war-paint. Let the robbers of our fathers' homes beware;" and, carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, the "civilized" Indian, in all the incongruity of his white man's clothes,

brandished a hatchet aloft and almost capered off into a war-dance.

As to Joe Harvey, he was swayed about by "divers and strange" sentiments. Enthusiasm and disapproval alike possessed him; but the high courage of Black Hawk and the confident claims of the Prophet quite bore him away for a season, and when he found himself the honored guest at the ceremonious dog feast which the old chief prepared for him, and listened to the hopeful talk as to the Indian confederacy which Eleazer Williams and Black Hawk were to cement and make great throughout all that Western country, he, too, grew enthusiastic; and, almost forgetful of his birthright as an American and his heritage of patriotism as the godson of Lafayette, he yielded to the craft of the Prophet and the graciousness of Black Hawk, and, in behalf of Williams, struck hands with both chiefs at that Indian banquet, in token of amity, brotherhood, and alliance.

But when, next morning, he rode back along the trail with Daniel Bread and the Pottawatomie, the sober second thought that, even with an over-confident boy, follows the first flush of enthusiasm, set him to reasoning a bit both with himself and his comrade.

"What was it the Prophet said about the Britishers at Malden?" he asked of Daniel Bread.

"That they were to help us out with guns and ammunition, clothes and provisions," the Oneida answered.

"Us?" queried Joe, repeating the dubious word.

"Well, Black Hawk's braves, little brother. It will be all the same, you know, if Mr. Williams joins them. It will be 'us' then," the Oneida replied.

"But that would be putting into our hands arms to fight our brothers, Daniel Bread," Joe declared. "And that is treachery. I can't think that Mr. Williams wishes to do that. He says his Indian empire will be a protection to the republic; and Mr. Webster told me that all the Western country beyond the Mississippi was only good for that—a home for the Indians. But if the Indians fight as the Prophet says they will, and if the British help them on, then all this talk of protection and help is just rubbish. I can't see through it myself, Daniel. I don't exactly like it. I wonder what Mr. Williams will say about it? I must ask him. He generally sets me straight. But I do like the old chief, Black Hawk. What a general he'll make in our Indian empire! I wonder just what rank Mr. Williams will give the old hero? I must ask him that, too."

But Joe Harvey was not to see or question his "king of France and America" so speedily as he expected. For as they were about to turn from the narrow trail along the south bank of the Rock River into the

broader thoroughfare of the great Sac trail to the lakes and Canada, a sharp command rang out, —

“Halt!”

Joe halted. He had no choice, indeed, for there, barring his path at the junction of the two trails, stood a smooth-faced young lieutenant of regulars and a file of men.

“Two white men and an Injun,” said the lieutenant, checking them off. “No,” he added, after examining the face of Daniel Bread more closely and looking sharply at Joe, “a boy and two Injuns. What are you doing here, eh? Come, give an account of yourselves.”

Honest Joe answered at once. He was never afraid to speak the truth, and, really, as you must have discovered ere this, he was not “cut out” for a diplomat — another word for the man who can carefully dress up the truth — or a lie.

“Why, sir,” he replied, “we’ve just been to see Black Hawk.”

“Black Hawk, eh? and what might be your business with that old redskin?” demanded the lieutenant.

Joe replied, just a bit importantly, “I went to confer with him, sir.”

“Hm!” The lieutenant looked still more sharply at this boy who had been “conferring” with Black Hawk — the rebellious chief of the Sacs who had, so

it was said, taken the war-path against the white settlers. "And two Injuns with you. Tell me, now, what was the mighty business upon which you sought a conference with Black Hawk?"

"Nothing to be ashamed of, sir," retorted Joe, who did not take kindly to the cross-examination of this somewhat supercilious lieutenant of regulars. "The old chief is in the right, let me tell you. I went to him for a conference about—"

Here Joe Harvey stopped short. His business was secret. It was not his to tell. Perhaps, too, there were things about it that would not sound so well to this autocratic regular officer as they did to him,—Joe Harvey, aide and envoy of Eleazer Williams, "emperor of the West." His mouth was sealed.

"Come, sir, out with it," demanded the lieutenant, sharply. "What was your business with Black Hawk—you and these two Injuns?"

"I cannot tell you, sir," replied Joe, stoutly. "That is my affair."

"Oh, that's your affair, is it?" mimicked the officer. "Well, we'll have to make it Uncle Sam's affair, I reckon. You are all under arrest. Sergeant Meachem, take 'em in charge. We'll march 'em back to the fort, and see whether General Atkinson can force this mighty secret out. About face! March!"

The file of United States regulars closed about the three prisoners, and, turning in their tracks, the party headed westward for Fort Armstrong on the river.

Joe made one final protest.

"You have no right to treat us so, sir," he said. "Who are you and what cause have you to stop us in the road?"

"The right of war, my lad," the lieutenant replied, with a smile at the boy's dignity. "The Injuns are on the war-path, and all suspicious persons are to be stopped on the road. But that I may further satisfy your Excellency," he added, with a most exasperating bow, "I will inform you that you and your 'escort' are prisoners to a detachment of Company B, First United States Infantry, Lieutenant Robert Anderson commanding, at your service, sir. Are you satisfied? Because, you see, you'll have to be. March!"

And westward to Fort Armstrong on Rock Island, in charge of Lieutenant Robert Anderson and his regulars, went Joe Harvey, prisoner of war. His mission as ambassador and envoy had suddenly come to a close he had not at all bargained for.

CHAPTER XI.

THE VALUE OF A GODFATHER.

DISPIRITED and quite cast down by this sudden "overset" to all his plans, Joe Harvey rode on, for a while, sad and silent.

But Joe was not a boy to willingly keep silence long. Besides, his affairs began to trouble him, and there were certain complications and questions of right which, kept down because of his great expectations, now began to assert themselves with most unpleasant pertinacity.

He looked up suddenly and then looked closely at the lieutenant in command with so puzzled an expression that the officer returned it with a look of inquiry, and, dropping back beside his prisoner, laid a hand upon his bridle-rein.

"What's troubling you, my lad?" he said.

Joe looked into the clear, kindly, truthful eyes of the young officer and met his glance with one equally honest and trusting.

"Tell me, sir," he said, "is it really treasonable for

me to have had communication with the enemy of the United States. Is Black Hawk an enemy?"

"You know best, my boy," Lieutenant Anderson replied; "you were with him last. Did he talk like enemy or friend?"

Joe remembered Black Hawk's words of defiance; he remembered the Prophet's hostile harangue; he recalled his own thrill of enthusiasm. Certainly, the situation had not been a friendly one toward the United States. And yet Joe knew that he had not considered the "council" from the hostile side. He had simply been looking at the matter from his point of view; it had fed his dreams of power, flattered his ambition, and made him see himself as a future possible great man. He had thought only of that Indian empire of the West in which he was to play so important a part; he had thought nothing of the United States; a son of the republic, he had, for the moment, forgotten his own fatherland.

Lieutenant Robert Anderson's eyes were still fixed searchingly upon him; the lieutenant's hand still rested upon the boy's shoulder.

"Well," said the lieutenant, "is he enemy or friend?"

"Why," replied Joe, hesitating just a bit in his reply, "I shouldn't really call him a friend—just now."

The lieutenant smiled.

"No, nor ever will be," he responded. "Black Hawk has ever been a restless, scheming, defiant, and hostile Indian. He is an ambitious savage with a strong hold upon his people by the designing way in which he appeals to their prejudices, their passions, and their superstitions. He hates the white people, especially the people of the United States, and he is the tool and ally of the British enemies of the republic, who, across the Canadian border, forever scheme and plot against the growing power of the United States. He was by the side of the chief Tecumseh when he was killed at the battle of the Thames; he fought for the British throughout the War of 1812, and, ever since that glorious conflict ended in our triumph, he has been the close friend and secret ally of the British agents in Canada, bought by their presents, held by their flatteries, and treasuring up wrath and hatred against the Americans who, foot by foot, are pressing upon the useless Indians in this fertile Western country which the Lord has given us to occupy and improve. Black Hawk is a bar to American civilization, my boy. Is not that being our enemy?"

"And yet Mr. Webster told me, sir," said Joe, "that this Western country — beyond the Mississippi, he meant — was of no use to us. He said we just ought to leave it to the savages and wild beasts to whom it

belongs; he said it is a wild, worthless area with which we could never hope to do anything."

"Mr. Webster?" queried the lieutenant; "what Mr. Webster? Not 'Black Dan'? not Daniel Webster who made the great Union speech?"

"Yes, sir," Joe replied; "he told me that in Washington."

"Is that so? Is he a friend of yours?" said Anderson.

"Sure," Joe responded. "Why" — and he almost laughed aloud as he recalled the occurrence — "I taught him how to ride the velocipede in front of Boulanger's."

"On G Street? I know the place," said Lieutenant Anderson; "and you taught Black Dan to ride on one of those new-fangled whirligig contrivances? Tell us about it?"

So Joe told the story, over which both he and the lieutenant laughed heartily, and then Joe followed it up with his story about Captain Dewey and the head of General Jackson, until the lieutenant, surprised as well as amused at this boy who seemed so "chummy" with the great ones at Washington, but whom he had apprehended "giving aid and comfort to the enemy," grew naturally very curious as to the identity of his prisoner.

"Jackson, and Clay, and Webster? You know them all?" he said. "Why, what's your name, boy, and where do you hail from?"

Joe answered truthfully as to his name and lineage, explaining, as he always felt proud of doing, how the "Lafayette" had become a part of his name.

The lieutenant turned in his saddle, and grasping his prisoner by both shoulders almost unseated him, in his interest and surprise.

"Godson and namesake of Lafayette!" he cried; "son of a Revolutioner, and out here conferring with that murderous rascal, Black Hawk, and his low-down Injuns! How can that be, boy? I don't understand it. What are you doing here, anyhow? Who sent you here?"

The old pain of doubt and self-questioning struck to Joe's heart again. In his lively and pleasant storytelling to this friendly young lieutenant, he had quite forgotten his real position. Amid different surroundings and in other atmospheres how singularly different things may appear, may they not? What seemed promising in Eleazer Williams's society and glorious in the conference with Black Hawk and the Prophet, seemed wrong and almost traitorous in the company of this correct and loyal young lieutenant of the First United States Infantry. Joe's conscience troubled him as it never had before. The lieutenant's inquiry made matters look black and threatening. What, indeed, was he—he, the godson of Lafayette, the loving son

of the republic—doing here, hobnobbing with the Indian hostiles who sought the injury of the republic for whose establishment his father and his godfather had fought? Was Eleazer Williams a traitor, or was he really the philanthropist and benefactor he declared himself?

But whatever he might be, he was, at least, Joe's patron and chieftain, whom the boy had promised loyalty to follow and obey. His secrets must be held inviolate. It would not be right or honest to disclose them to this soldier of the United States.

"I cannot tell you, sir," he replied at last. "I gave my word."

"Oh, very well, then. Have it as you will," Lieutenant Anderson said, turning from the boy in a huff. "You'll sing a different song when the general gets at you, at the fort."

He spurred ahead, but as quickly wheeled about and again rode by Joe's side.

"I don't want you to incriminate yourself, Joe Harvey," he said, "though you do puzzle me. Whatever you tell me must, of course, be reported at headquarters, and—I don't want to see you in trouble. I've—I've taken a fancy to you, Joe. You're a fine lad with a great pedigree. You're one of the boys of whom the republic may be proud, if you'll only live up to your

name. And I think you're being tried 'as by fire,' just now. But let me tell you this. If ever I am placed in a position where I must decide between my country and my desires, my loyalty and my ambitions, I don't think I shall hesitate an instant. The republic educated me; the republic gave me my rank; the republic trusts and believes in me, and if ever I am called upon to defend it, even from my own kindred and people, please God! the republic shall depend upon me to do my duty and fight its foes. The godson of Lafayette should do nothing to endanger or annoy the republic, for whose existence Lafayette fought so gloriously."

Then the lieutenant rode slowly forward to the head of his little company, leaving Joe Harvey still silent and uncommunicative, but very thoughtful. He had never considered his position yet as a question of duty to the United States. He had only thought of his duty to Eleazer Williams and his desires for a successful future for Joseph Lafayette Harvey. But the words of the young officer stirred and thrilled him. He did a "lot of thinking" along the broad trail to Fort Armstrong, by the Great River, and the words of the honest lieutenant sank deep in his heart.

They were never really forgotten; and years afterward, when Joe Harvey had come to man's estate, and the unity and very life of the republic were threatened by

armed foes of its own household, he recalled that ride to Fort Armstrong. The threatening "if" had come, and, as he read the story, Joe felt that he heard again the same tone of unshaken loyalty to conviction and duty when the gray-headed major of regulars, beleaguered in Fort Sumter, — a handful against a host, — returned the immortal answer to the rebellious temptation to throw up his commission or surrender his post: "I am a Southern man; but I have been assigned to the defence of Charleston harbor, and I intend to defend it."

Joseph Harvey was thrilled; he almost knew, beforehand, what would be the reply of Major Robert Anderson to the demands of armed treason. He recalled that ride to Fort Armstrong; he knew the temper and the faith of the brave commander of Fort Sumter, and he thanked God for Major Robert Anderson, as did the entire nation.

But the boy of 1852 was not the man of 1861. Like the wayward Desdemona, Joe Harvey, riding to Fort Armstrong, "did perceive here a divided duty." So he rode on, silent, thoughtful, and decidedly worried. It takes experience and manhood to truly test the real metal of manliness and loyalty.

Lieutenant Anderson had no further speech with his young prisoner; and, before long, the rolling

stream of the turbid Mississippi lay broad before them, and from the bluffs they saw in mid-stream the wooded shores of picturesque Rock Island, and the fluttering flag of the Union waving above the palisades and bastions of Fort Armstrong—the rallying point for the white man's defence against the uprising of Black Hawk and his braves.

Grim and silent still, though one, by searching, might have detected a gleam of mingled humor and pity in his eye, the lieutenant ferried his prisoners across to the island, and reported to the commandant at the fort.

The “pomp and circumstance of war” lay all about Fort Armstrong. The “unpreparedness” which is the chief obstacle in all campaigns, large or small, ancient or modern, was very much in evidence during the opening days of the Black Hawk War, and signs of it were apparent all about this important frontier post of the United States, set in mid-stream where the Rock River meets the Mississippi. Volunteers and regulars were encamped in and around the fort—awkward prairie boys, undisciplined frontiersmen, reckless voyageurs, Indian scouts and allies, stolid regulars, teamsters, boatmen, negroes, mules, horses, and dogs, stores and camp equipments, boats and baggage wagons, in order and in disorder, made up the “ser-

ried array" with which the republic aimed to overawe or exterminate the rebellious Indians of the Western frontier.

Joe Harvey would have enjoyed immensely all this hurry and excitement and military show in the midst of which he suddenly found himself, had it not been for one important phase of it. He was a prisoner, and at the mercy of the official head of all this warlike business and bustle, the general in command, Henry Atkinson, Major-general U. S. A.

Before the general's quarters, Lieutenant Anderson halted to report.

"General," he said, saluting his superior, "I beg to report a reconnoissance with my company, as ordered, as far as the rapids of the Rock. No Indians in force, or any sign of hostiles but these prisoners."

The grizzled North Carolinian — a son of the Revolution, a fighter of 1812 — wheeled about and gave one look at the prisoners.

"Hm! Two Injuns and a boy, eh?" he commented. "Couldn't you find anything better to bring in, lieutenant? Where did you bag 'em?"

"Just where the trail from the Prophet's village strikes the big Sac trail, sir," replied the lieutenant. "They were coming down the river, sir."

"What do they say for themselves?"

"Nothing, sir. The white boy is uncommunicative."

"Eh? Mum, is he?" said the general. "We'll make him speak, I reckon. Take 'em away, lieutenant. I'm too busy now. We'll examine 'em later."

"He's an important capture, sir," reported the lieutenant, pointing at Joe. "He's just had a conference with Black Hawk, I think. Permit me to urge upon you his speedy examination, general, and to introduce him. He's quite a character: Joseph Lafayette Harvey, general; a son of a Revolutionary captain; a godson of Lafayette; a friend of Webster and Clay and President Jackson."

"Hm! All that?" Again the general looked sharply at poor Joe. "What's all that doing among the hostiles? Special peace envoy from the government?"

"I think not, sir," the lieutenant responded with a bit of a twinkle in his eye. "He seems to be out for personal glory."

"We'll make it personal, then, with a vengeance," said the general, grimly. "A godson of Lafayette among the hostiles, eh? Well, I'm too busy with this snarl now. My compliments to Colonel Taylor, lieutenant. Tell him to examine these prisoners and report. After that, lieutenant, I need you. When

you're through with your — important — capture" (this with a grim yet half-humorous nod toward Joe) "report to me for other duties, lieutenant; I have decided to detail you as inspector-general of the Illinois militia."

Lieutenant Robert Anderson saluted with a gratified smile.

"I am honored by your selection, general," he said. "I will hasten this matter and report immediately."

But as he turned away he muttered, half audibly: "Inspector-general of militia, eh? Well, they'll need a heap of inspecting, I'm thinking."

They crossed the parade and reported to Colonel Taylor — Colonel Zachary Taylor of the regulars, afterward the captor of Santa Anna, hero of the Mexican War, and President of the United States.

The future victor of Buena Vista received the commandant's order and the lieutenant's report. He, too, heard with surprise the social and historic connections of Joseph Lafayette Harvey.

"Godson of Lafayette, eh!" exclaimed the colonel. "What's he doing hereabouts? Trying to improve upon the marquis and run away, as he did, to aid the insurgents? Where's your home, son?"

Where was it, indeed? Poor Joe began to feel as if he had neither home nor country.

"Chadd's Ford, Pennsylvania, sir," he replied.

"A son of Brandywine battlefield, eh! You don't say so!" the colonel cried. "Why, that's where Lafayette got his wound."

"Yes, sir: I know the very place," Joe hastened to say. "My father fought there, too."

"You don't say so! a double Revolutionary pedigree," said the general, bending a closer glance beneath his shaggy eyebrows. "See here, son, what are you doing among these rascally Injuns? Who sent you?"

There was no escape. Joe must make a full breast of it.

"The Reverend Eleazer Williams, sir, missionary at Green Bay," he replied.

"Oh-h! P-r-r-r!" the colonel gave almost a sigh of relief. "No great harm here, lieutenant. He's only on a peace mission from the reverend, I reckon. Couldn't you work it, son?"

Joe's heart gave a leap. He saw a way out.

"Well, no, sir, not exactly," he replied. "They didn't just seem willing to talk peace."

But Lieutenant Anderson was deep in thought.

"Williams! Eleazer Williams!" he repeated. "Why, colonel, that's the man who downed Colonel Stambaugh and is trying to bring the New York Indians out West, isn't it?"

"Why, yes, I believe it is. What's he up to, do you

suppose?" the colonel said. "We don't want any more of those redskins mixing up with our Western ones. They're enough to handle, of themselves. The New York Injuns, eh," — he looked shrewdly at the civilized garb of Daniel Bread, — "here's one of 'em, I reckon. What's your tribe, brother?"

The Oneida looked at his questioner stolidly.

"I am of the Six Nations," he replied. "I am a Christian Oneida."

"Oneida, eh? and Christian, too," commented the colonel. "Better leave your Christianity at home, I'm thinking. There's no market for it here, just now, among these red villains of the Sacs and Foxes, eh, lieutenant? I reckon we needn't worry ourselves about your prisoners, though. A Christian Oneida and an assistant missionary. But a godson of Lafayette! Well, your godfather wasn't exactly in the preaching line, though he was a good bit of a missionary, eh, lieutenant? The lad is of too good stock to hold as prisoner, I reckon. Better turn 'em loose and steer 'em back for Green Bay. Missionaries'll have to take a back seat, just about now, eh, lieutenant?"

The lieutenant saluted, and nodded to Joe with a friendly smile. The boy's spirits rose visibly. His luck was not to desert him, he decided.

"Thank you, colonel," he said.

Colonel Zachary Taylor turned on his heel; the lieutenant extended his hand to Joe.

"Oh, lieutenant," said the colonel, turning his head and speaking in an official but perfunctory way, "better observe the regulations, even if we are in a hurry. We ought to go through the form in this case, even if you have bagged a batch of harmless missionaries. Detail one of your men to search the prisoners. Then let 'em go, if he finds nothing to report."

Joe was happy now. He rejoiced that his letter to Black Hawk had already been delivered. He had no other papers about him. He felt that he had nothing to fear. The influence of Lafayette had been his salvation, and, once again, he was proud of his godfather.

Ah! Joe, Joe! where were your wits? One thing you had forgotten.

"Meachem," said Lieutenant Anderson to his sergeant, "go through the boy and see what you can find."

The sergeant's hands went through the motions. He, too, had a respect and affection for this godson of the nation's hero — Lafayette.

"Nothing here, lieutenant," he reported. "Just a few odds and ends like all boys carry. Surprisin',

sir, what a lot of things they can pack away in their pockets, ain't it? No, he's all right. He's — oh, hold on! wait a bit, lad; here's something I skipped." He thrust his hand again into the breast of the boy's rough-and-ready pioneer shirt. "Hullo! my stars! what's this? Lieutenant! Colonel! Look a' here what I've found in his shirt front!"

He held his "find" aloft.

"A piece of wampum," said the lieutenant.

"But do you notice the color, sir?" cried Sergeant Meachem.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the colonel, springing forward and snatching the wampum from the sergeant's hand; "it's red. What does this mean, boy? It's red wampum. It's a war message from Black Hawk!"

CHAPTER XII.

DANIEL BREAD TAKES A STAND.

THE color rushed into Joe Harvey's brown cheeks. That unlucky piece of wampum! He had forgotten all about it. Indeed, he had scarcely considered it as anything dangerous, even when, with so much of enthusiasm, he had received it—was it from Black Hawk or the Prophet? He had really forgotten which.

"Speak up, boy! What does this mean? Where did you get it? Who gave it to you?" demanded the colonel, sternly.

But the lieutenant regarded the boy.

"Colonel," he said to his superior, "if you will permit me, I must say I believe this lad is more sinned against than sinning. I am strongly of the opinion that some one is making an unconscious tool of him. I will not believe that a boy of Revolutionary parentage, and with Lafayette as a godfather, could so belie his ancestry and wilfully be disloyal to the republic. I've heard something about this Parson Williams. Stambaugh wrote one of our regimental mess about

him, I remember, and he said the fellow was either a trickster, a schemer, or had some sort of bee buzzing in his bonnet. This boy has simply fallen under his spell and is being used as a cat's paw. I really do not believe he knew the meaning of this red wampum message. How could a boy from a quiet Pennsylvania farmhouse know about the wiles and methods of a red chief of the savage Sacs?"

The colonel stroked his chin thoughtfully.

"You may be right, in a way, lieutenant," he admitted; "but duty is duty, sir. Here is a suspected person bearing an Injun war message. A spy is a spy, wherever he comes from, and must be dealt with as such, or what's to become of the service and its discipline? Didn't you know you were carrying back such a message to the enemies of the United States, boy?"

For his good right hand Joe Harvey would not have lied.

"I do not know, sir," he replied. "I did feel so badly for the Indians, as Black Hawk told me of their wrongs, and I was so excited over the Prophet's words that I believe I did, at their dog feast, promise them Mr. Williams's friendship and help. But I never thought of war, sir. I thought it was just to tell the truth of the matter to the President—the Great Father, as the Injuns call him."

"Imagine Old Hickory feeling sorry for the redskins, lieutenant," laughed Colonel Taylor. "The conqueror of the Creeks and the walloper of the British would scarcely feel any compunction over settling things as sternly with these British-backed Sacs and Foxes, eh? The President, sir," he added, turning upon Joe, "is pledged to execute the laws and maintain the safety of the republic. These permit neither sympathy nor mercy toward rebellious and murderous savages. Nor toward spies, sir — nor toward spies. Didn't your father ever tell you how old Israel Putnam served 'em? He who bears that piece of red wampum is an enemy of the republic."

"May the Oneida speak?"

The query came from Daniel Bread, who thus far had kept silence.

"Go ahead, Injun. What have you to say?" demanded the colonel.

"The fault is mine," said the Oneida. "I, too, was led away by the talk of the Sac chief and the Winnebago Prophet. The redmen of the East have suffered much from the white men, who have taken our lands and now would drive us away. I forgot the teachings of peace and good-will the missionaries have given us,—Mr. Williams and his friends. It was I who took the wampum from the hands of the Prophet

and put it into the hands of my young brother. I was wrong. I am sorry. Do not punish him. Here stand I, the Oneida. Do with me as you will."

Again the colonel stroked his chin thoughtfully. Again he studied his prisoners closely.

"Spoken like a true man, chief—if you are a chief," he said at length. "I don't know, lieutenant; I believe you are right. This boy and his Injun friend have been carried away by a mistaken enthusiasm; they do say that Black Hawk puts up a strong case for his side, and that the other rascal—the fellow they call the Prophet—is a master hand at a speech. They've simply pulled the wool over the eyes of these missionary scholars and got them to think they are doing the Lord's work in trying to make friends with 'em. Friends with a lot of crafty, murderous, scalping redskins! I don't know just what to do. Great Hickory! Yes, I do. We'll send 'em back to Black Hawk with our message. The general has just charged me to send a despatch to Black Hawk, telling him to clear out and get across the river or it'll be worse for him. I've sent one such message by our scouts: without any answer. Now I'll send the fellow to it by these mutual friends. Will you take it, son? Here's the chance to show your loyalty as a son of the republic."

"The colonel's plan is a good one, Joe Harvey," said

the lieutenant, answering the boy's look of inquiry. "Citizen and soldier, man and boy, we have all of us one duty — it is the greatest — to be true and loyal to the republic. That is what your father fought for at Brandywine; it is what Lafayette risked his life to do; it is what brave men have died for to show their patriotism and their faith. We lay a duty upon you. Do it, Joe, and shame those who would call you traitor."

Not an instant did Joe Harvey hesitate now.

"I'll do it, sir," he said.

"Good boy!" cried Colonel Taylor; and "good boy!" echoed Lieutenant Anderson.

"See that they have a bit to eat," said the colonel. "Then give them their ponies and a safe conduct, and let the boy carry back his red wampum as the war message of the White Beaver — that's what the Injuns call General Atkinson, I believe — to Black Hawk, the chief of the Sacs. As for you, Oneida," he added, turning to Daniel Bread, "you have the chance to prove the worth of the Christianity the missionaries have taught you by undoing the evil you have done this white boy. See them safely off, lieutenant, and then report to the general. I'll make this action all right with him. I understand he's done the right thing by detailing you as inspector-general of the militia. These volunteers need a careful and reliable man like you to set 'em straight

and keep 'em so. They'll stand a lot of disciplining, I should say, if they're all like the samples the governor has sent us."

He returned the lieutenant's salute, gave Joe a good-by nod, and a final caution to him to prove the worth of his name. Then Lieutenant Anderson gave the enfranchised ones a hasty lunch, and saw them across the river and on their way back to the Prophet's town.

"Good-by, Joe Harvey," he said. "You've got the right stuff in you, I believe, and now's the time to show it. Remember that loyal service to the republic is the highest duty of every true American. Be as true to this as your father was, as Lafayette was, as all those great ones you saw at Washington are. We may all of us have different opinions as to method and means, Joe Harvey; but when enemies threaten the republic we'll march shoulder to shoulder. United we stand, divided we fall, you know. Don't help divide; and, Joe, don't trust too much to that man Williams. He may lead you astray, if he's what I fear he is. Now then, off you go! Good-by, my boy, and bring us back Black Hawk's answer to our message. Here it is, fresh from the general's pen. Read it out to that redskin rebel, good and strong."

Things had taken such sudden and surprising turns with Joe Harvey that he was just a trifle bewildered as

he rode back along the great Sac trail. But of one thing he was determined—to do his duty, as the lieutenant had bidden him.

Just what this duty was he felt confident he now knew. But the lieutenant's warning as to the sincerity of Eleazer Williams gave him food for thought, and he rode on as silent as his companion, the Christian Oneida. Daniel Bread, too, was evidently thinking hard. Enough, certainly, had happened on that eventful day to keep them both a-thinking.

At the place of their capture they left the great trail, and taking the smaller one along the river reached, in due time, the rapids of the Rock. Before them lay the village of the Prophet, alive with a concourse of red warriors, gathering at the call of their chief. They were speedily challenged by the Indian sentinels, watchful for a white advance; but the Pottawatomie, who had come unquestioned from his captivity, announced their mission as messengers from the White Beaver, and, once again, Joe Harvey stood before the lodge of White Cloud, the Prophet.

There Black Hawk sat in conference with his chief counsellors. In the open space beyond the lodges the young braves of the confederated hostiles were working themselves into the frenzy of enlistment that included the war-dance and the chant, and culminated in the

final act of "striking the war post" — equivalent to signing an agreement.

But about the council fire of the lodges sat the old Sac chieftain and his war men, gravely facing the decision they had made, — death to the white men!

Suddenly Joe Harvey stood before them.

Black Hawk rose to his feet, surprise mingling with his courteous greeting.

"My little brother is welcome," he said, extending his hand in friendship. "His return is swift. Surely he cannot have seen the Big Water. Where, then, did he meet my brothers, the black-coat and his braves? Are they near at hand to help the Sacs who dare to stand in fight for their homes?"

As the Pottawatomie interpreted the words of the chief, Joe gathered his wits for his reply. The straightest course he believed lay in the truth. It was not like him to choose any other path.

He drew from his pocket the message from General Atkinson.

"Ugh!" grunted the Prophet. "Again the talking paper. It is men — it is warriors we would have."

"Chief," said Joe, through the interpreter, addressing himself to Black Hawk, "I have bad news for you. On our way from your lodges to the great trail we

were stopped by United States soldiers and taken as prisoners to General Atkinson at the big fort in the river. There your red wampum was found upon me, and I should have been punished but for my good brother, this Oneida."—he placed a hand in gratitude on Daniel Bread's arm. "We were finally permitted to go, upon our promise to deliver to you this message from General Atkinson."

The Prophet sprang to his feet, his single eye glowering with wrath and cruel designs.

"Spies from the White Beaver! We have spies in the lodges! Ho, brothers! brain them, burn them with fire! spies, they are spies!" he cried.

From the braves posturing about the war post still came the monotonous, measured song of the war-dance; from the war council within the lodge came nods and guttural words of approval in reply to the Prophet's demand. The standing Indians at the lodge entrance gathered about the messengers from the White Beaver to bind and lead them to the torture.

But old Black Hawk waved them aside.

"Patience, my brothers!" he commanded. "Let no one touch these messengers from the White Beaver. Because he is evil, shall we be also? Let us hear the words he speaks to us by the talking paper."

Then Joe Harvey, remembering the lieutenant's

advice to read out the general's message "good and strong," delivered the White Beaver's message.

"General Atkinson," he said, "writes to you, Black Hawk, chief of the Sacs. He commands you to withdraw at once, with your warriors, your women, and your lodges, across the Mississippi, or he will drive you there with his soldiers and his guns. More soldiers are coming, more guns are loading for the defence of the settlements. If you and your braves remain here to disobey and threaten him, the Great Father will punish you with fire in your lodges and guns at your hearts; for you must go back. You remain here at your peril; for if you will not go peaceably, then General Atkinson will march against you at once to disperse, punish, and destroy you."

Again the fiery Prophet came at the young reader with wrath in his eye.

"Death to the White Beaver's spy!" he cried. "Would he threaten us—warriors and braves—the sons of Oh-su-ke-uck, the brothers of On-ta-ga-mi? Up! Let us burn and destroy; let us sweep away every white robber—his home, his women, his children—before the White Beaver can fling his long-knives at our throats. Up, brothers, up! Death to the White Beaver! Away with his liars and his spies!"

Again the throng of enraged savages closed upon

Joe and his companion. Again Black Hawk waved them back, while Daniel Bread, standing proudly erect with folded arms, but with pleading in his voice, faced his angry foemen.

“See, my brothers,” he said, “I am a chief of the Oneidas; I know how to die as becomes a warrior. But, hear my words! We are no spies; we are true men. The White Beaver gave us liberty that we might speak the truth to you. I did wrong to eat the dog feast with you. I did wrong to take the red wampum. I am a Christian man who was tempted of the devil — the devil who rouses the white man and the redman to murder and to war. Hear me, I say. Let there be peace between the white man and the red. I know the power and strength of my white brothers. I have seen their lodges. I have stood beside their council fires. They are more in number than the sands. It is death to stand against them. Oh, let the Great Spirit, who is the father of red and white alike, send his peace upon you that you may live like brothers in the land, and not see your lodges wither before the white man’s power, and your wives and little ones fall by the way, as they descend upon you. Peace, peace, my brothers. And if my death will bring this about, here I stand, a chief of the Oneidas. I am ready, strike; but beware of your fate. My white

brothers are determined; my white brothers are strong. You cannot stand in war against them."

The hatchet of the Prophet swung in air. The gleam of hate burned in his eye.

"Death to the renegade! death to the soft-shell!" he cried. "He is no chief; he is no warrior; he is but a woman, a slave to the white robber."

But the restraining hand of Black Hawk flung aside the threatening hatchet.

"Peace, my brother; we are no murderers," he said. "We respect the messengers of the White Beaver, even though he speak but as women speak. There can be no peace between the white man and the red. Go back to the White Beaver. Say to him and his war chiefs that his words are but as the wind. We are warriors who fear them not. Say to him, if he wishes to fight, let him come on. We will not be driven away. We stand here for our homes and our rights. We will not fall upon him to strike the first blow in war; but if he comes against us, let him beware. We fight to kill! Let the Great Spirit judge to whom he shall give the victory. Here we stand. We will not recross the Great River."

"Good! the chief is wise," came the words of the council. Only the Prophet stood determined and reckless. At last he, too, lowered his murderous hatchet.

"So be it," he said. "Let that answer go back to the White Beaver. But not by these, O brothers. Let us keep fast hold of this white boy and this coward Oneida. Let us hold them as pledge for the white man's faith. Let this Pottawatomie bear back the message of defiance, but keep fast hold upon these two until we win the victory, and join our strength to that of the black-coat by the Big Sea Water, who will bring the red warriors of the East to join us in our war."

Black Hawk bowed to the will of the majority, which announced itself as strong in approval of the Prophet's advice. The half-breed was sent speeding back with the defiance of the Sacs, and Joe Harvey with the Oneida was held a captive in the lodges of the hostiles.

That very night, however, the Prophet's town was deserted by Black Hawk and his band, and along the east bank of the river the chief of the Sacs, with five hundred warriors and his women, children, and camp equipage, took the trail that led to where, beside the Kishwaukee River, where it joins the Rock, were encamped those of the Pottawatomies who were debating whether or not to take the war-path with him against the white invaders.

Near the mouth of Sycamore creek, opposite the

present town of Byron, and seven miles below the camp of the Pottawatomies, Black Hawk stopped his march and, sending the most of his people forward to join the Pottawatomies, waited in an appointed place, with one hundred of his braves and counsellors, for the conference with the hesitating Pottawatomies.

But Shaubena, chief of the Pottawatomies, had too healthy a respect for the increasing strength and power of the white men to risk plunging his tribe into war. Instead, he prevailed upon the greater part of his tribesmen to remain neutral, and let Black Hawk and the White Beaver fight it out. So, when Black Hawk met the Pottawatomies in council, he found that the war party among his allies could only promise about a hundred warriors as a fighting addition to his force.

An Indian's nature is as variable as that of a child. From the heights of confidence Black Hawk dropped to despair. He had counted upon the Pottawatomies, the Winnebagoes, the Chippewas, and the Ottawas, as the Prophet had promised, and here, at the first approach, only one hundred warriors could be found to pledge themselves to join him on the war-path. He called Joe Harvey to his side.

"Did my little brother see many warriors in the stronghold of the White Beaver?" he inquired.

"They were like the leaves of the sycamore in num-

ber," responded Joe, dropping into the natural Indian habit of exaggeration; "and yet more were coming to join them. How can Black Hawk hope to stand against so great a following?"

"And my brother, the black-coat by the Great War, what am I to hope for from him?" queried the chief. "Will the war chiefs and braves of the Six Nations come to our help now, or was it only a hope for the future?"

If the bubble was to be pricked, now was the time to burst it.

"Chief," said Joe Harvey, soberly, "it is all but a dream, a hope of the good missionary. Mr. Williams sent to you in friendship, hoping that the great chief of the Sacs would stretch out the hand of brotherhood for a union of the tribes of the East and the West into a great peaceful nation; but not for war, Black Hawk — not for war."

"And he has no warriors with him?" demanded the disappointed leader.

"Let my brother, the Oneida, answer. He has been at Green Bay. I have not," Joe replied. And Daniel Bread was summoned.

"Daniel," said Joe, "the chief asks how many warriors Mr. Williams has with him at Green Bay. Let him hear the truth."

"Besides Cornelius Bear, the Mohawk, and me,

Oneida," Daniel Bread replied, "my brother Williams, the Mohawk missionary, has but a handful, O Black Hawk. And few of these are warriors. We have learned the ways of peace, and would join our brothers of the West in warfare only against wrong and error, not for gain in land or power."

"Bah, it is a woman!" cried the Prophet, who had joined the conference. "Let the Hawk fix his talons in the coward Oneida and drag him from the camp of warriors."

"I am no woman; I am a man," said Daniel Bread, proudly. "I am no coward Oneida. I am a warrior of Christ, who died like a warrior to save men of every color and of every tribe. It is you, White Cloud, you, the one-eyed, you the false Prophet, who are coward and liar. By your words I was excited; I thought I saw a new future for the redman of this land; and, led away, I took your war wampum and dishonored my Master and my Lord. I would have dragged this boy, my white brother, into disgrace and death; I am sorry. I see the light. There is no future for the redman of this land but in peace and Christian love. See! the tide of white life is rolling in a flood from the East even to the West. Who can withstand it? Not you, Prophet, with your lying tales of Indian power and union along the Great River. Not you, Black Hawk,

with your dreams of war and conquest; not even my brother Williams, the missionary, with his visions of red brotherhood and one great Indian nation. There is no lasting brotherhood in us until we accept Christ as our Chief; there is even warring and lack of faith between the Mohawk and the Oneida, between the Sac and the Pottawatomie. Chief, Williams has no following at Green Bay; he has no warriors; he can give you no assistance. Behold, I speak the truth. Do with me as you will."

Before the words of the devout Oneida the haughty head of Black Hawk drooped yet lower in disappointment. But when the enraged Prophet would have returned the visitor's bold words with taunt and insult, the chieftain of the Sacs interfered.

"The peace man of the Oneidas speaks but the truth, O Prophet," he said. "What can we, a handful of Sacs, with but a few allies upon whom we can rely, hope to do against the hosts who follow the White Beaver? My mind has changed. I will go back with my people across the Great River, should the Great Father again bid me do so; I will leave the white men in peace and possession of the lands they have stolen from my tribe.' Who can withstand the rush of the great wave from the East? Come, bid my young men prepare the dog feast and send back the Pottawatomies

to their homes. Then will I await here the summons of the White Beaver."

The Prophet would have protested against thus yielding without a struggle. But even before he could speak, a runner burst in upon the chiefs.

"The white men are upon you, Black Hawk!" he cried. "Our scouts have seen their warriors going into camp an hour's run down the river. Does the chief bid us fight?"

"It is the White Beaver come for a parley," said Black Hawk. "Bid the scouts keep to cover; call the braves' back. I will go to meet him."

"Who would trust a white man?" broke out the Prophet. "Not Black Hawk who saw Tecumseh die and succeeded to his dream of leadership! Not Black Hawk whose corn-fields have been trampled and whose offers of peace have been spit upon by these white robbers of our father's home land. Trust not, O chief!"

"It shall not be said that Black Hawk destroyed his people for his own revenges," replied the chief, nobly. "I will see the White Beaver. I will bid him meet me in council. But you are right, Prophet, I will not go myself. Let three of our young men bear the white flag that speaks of peaceful council. Let five braves follow the flagmen, five minutes behind, and watch the meeting with the white men.

But let all others stay here in camp and await the White Beaver's reply. Go you, little brother, with the five scouts, that you may conduct the White Beaver, in token of your friendliness, here to meet us in council."

Nothing loath to again be among his own kind, and especially to report to General Atkinson the changed condition of Black Hawk, Joe Harvey sprang upon his pony and with the five watchers rode forward a half mile in the rear of the three bearers of the flag of truce.

Out from a grove, three miles from Black Hawk's position, Joe saw a mob of soldiers, in most unsoldierly disorder, gallop to meet the truce bearers. Then, to his horror, he saw the bearers of the flag of truce surrounded, dragged from their horses, and hustled with shouts and jeers into the camp of the American advance, while shots and yells told, too truthfully, of that great stain on the honor of the American soldier—the murder of Black Hawk's envoys.

"Shame! shame!" he cried aloud in unrestrained but useless protest. Then from the white mob twenty rangers came in a mad gallop, straight upon the scouts they had seen watching them from a knoll.

"Spies! spies! Injun spies!" came their cry. "Shoot 'em down, the red dogs!"

They emptied their guns into the little group, and two of the Indians fell dead. The others, bearing Joe with them, urged their ponies on with cries and shouting, and spent and in terror galloped back to the camp where Black Hawk stood awaiting their report.

The old chief had prepared another flag of truce, under the safety of which he thought to go forward to meet Atkinson.

"Fly, chief! fly, Black Hawk!" the remnant of the scouts cried in alarm, as they dashed upon him. "The white butchers are here. See! they have killed your bearers of the white flag. They have slain two of us who watched them. They would have killed us all."

The brown, calm face of the old chief grew black with rage at the perfidy of the white man. With one wrathful grip he tore the flag of truce in shreds and trampled it beneath his feet.

"Ho! brothers; revenge, revenge!" he shouted. "The white man is a liar and a murderer. There is no truth in him. Out, out, and meet them! Revenge for our brothers and death to the white man! No mercy to butchers and liars!"

A yell of rage and defiance rose from the red warriors in reply to the call of their chief. Sixty or

more of them sprang into saddle and dashed from the grove, while the Prophet, even as he mounted, shouted, "Down with the white spy!" and flung his hatchet with deadly intent at Joe Harvey, whom he saw on the fringe of excited warriors.

But Joe, thanks more to good luck than to celerity, safely dodged the hatchet, and thinking that even a faithless white man was, just then, a better protection for a white boy than a hundred enraged and righteously indignant Indians, wheeled his pony about, and striking his spurs deep galloped for dear life out into the open to meet the white soldiers who, three hundred strong, were rushing, pell mell and in an undisciplined, uncaptured mob, to hurl themselves upon the camp of Black Hawk.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW JOE RODE INTO CAMP.

THE reckless, unreasoning, ill disciplined mob of white militiamen, many of them half-drunk with the liquor they had smuggled into camp, came dashing on, and, as they spied Joe galloping alone to meet them, they would have shot him down, as they had his Indian comrades.

But the boy flung his hands above his head and shouted, —

“Don’t shoot! don’t shoot, boys! I’m escaping!”

“So he is! He’s a white boy! Let him in!” came the cry, and opening their mass they received the fugitive among them.

“Where’s General Atkinson?” he demanded. “Let me see General Atkinson.”

“Atkinson! What do you mean, boy?” they replied. “He’s miles away. We’re Stillman’s advance, and we’re bound to git in a shot at these redskins and wipe ’em out before the general can git at ’em. Come along! See how we’ll do it!”

But Joe pulled away from the reckless mob.

"No, you don't! I've had enough of this thing," he said; and then he added the warning, "you'd better go slow and watch out for the Hawk, boys; he's mad as a hatter."

"'S that so?" came the careless response. "How many Injuns's he got with him?"

"Oh, as many as a hundred, I guess," Joe replied.

"Only a hundred! Why, that won't give us one apiece," came the contemptuous response. "Go for 'em, boys. Down with the redskins!"

The lines were near now; for Black Hawk, enraged though he was, was, first of all, a general. As the Americans came galloping madly on, the chief drew his sixty warriors behind a mask of low bushes.

"Ho! warriors of the Oh-sau-ke-uck," he said with cautious but with stern resolve; "let us stand firm. Wait till you hear my order. Then, let all who are willing to die to avenge our brothers fling themselves upon those murderers."

The unsoldierly white men slowed up their reckless rush when, above the fringe of prairie brush, they saw the stern array of the Sacs. It did not look as if this was to be so much of a picnic affair as they had deemed it. That belated show of caution was fatal; for, as they hesitated, shrill, high, and blood-curdling sounded the

fearful war-whoop given by Black Hawk himself, and over and through the mask of bushes burst with yell and defiance the furious Indian charge.

Crack! crack! the guns of the redskins rang out; higher and louder swelled the war-whoop; and the white mob, startled, dazed, terrified, without even firing a gun in reply, broke, turned, and fled before the Indian onrush, three hundred routed by sixty! They fell before the fire of the Indian guns, a dozen dead in all; then, losing all control, deaf to the commands of their officers, who tried to rally and turn them, they fled in hopeless rout and panic, on through their camp, on through creek, morass, and gully, never halting until they reached Dixon's station, twenty miles away, while fear and panic kept others of them still running until they rode their spent and broken horses even to their own firesides, miles and miles beyond danger, there to terrify the startled country-side with the terrible tidings that Atkinson's army had been slaughtered to a man, and that Black Hawk with two thousand scalping redskins was close behind them, while all northern Illinois lay at his mercy. It was as pitiful, as unnecessary, and as utter a rout as darkens the pages of American pluck and valor. Stillman's defeat is to this day a debated and scarcely settled phase of Western border story.

Joe Harvey, borne down by the panic, was fairly carried into Dixon's station. There Whitehead's advance of Atkinson's force of mounted volunteers—fourteen hundred men in all—were in camp, and stopped the mad tide of retreat, save those who, still too terrified to hear reason, refused to obey the command to halt and kept on running, even to their homes.

But Joe stopped, and almost the first officer he recognized was Colonel Zachary Taylor of the regulars, fuming and fretting over the cowardice of the defeated volunteers.

"Hullo!" he cried, recognizing Joe. "Here's our envoy. Were you in the fuss, too? Tell me, how many hundred thousand warriors has Black Hawk with him, anyway?"

In spite of himself, Joe Harvey could not help laughing. The colonel was so beside himself with surprise, rage, and contempt that he could scarcely sputter out his inquiry.

"He has less than a hundred men with him, colonel," he replied. "I don't believe fifty warriors followed his charge and put our brave army to flight."

"Including you, sir, I see," said the colonel. "You ran with the rest of the fools."

"I just had to, sir," answered Joe. "They had

me mixed up with 'em, and I had to run. And Black Hawk was dreadfully mad.* But I don't blame him."

"Give me the truth of it," said Colonel Taylor. "What started it all?"

Thereupon Joe told the story as he knew it, and Taylor was yet more angry.

"The fools! the drunken, cowardly fools!" he cried. "That comes of letting volunteers go in ahead. That's what you call independent battalions. Too mighty independent, I say! They ought to be all court-martialled. Where's Anderson? Orderly, find the inspector-general, and tell him to report here at once. I'll help him inspect, and if somebody don't suffer for this, my name's not Zachary Taylor."

Out of the hubbub and confusion Lieutenant Anderson appeared. Even as he saluted the colonel he gave Joe a kindly smile of recognition.

"A bad break, colonel," the lieutenant declared. "It's one of those things not to be accounted for save in over-enthusiasm, over-excitement, and —"

"Over-stimulation, I reckon," growled the disgusted colonel. "Couldn't you keep the corn-juice away from the fools? What's the matter with the provost-marshal?"

"The general's orders were definite enough, colonel," the inspector explained; "but bordermen are reckless,

you know, and our volunteers seem especially careless of discipline. Most of 'em think they're off on a lark and look on this war as a regular picnic frolic. The whiskey was smuggled in and somehow they got too much of it. I've not much faith myself in volunteers, except as emergency men; the regular service is what we must depend on, as you have often said, colonel; but I don't think we should be too hard on Stillman's men. They are brave enough; but even brave men have been known to go to pieces when a panic starts them."

"May I speak, colonel," said Joe; "because I was in it all, you know?"

The colonel nodded.

"Go on; what's your report, sir?" he said.

"I did as you told me," Joe replied. "But Daniel Bread, the Oneida, did more. He showed Black Hawk how useless it was to stand against your power. We worked with him so that, in spite of that firebrand, the Prophet, Black Hawk began to see his weakness and said he was ready to go back across the Mississippi if General Atkinson told him to. When we saw Stillman's men in camp, Black Hawk thought they were General Atkinson's advance, and sent a flag of truce out to tell him he was ready to talk. You know how that peace mission was received, colonel," the boy added sadly.

"I never felt so disgusted and ashamed over anything in all my life. It was horrible."

"Right you are, son," said "Old Rough and Ready," as his comrades of Buena Vista loved, later, to call him. "It was inexcusable, and I'll find out who's to blame, somehow. But I'm glad to know that you saw your duty, as became your blood and training, and did it. The republic before all else, my boy! even if some of its sons are scareheads and runaways."

Lieutenant Anderson stretched out both hands and shook those of Joe Harvey warmly.

"What did I tell you, colonel?" he said. "I knew he could be depended upon."

"But it was the Oneida who took the stand that almost fixed things up," protested Joe. "I only helped a little."

"Thank Heaven, you didn't hinder as that mob did!" growled Colonel Taylor, pointing at the panting fugitives, whose tales of the rout and how they tried to stop it grew bigger with each new telling. "You're a credit to your name, son, and I wish we had a thousand more like you."

But Joe Harvey was not altogether satisfied with himself. He had not been entirely true, he felt, to the interests of his patron Eleazer Williams, he had permitted Daniel Bread to do more than he had dared attempt

in the camp of Black Hawk, and here were his friends in the army giving him more credit than he believed he deserved. But, boy-like, he did not permit his conscience to become too tyrannical. He only said, —

“Well, I did the best I could, anyhow; I got off scot free, and I ought to be thankful for that.”

When, however, next day, while Whiteside's men were performing the sad duty of burying the dead and caring for the wounded on the field of Stillman's defeat, — beside the little creek which, grimly and significantly enough, has ever since borne the name of Stillman's Run, — Daniel Bread came into camp with Shaubena's friendly Pottawatomies, Joe felt that the Oneida was, indeed, the hero of the day.

“It was a black day for the Hawk, my brother, when his braves turned backward into flight the feet of the white soldiers,” Daniel Bread declared. “It was well nigh a black day for me, too. For when I saw from the council grove the dash of Black Hawk and his braves, when I saw the white men turn and flee without making a stand for fight, when I remembered the shame and faithlessness of the white men toward the Hawk's flag of truce, once more the old spirit of war burned in my heart, and I had to repeat the words of the Good Book taught me by the missionaries for just such times of temptation, — ‘Beware, lest

ye also, being led away with the error of the wicked, fall from steadfastness.' I had to say it over again and again to hold myself from war-whoop and ride. And when the warriors came back from chasing the white men and gathered up the rich store of booty that was in the captured camp of the white soldiers, even I, hoping for peace, could not but share some of Black Hawk's words of triumph.

"'Ho! sons of Oh-sau-ke-uck,' he said. 'Why should we longer fear? You see how a handful of brave Sacs can scatter into flight a host of the white soldiers. You are great in war, O brothers,' he said; 'none can stand against you. The white man would have war; he shall have it, and woe to all his tribe,—his old men and his women, his children and his lodges, even he himself who boasts so of his strength, and yet flies to his hole like a gopher when he looks upon the face of the Sac in battle.' The chief had, indeed, won a great victory, and who could blame him for glorying in it."

"That's true," said Joe. "But how did you come to leave them, Daniel?"

"When the braves came back from the chase of the white soldiers, and the captured camp had been stripped," Daniel Bread replied, "he sent his scouts out to watch the White Beaver's war band, and while

he was sending away his women and children farther up into the wilderness in the old Sac home land, I slipped away, and, meeting with the friendly Pottawatomies of Shaubena's band, who are against this war with the whites and are riding through the settlements to warn the white people, I came here, seeking you at the White Beaver's camp. And what will my brother do now? Shall we return to our brother Williams at Green Bay?"

"I vow I don't know what to do, Daniel," replied puzzled Joe. "With Black Hawk on the war-path and all the land aroused and in a furious scare, I don't know as we could get through alive. I'm sure you couldn't. You're an Indian, you see."

"But I still have the paper General Cass gave me," explained the Oneida. "He told me it would keep me out of harm anywhere in this Western country."

"Oh, ho! then you saw Governor Cass, too, did you, eh?" queried Joe. "Where?"

"At Detroit, my brother."

"And did he—did he say anything against Mr. Williams?"

"He bade me beware of him," the Oneida admitted. "He told me he was without authority or following, and that he did not believe he was right in his head

or his heart. But my brother Williams has been true to me, and I will be true to him."

"Even to supporting him in his scheme of an Indian empire here in the West, and hostile to the United States, Daniel?" persisted Joe.

"And why should I not, my brother?" replied the Oneida. "Who has been friend and brother to me—El-ezar Williams or the Great Father at Washington? It is my brother Williams who has led my people from darkness and paganism, given them the Bible, and promised them the schools and civilization of the white men. Shall he not, too, give us greater power and knowledge if we support him? His plan is great; under him the Six Nations may again be leaders of our race, and here, in the wide lands of the West, beside the Great River and even to the distant mountains, shall the name and power of the son of Konante-wan-teta, the wise woman of the Mohawks, be great. Tecumseh is dead, Red Jacket is dead, Black Hawk will die in his useless war against the whites. I know it. Who then can join the Indians of this land? None but a Christian, loving peace; none but a white leader, knowing how to govern. He will put down all tribal jealousies and feuds; he, and he alone, can make his great dream come true—my brother Williams, whose dream is only of a vast but peaceful league of the redmen of America."

"You're true blue, for certain, Daniel," exclaimed Joe. "I wish I could feel as sure as you do. But, even if I did, there would still be the fear that, in supporting him, I am not loyal to the republic. I'm bound to be that above all. But that does not help us out of this affair. I think it is my duty to be of service to the republic in this struggle with Black Hawk; but you, Daniel, whose first duty is to Mr. Williams, had better join him if you can, and tell him of the uselessness of making any union with Black Hawk. I will stay with the army."

"And the money, my brother; that which keeps us both in these days," suggested the practical Oneida, "is it ours to do with as we will, or is it from our brother Williams?"

"Great Scott! that's so," declared Joe, with another great twinge of conscience, as the force of the situation came thus directly home to him. "I forgot all about that. Then it's yours, Daniel. Here, I'll not keep a cent of it. I'll fight this thing out with empty hands—or—no—I'll ask the lieutenant what I ought to do."

"Let not my little brother be foolish," said the Oneida. "He's the chief of this expedition. It is to Williams, our chief, that he must make answer, and not to these men of war, who would butcher or drive

away from their corn-fields the redmen who are our brothers. Be wise; but, more than that, be true, my brother. Your duty is to him who sent you here. Let us rather follow behind the soldiers as they go on the trail of the Hawk, and when there is safety in the endeavor then let us break away for Green Bay and the great lake."

In Joe Harvey's uncertain and unsettled state of mind this advice seemed good, and the young "ambassador," who was already beginning to lose faith in his ability as a "diplomat," concluded to let things drift awhile. But in troubled waters things will not drift quietly, and the beginning of the Black Hawk War was certainly "troubled waters" for the settlers of Wisconsin and Illinois.

Stillman's disgraceful and entirely unnecessary defeat, self-invited and self-imposed, put all that northern border into a state of terror, mistrust, and fear. The authorities did all that they could do to allay the excitement. The governor of Illinois called for a fresh enlistment of two thousand volunteers; the national government ordered General Winfield Scott and a thousand regulars to proceed at once to the seat of war; while General Atkinson, saving from the terrified militia (who had the "Black Hawk scare" so badly that they simply wouldn't stay to fight) three

or four hundred mounted rangers, remained with his little force of regulars and rangers, six hundred men in all, to protect the threatened Illinois border.

Meantime, Black Hawk's defeat of Stillman's corps had so raised him in Indian estimation that certain war-like contingents of Winnebagoes and Pottawatomies swelled his strength to a force equal to that of General Atkinson. From his new stronghold on Lake Koshkonong, in what is now Jefferson County, Wisconsin, he swooped down upon the scattered settlements of northern Illinois, and swept them with massacre and panic, until the little forts were full of fugitives, and men, women, and children fell victims to the fury of partisan war and foray.

Horried at the storm those reckless violators of the flag of truce had raised, Joe felt that, envoy or not, his duty lay in protection and action. He sought out Lieutenant Anderson and asked him if there was not some way in which he could make himself useful.

"I'm not much of a fighter, lieutenant," he said, with a realizing sense of his unfitness as a war chief and general commanding (that had been his dream in Eleazer Williams's "kingdom," you know), "but I want to do something. Can't I help?"

"You see what the red wampum has done, Joe,"

said the lieutenant ; "think what might have happened had you carried it through to that arch plotter, Williams. Help us? Why, yes, I believe you can. Those militiamen are not to be depended upon, just yet. With their homes in fancied danger, I don't know as I really wonder at their desire to get away from here; but I wish they had more real patriotism among them. The general has sent to the governor an imperative demand for reënforcements. He is thinking of sending a swift rider to the rendezvous at Beardstown, urging the battalions and spy companies there to march at once to his relief. Why can't you bear this message? You're a good rider and a swift one. Will you ride back and hurry them up?"

"Gladly, lieutenant, if you think I can find the way," Joe replied unhesitatingly.

"It's a straight road," the lieutenant replied. "It's the Fort Clark trail to Peoria Lake. You'll find some regiments in camp there. Get hold of the first ones you can and send 'em on. Take the Oneida with you. He's hardly safe here, just now. Get ready; I'll have your orders from the general prepared at once."

The general's "orders" were speedily in hand, and Joe was in the saddle riding fast to the southward, with Daniel Bread, much against his will, as a traveling companion; for the Oneida still felt that his duty

lay at Green Bay to the northeast, in the company of his "chief," Eleazer Williams.

They rode on through Dixon's and "Dad Joe's" and Thomas's Farm, all stations filled with fugitives and dissatisfied militiamen, and striking into Kellogg's trail beside the Illinois, pressed on toward Fort Clark on the shores of Lake Peoria.

Everywhere there was panic and fright; terrified settlers, scudding for cover in the nearest fort, pressed Joe for the latest tidings of that "pesky murdering varmint," Black Hawk, and then refused to be comforted by his reassuring news. They looked with suspicion and dread upon his Oneida companion, even in his "white man's clothes," and suspected him to be an enemy in disguise; altogether Joe's mission to the southward was neither a safe nor a pleasant one.

Joe was aware of Daniel Bread's uneasiness and his indisposition to get farther and farther away from his real "field of duty"; the boy tried to argue the Oneida out of his unsatisfactory condition as they galloped on, but the Oneida refused to be comforted.

"Why, Daniel," Joe said, as the Indian grumbled and objected, "you've got General Cass's safe conduct. That's a thousand times better and safer than one from Eleazer Williams. By the way, Daniel," he added, seeking to turn his companion's mind into other

channels, "did he — Mr. Williams, I mean — ever say anything to you about being a greater man than folks think he is? Did he ever hint to you that he was a — the son of a great chief over the water, in France? Did he ever say to you that he was a prince, or a king, if he had his rights?"

"How could he be?" queried the Oneida. "Is he not of the blood of the Six Nations? Was not his mother the wise woman of the Mohawks? And is not his father a chief of the St. Regis tribe, in Caughnawaga? He cannot be the son of a great French chief across the Great Salt Water. Why should he say so? He has told me he will yet be prince and king of a great nation. But is not that the league of redmen here, in this troubled and war-swept land of trails and forests, which only such as he can make the land of peace and plenty? How can he be anything else? Surely, my young brother does not yet know his chief."

"Well, perhaps I don't, Daniel," Joe replied. "But as surely as we are riding together, Mr. Williams told me that he — hullo! what's the trouble yonder?"

The "trouble yonder" was of Joe's own causing. For, as they rode swiftly on, hoping to reach the fort by night, Joe Harvey had pressed a trifle ahead, and the Oneida, with his hat off, and his long, black hair

streaming in the wind, gave to one who did not know him the appearance of a hard-riding Indian in full pursuit of an escaping white boy.

This, at least, was what it appeared to be to the family of a settler with a bad attack of "Injun scare," struggling to get his wife and children across a little "run" and out of harm's way.

Fording the swift-running creek, the father and mother and the eldest daughter had succeeded in getting most of the children across. One still remained upon what they believed to be the danger side, and as the galloping riders—swelled now in the terrified imaginings of the fleeing settlers to the advance of Black Hawk himself and his scalping, torturing band—came nearer and nearer to the creek, the frightened father turned to plunge in once again to rescue his remaining child.

But his equally terrified wife hauled him out of the stream.

"It's you or Susan," she cried. "If the Injuns get you, you're a dead man. We can't spare you, dear. We're all across but Susan. Let her stay. She's such a little thing the Injuns won't hurt her, and we can spare her better 'n we can spare you."

Then, with a last despairing good-by to poor little Susan, crying in terror upon the farther side of the

run, the fleeing family "made tracks" across the prairie, speeding, as they believed, for dear life, while little six-year-old Susan was left "as a sop" to the merciless savages.

The supposed savages reached the bank of the stream, and shouted and waved frantically to the panic-stricken fugitives, who, of course, mistook their shouts and hand waving for that of a summons to come back and be scalped.

"Well!" cried Joe, indignantly, hoarse with shouting and sore from his exertions to call the fugitives back; "if that isn't a mean, low-down trick! What do they take us for? Injuns? See here, little girl," he added reassuringly, as he sprang from his saddle, and approached the child, "don't you be frightened. We won't hurt you. Where's mamma gone?"

The child retreated in fear, shrieking at the top of her voice; while Joe, distressed and sympathizing, ran to catch her.

"I wouldn't hurt you. See, I'm a white boy," he said. "I like little girls. Come, come to me. We're not Injuns—or I'm not," he added, truthful even in this atmosphere of excitement.

"I tell you what, Daniel," he said; "you ride on to Fort Clark, or to the first camp you come to, and I'll follow on with the little girl as soon as I can



'SEE HERE, LITTLE GIRL . . . DON'T YOU BE FRIGHTENED!'

calm her down. Don't you see, she's frightened. She thinks you're one of Black Hawk's Injuns. You hurry on, and wait for me in camp."

The Oneida appreciated the situation,—he even saw the humor of it,—and turning his pony's head rode on down the trail. Then Joe, with outstretched hands and a reassuring smile upon his friendly face, again tried to soothe and "hearten up" the deserted little one.

Joe Harvey's smile was not one to be long resisted. The child stopped her crying, looked upon Joe's honest face with open eyes, in which faith soon took the place of fear, and at last, coming to him confidently, placed her little hand in the boy's big one.

"That's good, that's good!" said the delighted boy. "Now we're friends, ain't we? You come with me. I'll give you a ride on the pony, and then we'll find mamma."

With perfect faith now, the child nestled in Joe's protecting arms as he lifted her to the pony's back. But when he looked across the run no sign of the settler's flying family could he see.

"Well, that's pleasant!" he said. "I don't know where to catch them. I guess we'll have to carry you to the fort, sissy, and mamma'll find you there."

He sprang to the saddle, and, holding the child

before him, rode on down the trail. But he could not conveniently gallop with his burden. So he rode along at a gentle pace, and, losing time in catching up with the Oneida, had not yet overtaken him when he saw in advance the white tents of the camp of the volunteers.

"I guess I'd better ride there before going to the fort," he decided. "Daniel is probably waiting for me there."

The camp seemed to be in an uproar as he approached it. He could see nothing of Daniel Bread, but as he came nearer he spied and heard a yelling, struggling mob, with guns and arms brandished in air, gathered about a crouching, pleading, expostulating figure. It was Daniel Bread, the Oneida, in the hands of a mob of unruly volunteers, evidently bent on his destruction.

"Here!" shouted Joe. "Let him alone. He's all right!"

But the crowd did not hear him; they were too much interested in their vengeance, and, impeded as he was by the child on his saddle, Joe could not reach his friend.

Suddenly he saw a tall, lanky, long-armed man—evidently an officer—spring from a tent and leap into the midst of the mob.

The frontiersman's long arms scattered and tumbled the men right and left.

"Here! stand back, men! Aren't you 'shamed of yourselves, piling like that on one poor redskin? What's the man done? You wouldn't kill an unarmed man, would you?"

The Oneida crouched at his defender's feet, and the long-legged officer laid one hand in protection upon the Indian's head.

"Yah! he's a spy, an Injun spy!" came the shout from the persecutors. "Let's have him. We'll fix him. We ain't afraid, even if you be, cap'n. Don't be a coward!"

The ungainly officer took his hand from the Oneida's head, and looked at the hostile circle of vengeance seekers.

"Coward!" he cried. "Who says I'm a coward?"

And he began to roll up his sleeves, displaying a pair of brawny arms that his men evidently respected.

"Daniel's all right," Joe assured himself. "I wonder who the long fellow is."

He halted his pony well outside of the mêlée, and holding tightly to his "foundling," awaited developments.

"Here, cap'n, that ain't fair!" came the cry from the crowd as it backed away from too close proximity

to those terrible arms. "You're bigger'n we be — and heavier. You don't give us a show."

The captain smiled cheerfully as he towered above his redskinned protégé.

"Show, eh? I'll give you all the show you want; more'n you'll give this Injun, I reckon," he said. "I'll tell you what I'll do, boys, I'll fight you all, one down and one a-comin', just as you can get at me. Take it out of me if you can; but just hear what I'm tellin' you — you sha'n't touch this Injun. When a man comes to me for help — white man, Injun, or nigger — he's goin' to get it, if I have to lick all Sangamon County."

"Good for him!" cried Joe, enthusiastically, as he watched the long-limbed, brawny frontiersman facing the mob and ready to make his challenge good. "Say," added the boy, touching the shoulder of the soldier nearest him, "who's your cap'n? I shouldn't want to tackle him. Who is he?"

"Him? The cap'n?" repeated the man, looking around and then up into Joe's inquiring face. "No, bub, I reckon you wouldn't want to tackle him; that's Lincoln from New Salem — Cap'n Abe Lincoln of the Sangamon company."

CHAPTER XIV.

CAPTAIN ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S GOOD ADVICE.

EVIDENTLY the mob of Indian-badgering soldiers were of the opinion of both Joe Harvey and their comrade who told the captain's name. They had no desire to try a wrestle with long-armed Captain Abraham Lincoln when he really meant business.

They fell back grumbling, and Captain Lincoln lifted the Oneida to his feet.

"You're all right, Injun," said the captain. "I hate to see a fellow abused, and I won't stand it. But what are you doing here? This isn't a very healthy spot for your color."

The Oneida thrust into the captain's hands the safe conduct from General Cass.

"From Governor Cass, eh? Why didn't you say so?" demanded his protector. "That's all right. But what d'ye want. Got any friends here?"

Ere the Oneida could reply, Joe Harvey pushed his way through the crowd.

"He's all right, Cap'n Lincoln," said Joe. "He

came with me. We're carrying orders from General Atkinson on the Kishwaukee."

Captain Lincoln looked shrewdly and closely into the boy's face. Then a broad smile overspread his homely countenance.

"'S that so?" he said. Then he pointed at the chubby child on Joe's saddle. "Is that your order?" he queried.

Joe smiled back in return.

"No, cap'n," he replied. "That's a find I picked up back here on the creek." And then he told the story of the child's desertion.

"The ornery critters!" Lincoln exclaimed indignantly, "the unfeeling, selfish, low-down trash. That's a nice kind of a dad and mam to have. Why, I'd 'a' gone back and brought her across the run if you'd been forty-'leven Injuns in war-paint and tomahawks, which you weren't," he added. "See what a thing fear is, bub. It'll take the best and holiest feelings right out of a man's heart, or a woman's either, if they think their own skins are in danger. That's what's the matter with the boys here and your friend. They've volunteered to fight Injuns, and since Stillman's massacre, hanged if they don't think every Injun they see is a tribe on the war-path. I'm 'shamed of ye, boys."

"I've got to report to the general, sir," said Joe; "but — what'll I do with this child?"

"You give her to me for a spell," said the captain. "I'll look out for her till you come back. I'm mighty fond of little children."

Which is a good trait in any man; but then whatever was helpless, hurt, lost, weak, defenceless, or persecuted appealed to Abraham Lincoln and received his sympathy, aid, and protection — from a wounded bird or a stray kitten to a lost child and a persecuted race. His heart was as large as his humanity.

So Joe Harvey left his "foundling," as he called the child, in Captain Lincoln's care, and rode to the fort to make his report. The commander, General Hugh Brady, promised to attend to the business at once and forward reënforcements to Atkinson who had now crossed the Illinois line to meet Black Hawk. Then Joe, his mission discharged, sought the tent of Captain Lincoln.

Worn out with her fear, her fatigue, and her hard ride to camp, "Joe's foundling," the little Susan, had fallen asleep, and Joe found the captain watching over the sleeping child, for whom he had made a comfortable bed on his own rough "shake-down."

The big, raw-boned frontiersman was watching the quiet, regular breathing of the sleeping child with

tenderness and sympathy both apparent on his strong, though homely, face.

He raised his finger in caution as Joe appeared at the entrance to the tent, and then tiptoed over to the boy.

"Helpless little mortals, children are, ain't they, bub?" he said. "By the way, I oughtn't to call you bub; you're not a boy, now, you're a man, and you acted like one, picking up that child and toting it along with you. There's my hand, son; I'm proud of you. What's your name, and where do you hail from?"

Again the oft-repeated story as to name and lineage and godfather was retold for Captain Abraham Lincoln.

"Good name and good forbears you've got, Joe," said the captain. "You ought to be proud of that Lafayette in your name, and to know that the Frenchman put it there. I'm proud of the Revolutionary Lincoln in my name, too, though, to tell the truth, I don't know how much, if any, of old General Lincoln's blood runs in my veins. Fact is, Joe, my folks, I'm afraid, all came of undistinguished families—second families, you might say, and not first, though they did come from Virginia. But those old Revolutioners that you can, and I would like to, claim kin with were great old chaps. Well! they're all gone now, most of 'em.

But weren't they a forest of great oaks, son? I tell you, what they did will live forever, even if they can't. I wonder whether you or I, Joe, will do anything that'll live?"

The gaunt young backwoodsman looked musingly at his great hands as if wondering what they would carve out for him in the world.

"What do you s'pose Bill Offutt—he's the man I was clerkin' with at New Salem when I 'listed for this Injun war—what d'ye s'pose Offutt says about me, Joe? He says he knows I'll be President, some day—President of these U-nited States. How's that, Joe! Abe Lincoln, chore boy, rail-splitter, flat-boat hand, a President!" And again the awkward young militiaman looked at his hands and laughed. "That Offutt's crazy, I reckon."

"Well, cap'n," said Joe, reassuringly, "it's a free country; everybody's got a chance, you know."

"That's so, everybody has," the captain admitted, "man or boy. It all depends on the chance he gets—or makes, Joe, eh? I reckon we can all of us make our chance, if we set out to. Fact is, the only way for a young man to rise, Joe,—you and me alike,—is to just improve himself every way he can. We don't want to mope around and think anybody wants to hinder us. Some fellows who are up may try to keep us down;

but a young chap like you, Joe, with grit, can't be kept down. If you keep right along on the trail you started out on, nobody can really injure you or keep you back for good. Don't be afraid to speak out, I say. The time comes, I reckon, to all of us when we can't be silent if we want to. We've just got to speak and either tell the truth or a lie, and I hate a lie."

So did Joe Harvey. But he wondered, as he listened to this tall Illinois captain, whether he — Joe Harvey — had started out on the right trail by casting in his lot with Eleazer Williams. He wondered whether that was the way to improve himself, and whether the time would come when he'd have to speak out and declare himself.

"But how's a boy going to know just what is the right trail, cap'n?" he queried.

"By the blazing, Joe," Lincoln replied. "A blind trail isn't a safe one, and I reckon a bright boy like you has got horse sense enough to watch out for signs. I don't mean by speaking up to be always watching out for a fight. Fighting is low down except for self-defence, or to protect the weak — same as I bluffed those boys of mine who were badgering that Injun friend of yours; same as you'd 'a' done, Joe, rather than let anybody hurt this child you picked up. Fighting's low down, I say. Quarrelling's worse. No fellow that

wants to make the most of himself has got any time to spare in quarrelling. You always want to keep a grip on your temper; don't lose that. If you have to fight, just see that you get the best of it. But it's a heap better to give up the path to a dog than be bitten by him if you can steer around him. Killing the dog won't cure the bite he might give you. I know what I'm talking about, son; I've tried it on the dog."

Joe was not altogether sure that he approved of Captain Lincoln's advice. And yet, to save himself, he couldn't help thinking of a dog's bite and Eleazer Williams's tempting of him as somehow the same things.

"Supposing that trail looks as though it were going to lead you to great things, cap'n," he persisted. "Supposing a man said you come with me and I'll make you bigger than the President of the United States. Supposing he showed you a trail that led to a bigger chance than these United States."

"Look out for false guides, Joe," said Captain Lincoln, solemnly; "there's a right way and a wrong way, and I reckon we've got to decide for ourselves. But don't you be led out of the right trail by fairy stories; know the truth, first, and then strike for it. That's the thing that comes to all of us. I don't know as I've always struck the right trail, Joe. With me the race of ambition hasn't always been a winner. Sometimes,"

he added soberly, "I think my running has been a flat failure. But I don't give up. There's a fellow out in this Western country I've heard of,—a good Injun fighter and a great hunter,—Davy Crockett, they call him, whose advice to young fellows is, 'Be sure you're right, then go ahead!' That's good talk. Get hold of the right. I'm trying to do that; for I tell you, Joe Harvey, that always is, and always will be, the issue in this big country of ours—the eternal struggle between right and wrong. And 'tain't the issue in this 'land of the free and home of the brave' alone—it's the big struggle all the world over and has been since time began. I reckon it will always be so; for you see things won't push ahead unless there's some to stop 'em—something to be mastered and overcome. But we've got to face it here more 'n other countries, because freedom is what we're after; and freedom is right, while tyranny is wrong; love of country is right, while deserting is wrong."

"Would it be deserting it, cap'n," queried Joe, thoughtfully, "if you went into a new country with a man who had a plan, and helped him make a new nation?"

"Hm!" mused the captain, "whereabouts?"

"Why, right here in the West, across the Mississippi," replied Joe, unguardedly. His halting decision made him think only of his own possibilities.

"Here? here in America? He can't do it, Joe," Lincoln replied earnestly. "Don't you trust any such yarns. That's the one thing I fear—folks trying to set up for themselves here, and bucking against the republic. That's the danger point, I reckon. If danger ever threatens our free institutions, it must spring up among ourselves. It can't come from abroad. Other nations won't care to tackle us. If destruction does come to us, as it has to other nations, we, ourselves, must be its author and finisher. As a nation of freemen, we must live through all time, or die by suicide. Whose hand will strike that blow, and who will try to stop that hand?"

The child slumbered on in its improvised bed; the boy sat silent and thoughtful; the young man, with far-away-looking eyes, seemed lost in his reverie. Did he see with prophetic vision what part he was to play as the saviour of the republic when the suicidal blow was to fall? None may say; but the hand of fate was even then hewing out of the rough block of manhood, by the sharp axe of experience, chip by chip, and line by line, the great nature which was in time to be recognized by all the world as that of our one

"Kindly, earnest, brave, far-seeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American."

As for Joe Harvey, the words of Captain Abraham Lincoln fell like seed into uncertain soil. He felt that the captain might be right; he felt that it was his duty as an American boy to be American, not a dreamer of princely dreams, but a doer of manly, brave, helpful, patriotic deeds; and surely Eleazer Williams's scheme of a new empire to be made from what was, by right of possession, peopling, and expansion, American soil,—the property of the republic,—might be one of those very roads toward destruction.

Joe did not see it, perhaps, as clearly as did Abraham Lincoln; for the Westerner ever had his eyes toward the still greater West. But he had begun to feel that even Mr. Webster was at fault, because he was not in real touch with these great, new, far Western possibilities, and that the land that Eleazer Williams coveted for his Indian "subjects" was not to be, and would not be, unquestioningly left for its future to the care of savages who know no progress, nor of adventurers who look for a power that is un-American. Joseph Lafayette Harvey, you see, was already beginning to see the greater light.

The voice of 'an orderly broke into the stillness of the tent.

"Captain Lincoln," he said, "we're ordered to break camp. The colonel desires you to prepare your com-

pany to change quarters immediately. We are ordered up to Dixon's at once."

"That's business, boys," cried the captain, springing to his feet. "Dixon's it is. Joe, what you going to do with this child?"

He stopped in his exit from the tent to look again with kindly eyes upon the little refugee, still fast asleep.

"I — I don't know, sir," replied Joe, pulling himself from his unsolved problem of duty. Here was a matter for instant decision.

The captain looked now at the boy, shrewdly and closely.

"You can't go traipsing over the country with a little six-year-old girl," said Captain Lincoln. "You'd look after her, of course; but it's scary sort o' business escorting a young lady like that among bloody Injuns and unreliable militiamen. You might leave her at the fort, but that's not just the place. I'll tell you. Follow us up to Dixon's and just leave her there with old Father Dixon, the best man on the Illinois frontier. Na-chu-sa, the 'white-haired one,' is what the Injuns call him, and a white scalp never covered a whiter man. It'll be nearer the child's home, and although I don't take much stock in a father and mother that'll leave a little one behind just because they're skeered, still, a father's a father

and a mother's a mother. Old man Dixon will get her back to them or my name's not A. Lincoln. That's the best way to settle it, Joe."

Joe thought so, too. He had about made up his mind to push his way back, somehow, across country to Eleazer Williams at Green Bay, render an account of his mission, and then say good-by to his great dreams and become what seemed now so much better than an adventurer — a good and loyal son of the republic. So, while Captain Lincoln was getting his unruly company into shape to proceed (much against their will since the news of Stillman's defeat) into the neighborhood of Black Hawk and his warriors, Joe aroused and made ready his little charge, and mounting her before him on his pony pushed along with the soldiers to Dixon's on the Rock.

Captain Lincoln kept his eye upon them. He had grown rather fond of Joe Harvey, and seemed to fathom some of the boy's problems of conscience and duty.

The log-house hamlet and crude rope ferry (that then stood where is, to-day, the busy, "hustling" bridge-town of Dixon) was ninety miles or so from the fort, and the march was far from rapid. So Joe and the captain "spelled each other" in looking out for the rough, but kindly meant, comfort of Joe's "foundling." The little girl made for herself a warm place in Joe Harvey's

heart, and sympathetic Abraham Lincoln was quite as strongly attached to her.

"Surprising how these little, helpless critters take hold of you, isn't it, Joe?" the captain said one day as he shifted little "Susie," as they called her, from Joe's saddle to his own. "If ever I get married and have any children, I reckon I'll be powerful fond of 'em. How old is your father, Joe? A Revolutioner, wasn't he, you said?"

"Yes, sir," Joe replied, his heart going out, as it did every once in a while, to the home-like white farmhouse at Chadd's Ford, and the old man whose "Benjamin" he had been. "He's a pretty old man now, nearly seventy-five."

"Seventy-five! that's a good old age for one of that grand old stock to live to," said Captain Lincoln. "'Seventy-five' is the year they cut loose and made a stand at Lexington. They were iron men, our fathers and grandfathers, eh, Joe? They fought for a principle they believed in — just as we may have to fight, some day; and whatever we enjoy has come because of what they did. I tell you, Joe Harvey, that sentiment that begins the Declaration of Independence, 'All men are created equal,' is the father of all moral principle in us, and every American has a right to claim it whether he speaks English or not, whether he came from Ger-

many, Ireland, France or Sweden; for once an American, he and his children are always going to be Americans—blood of the blood and flesh of the flesh of the men who made the wonderful Declaration.”

“How can you make that out, cap’n?” demanded Joe. “Their ancestors didn’t make it.”

“No, but living under it to-day, they have a right to claim it, just as much as if they were blood inheritors to its makers and signers. That’s what makes us free men, Joe Harvey. Lafayette and your old dad fought to establish it; we’ll fight, if need be, to uphold and maintain it—for I tell you the opening sentiment of that Declaration is the electric cord that links the hearts of patriotic and liberty-loving men together, and will hold them linked together as long as the love of freedom exists in the minds of men all the world over.”

The voice of the tall backwoods captain, thin and almost squeaky at times, fairly thrilled with the fervor of his theme and the grandeur of his idea. Joe thrilled under it himself. The strong, simple, patriotic words of Abraham Lincoln, spoken more as the outcome of his own thoughts than as any advice to this boy who wished to be an adventurer, were doing more to loosen and unsettle the hold that Eleazer Williams had upon him than any course of open hostility could have done.

“Then you believe it’s best to be nothing but an

American—to stick by the republic through thick and thin, do you, Cap'n Lincoln?" Joe asked him. "Don't you believe something may come some day to change things here and set our folks to quarrelling—something like what Mr. Webster spoke about in his great speech that I heard, and which he hoped his eyes would never see. I remember just what he said: 'God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind.' Supposing it does rise, cap'n, in our day, what are we going to do then?"

"It mustn't be allowed to come, Joe," the captain replied. "'Liberty *and* union, now and forever, one and inseparable!' that is what Mr. Webster said, wasn't it? And 'Them's my sentiments!' as the boys say. But if it does rise,—if the curtain does rise,—why, Joe—" the captain removed one hand from the little child who smiled up at him from his saddle and laid it on the boy's shoulder convincingly—"if it does, you stick by the Union, son! Don't you desert it. Don't be afraid of being unpopular or on the weak side. There is no weak side to liberty, Joe. Leave that argument to the cowards and knaves. With the free and brave it won't affect anything. It may be true, though I won't believe it; but if it is, why, let it be so. But I tell you this, son: many free countries have lost

their liberty, and ours may lose hers; but if she shall, let it be our proudest plume, Joe Harvey, not that we were the last to desert, but that we never deserted her!"

As this one idea of love of country and loyalty to the republic—the idea which was foremost in Abraham Lincoln's mind even from his boyhood—found expression in this earnest charge to Joe Harvey, the godson of Lafayette felt the strength and the truth of the young captain's burning words. But his heart sank, even as he mentally applauded Lincoln's glowing words; for, he thought, did not loyalty to Eleazer Williams mean, in some way, disloyalty to the republic? If he followed Eleazer Williams in his dream of power and empire, would not that be deserting the republic? And how could the son of a Revolutioner, the godson of Lafayette, ever be a deserter?

"How would it be, Cap'n Lincoln," he queried, "if a fellow had given a promise and accepted a mission, and then felt he was not acting right in doing so—ought he to run away and go back on his promise, or should he go to the man he had promised, and say right out to him, 'I won't do it!' Should he shirk his duty, or just go to headquarters and have it out, like a man?"

Lincoln looked at the boy shrewdly.

"Ah, ha! the wind's in that quarter, is it?" he said. "What's up with you, Joe? What have you been promising? Is it a secret? Well, I don't ask you to tell it if it is. But my advice is that you go straight to the fellow who's got you to make such a promise, and, as you say, have it out with him, like a man."

"Thank you, cap'n," said Joe; and then he rode on in silence. Lincoln's advice, he felt, was the only honest and true way for him to act, and he decided that he would follow it. He would go straight to Eleazer Williams and confess his change of heart, bid him absolve him from his promise, and let him become what he always meant to be—a true and loyal son of the republic.

It was not an easy thing, however, to go straight to Eleazer Williams at Green Bay. Many miles of dangerous, hostile, and Indian-disturbed country lay between Joe and his patron. But when they came to Dixon's, and Joe had given his "foundling" into the care and protection of old Father Dixon, he bade the captain good-by and, with Daniel Bread, set out on his return trip.

"Good-by, Joe," said Lincoln. "You're a good chap, and I think a heap of you. Let me know some day how you come out in your problem, won't

you? You've got your own way to make; but I know you'll make it all right. I reckon I've got to make mine, too. Duty is duty. Let's both of us do it. These fellows in my company are kicking like steers now. They don't see their duty as I do. They say their time is up; they're tired of soldiering, they say; they didn't enlist, they say, to serve outside of Illinois, and they'll give up and go home rather than cross the border into the Wisconsin country. But my mind's made up, Joe. If they disband and go home, I won't. I came here to fight this thing out, and I'm not going back until it's over, even if I have to 'list as a private and march in the ranks."

And that is just what he did do. For when once Abraham Lincoln saw his duty clearly, he did that duty, no matter what people said or how they acted.

Joe Harvey vowed he would do the same—he believed he saw his duty now, and he determined to do it. So he and Daniel Bread by devious ways and along dangerous trails made their way again toward Chicago, the little straggling lake village that had risen about Fort Dearborn.

They had escaped the Indian raiders of Black Hawk's band, and the equally dangerous, because more lawless, straggling white desperadoes that are the curse of every factional war. But as they rode into the little

village by the lake, the very first person that Joe saw riding down from the fort was the man he had "downed" in Washington — Eleazer Williams's most determined enemy, Colonel Stambaugh, the Indian agent, and, beside the colonel, rode another person whom Joe recognized at once. It was the "crazy Frenchmen," whom he had turned from Mr. Ogden's office in New York, and whom he had played into the hands of Eleazer Williams at Washington, — Maurice Bellenger, — worshipper of Napoleon, hater of the Bourbons, the acknowledged spy upon the actions of Eleazer Williams.

"There are other troubles worse than Injuns," Joe said to himself. But, never faltering, he rode straight toward these enemies of his "patron," who had already seen and recognized him.

CHAPTER XV.

SIMPLY A QUESTION OF DUTY.

“**H**ERE, sir! I know you! Halt, and explain yourself!” the colonel commanded. “What are you doing here, and what’s that Injun doing with you? Where’s the Reverend Williams, your master? Reverend scamp, I call him!”

“It is—it is the Bourbon’s spy, my colonel! It is, *sacre mille tonnerres!*” cried the Frenchman, excitedly. “Now we will know his tricks. It is he shall tell us what he is to do here—here on the Indian war field.”

“Gentlemen,” said Joe, endeavoring to be icily polite but uncommunicative, “my business is my own concern. I do not know what right you have to stop me in a public place.”

“What right!” retorted Colonel Stambaugh, and “what right!” echoed the Frenchman Bellenger, flinging out his hands in characteristic gesture toward the colonel. “Why, boy, the game is mine now. I am in command of the Green Bay district now, and your

tricky friend Eleazer must either show his hand or turn to the woods. The government will have no coquetting with these hostile Injuns now that Black Hawk is on the war-path, and no more Eastern Indians are to be transported here, either by Williams or any one else, boy, — any one else, I said, — to add new complications to this Indian rebellion. Do you see now where my right comes in?"

Well! if that was so it was good-by to the big dream of Eleazer Williams, was Joe's mental comment — and at once, so variable is the boy nature, he began to feel badly for his disappointed patron. But he showed nothing of this in voice or manner. He did not propose to lay his heart bare before these exultant enemies.

"But I don't see how that can affect me, Colonel Stambaugh," he declared, "and I tell you I deny your authority to stop me or question me—you or your funny friend here, who gets as hot under the collar as my old white horse at the Ford, and could give points to the Prophet on how to get crazy, and keep so."

"Funny! crazy, ah, it is a *coquin* — a *miserable* — what you call a ras-cal, this *garçon*, this young pairsonn here," cried the Frenchman, fairly shaking his fist in Joe's defiant face. "Said I not truly he was a spy for that Bourbon El-ezar, my colonel? Shall we not put

him in the *menotte*, — the cuff for the hands, my colonel, — he and his Indian here, and clap them both into the *cachot* — the prison at the fort ? ”

“ Softly, softly, sir,” replied the colonel ; “ I’m afraid the lad’s right about your getting hot under the collar. You trust this to me. So, young Harvey, you don’t see how all this can affect you, eh ? Well, I’ll tell you. I said your friend Eleazer must either show his hand or take to the woods. Now, you’re one of the fingers on his hand, and I propose to open you out. I propose to find out what you are doing — you and your friend the Oneida — out here, altogether too close to Black Hawk’s war-path to be travelling for pleasure. Whose errand have you two been off on — Williams’s ? ”

Joe drew himself up in as dignified a style as possible.

“ I still deny your right to question me, Colonel Stambaugh,” he replied ; “ but to calm your suspicions, I’ll refer you, for your answer, to General Atkinson in command over the border ; to Lieutenant Anderson, the inspector-general of militia ; to Colonel Taylor of the advance, or to Captain Abraham Lincoln in camp at Dixon’s. I have been following the trail with them and have been acting under their orders on special messenger service, as they will tell you, if you ask them.”

“ Oh, ho ! you’ve seen which side of your bread is but-

tered, have you?" said Stambaugh. "Come, that's better. I reckon we'll keep you to that service then. If you're on your way to Green Bay to see Mr. Williams, I reckon you'd best go in my company. I'm bound up that way to-day to recruit the Menominee Indians for service against Black Hawk and his rebels, and if you're so good a friend of the government and have been with the troops so recently, you'll be handy to have along. I am commissioned to call upon all good, law-abiding citizens for help and service; so I think I'll summon you as such. The Menominees are not very good friends of your Eleazer and his New York Indians, you know, and you can show your loyalty by helping me with them rather than lighting the Reverend Eleazer on his path to empire."

Joe was silent a moment. He did not relish this talk of loyalty from Colonel Stambaugh; it had not the tone or the flavor of the same word that Captain Lincoln or Lieutenant Anderson urged upon him. But was it not best to agree? he wondered. To do as the colonel demanded would give him the opportunity he desired to get as speedily as possible to Green Bay and have things out with Mr. Williams; to refuse might bring him into unnecessary trouble, for Colonel Stambaugh just now seemed to be in authority — the man on top, as Joe put it to himself.

"All right, colonel," he said. "I'm ready to accompany you; but not as one under suspicion, I tell you. I've seen too many signs of the horrors of this Indian uprising—in ruined fields and homes and terrified women and children—to find any pleasure in this war. Let's get to Green Bay and help end the thing as soon as we can. Only Injuns against Injuns seems mighty brutal."

"Out on the prairies here, my boy," replied the colonel, in a more friendly tone, "we have to learn how to fight fire with fire, you know. And that's the only way to end this Indian business. The Menominees are friendly, and I'm going to use them, and, if you are friendly, I'm going to use you, too. I'm glad you see your duty; for I tell you, lad," he added in yet more kindly fashion than he had used toward the boy whom he had always considered as "Williams's spy," "I hate to see a bright boy like you on the wrong track, and Eleazer the reverend is as surely on the wrong track as Black Hawk. This Western country is the white man's opportunity, and we don't propose to leave it to Indians who have no means or wish to develop it. That's why I don't believe in Williams and his Indian fetching. Reservations are good enough for Injuns. We'll keep 'em within bounds and so help the white man to improve the land. Come along with me and help."

"Do I go as your aide or your prisoner, colonel?" demanded Joe, looking with a questioning nod toward Bellenger, who had remained uneasily quiet during Stambaugh's talk. "Is it safe to keep company with that firebrand? First I know he may be killing me as a Bourbon spy — whatever that may be; and I do want to keep my head. I've got use for it."

The colonel laughed. He began to like the frank, merry young fellow whom he had looked upon before only as a marplot and a tool of Eleazer Williams.

"You want to learn how to handle firebrands, son," he said; "don't stir 'em up so that they'll set you afire, but use 'em so that they'll be of service to you. Come along; I'll see that our excitable friend don't tread on your toes too often. I've use for him, too, among some of the French Injuns and voyageurs."

Thus were Joe Harvey and his Oneida friend added to Colonel Stambaugh's "staff," and that very day went northward through Mil-wa-kee along the lake shore to Green Bay and the country of the friendly Menominees, sworn foes to the hostile Sacs.

Almost as hostile and quite as ill assorted as Menominee and Sac was this northward-bound "staff"; for each one was uncertain of the other, watchful against possible defections or complications, and constantly on guard. The colonel was not sure of Joe, and

Joe was dubious as to the intentions of the colonel; the peppery Frenchman was smothering his fires of wrath against the "Bourbon spy," while Joe was ever on his guard against a possible French outburst, and Colonel Stambaugh felt that to manage the two was like handling fire and tow. As for Daniel Bread, the Oneida, he was distrusted by each and all of them; for even Joe could not know just how far the Indian would resent his intentions with reference to Eleazer Williams, which were known or at least suspected by the faithful Daniel.

So, with an apparent surface of friendship, but with suspicion in their hearts, the four pushed on to Green Bay. All through the Menominee country which they traversed — practically the whole southern part of what is now Wisconsin, from Green Bay to the Illinois line — there were signs of gathering and councils among the red enemies of Black Hawk and his Sacs. And when at last the little French and half-breed settlement at what might be called the bottom of the pocket of Lake Michigan, then known as "Shantytown," was reached, the space about Fort Howard and what is now, across the river, the town of Green Bay, was filled with a concourse of friendly Indians gathered to meet the white chief who had summoned them for the war-path.

It was much like the gathering of war-like redmen that Joe had seen at the camp of Black Hawk in the

Prophet's town — a noisy, nondescript assemblage of wild Indians, young and old, women and papposes, war chiefs and bucks. A detachment of soldiers from the fort had marched out to meet the commissioner, and with this military escort, amid throngs of welcoming and shouting Menominees, Joe Harvey entered upon what he had for months looked forward to as the gateway to his kingdom — the trading-post of Green Bay.

It was scarcely the fulfilment that he had looked forward to since first, beside the shallow Brandywine, he had dreamed of the great and glorious opportunity with which Eleazer Williams had lured him from his home. A primitive frontier fort garrisoned by soldiers of the United States, and guarding the entrance to the river; across the stream an even more primitive frontier village, so humble and unattractive as to be called "Shantytown," half-breed families, a few broken-down French voyageurs, a few decrepit old trading-houses tottering on the river bank, the ruins of the old Langlade "mansion," once the home of the Sieur de Langlade, lord of the manor in the former days of French supremacy; a tumble-down old grist mill, and other antiquated relics of Pontiac's conspiracy; a horde of shouting, wild Indians, haters of Black Hawk and of the Eastern redmen who were to be the "sinew" of the Indian empire,

—none of those promised Eastern warriors, and no Eleazer Williams in sight,—this was what greeted Joseph Lafayette Harvey as he entered, half-prisoner and half-renegade, into the confines of Green Bay, the seat of his promised empire!

But where was Eleazer Williams? Why was he not at hand to greet his returning embassy, upon whose triumphant home-coming he had based his coveted league with Black Hawk and his band? Joe was wofully disappointed. He was about to say as much to Daniel Bread, who rode beside him, when a low note of warning from that disgruntled companion-in-arms caused the boy to follow his watchful glance, and Joe recognized, amid the mingled throng of half-breeds, French, and Indians, the unobtrusive figure of Cornelius Bear, the other Oneida "counsellor" of Eleazer Williams. Evidently he, too, was in no haste to shout his welcome.

There was a temporary bit of confusion and excitement as Colonel Stambaugh greeted certain officers from Fort Howard who came out to meet him, and as Oshkosh, the young war chief of the Menominees, with a half-dozen red warriors of his tribe, gathered about the colonel.

"Quick, boy! follow us," said Daniel Bread, in a half-whisper, as, turning his pony about, he stepped

around the crowd and followed the withdrawing figure of Cornelius Bear. "I go to find my brother Williams."

Joe needed no second warning to effect his escape from his half-captivity. He, too, turned his pony about and followed the Oneida. But only for a moment did he avoid detection, for, just as, answering a word and a look from Daniel Bread, Cornelius Bear sprang to the pony's back behind his brother Oneida, and just as Joe had pressed forward to join them, he heard a loud call from the throng he had left, and, glancing back, he saw the Frenchman Bellenger in full pursuit.

"*Arrêtez ! arrêtez !*" came his shrill cry. But neither Joe nor the two Oneidas proposed to "*arrêtez.*" They were determined to join the Reverend Eleazer at once, wherever he might be, and, with redoubled vigor, they galloped away from the throng before the fort.

Evidently there was too much going on between Colonel Stambaugh, the officers, and the Indian chiefs to notice their sudden secession from the colonel's "staff." Only the Frenchman pursued them. Then it was that a brilliant plan flashed into Joe's mind. It came to him as a master-stroke, and, heedless of consequences as he had ever been when action seemed desirable, he drew rein at once and bade the Oneidas do so too.

"Be ready to help me, brothers," he said. "We'll put a stop to Mr. Bellenger's fun."

He wheeled about, and advanced to meet the Frenchman.

"What's the matter, sir?" he inquired innocently. "Have we forgotten anything?"

"Forgotten!" exclaimed the excitable Frenchman, riding in between the two ponies. "*Ma foi*, it is yourselves—youselfes, *canaille*, that is forgotten by you. Come back to the colonel! He has need of you."

"As we have of you, Mr. Bellenger," said Joe, and, with a swift movement, he flung an arm about the Frenchman's neck, and fairly forced him from his saddle. "Daniel, hoist our friend up in front of me, that's it; now you borrow his horse and let Cornelius Bear keep yours. You ride on one side, and, Cornelius, you ride on the other. Now, sir," and his sturdy young arm fairly pinned Bellenger to the seat in front of him where the Oneida had hoisted him up, "don't you squirm; and don't you holler, or it will be worse for you. We need you badly. Mr. Williams will want to have a talk with you, and the colonel will have to spare you. Off we go, now! Ride fast, my brothers, and go straight to Mr. Williams's house."

Then the three mounts galloped swiftly along the road southward from Green Bay, while the Frenchman,

fearing for his life from these desperate kidnappers, silenced his vigorous protests as one who understood that, in this case, discretion was the better part of valor.

Over the road that skirted the banks of the Fox River they galloped hard, and finally, beyond the rapids, saw the small group of houses that made the settlement of Little Kakaulin, ten miles from Fort Howard and the Bay.

"There lives our brother Williams," announced Cornelius Bear; "and there he waits to meet you."

Before a modest little frame house, not far from the river, Cornelius Bear drew rein, and almost before Joe had time to choose his words of explanation the door opened and Eleazer Williams came from the house.

"So you are back at last, Joseph," he said. "Come in, son, and report. You are welcome to Little Kakaulin. Cornelius, see to the horses. You and Daniel have had a long trip, Joe, and I fear to no purpose. But who could have thought that Black Hawk would have acted so swiftly."

"Mr. Williams," said Joe, bidding his French prisoner dismount, "we have brought one against his will, who would have harmed you had he stayed behind—Mr. Bellenger, whom you met in Washington."

"Ah, my French friend who was with Colonel

Stambaugh," said William. "I bid you welcome, sir. And how is the colonel?"

"I protest, sare," cried the Frenchman, finding his voice. "I have been enforced—what you call kid-a-nap—by this *garçon* of yours. My colonel will punish you, sare, and he—this *garçon*, sare—he shall be hanged on a *déserteur*, *le scélérat*, ze—*coquin*—how you call it—ras-cal."

"Oh, my dear sir," said Williams, taking the Frenchman's unwilling hand, "not as bad as all that, I hope. Joseph is hasty, perhaps, but not bad. He is faithful. He knew I would wish to see you, as I do. Will you honor me, sir? Pray enter my poor house."

But Joe stopped him upon the threshold.

"Mr. Williams," he said, "my word is passed to Colonel Stambaugh. I must return to him, or I may be what the Frenchman says—a deserter. This Mr. Bellenger is a fiery chap, and may do you harm if he is at large. I leave him with you. But as for me, I must return. See, sir, here is your money—what is left of it after our expenses. It was right that I should see you and report that our mission was useless. Black Hawk sent you the red wampum—the token of war—war, Mr. Williams, against the United States whose loyal son I am. I will be no party to reason, and your way, into which you would force

me, is, I now see, treason to the republic. I will not be mixed up in it. I am my father's son, and he fought for independence. I bear the name of Lafayette, and he helped the republic to freedom. I will not do anything against the republic, even if your way should lead to glory and power. I am through with you. Good-by, sir, and look out for yourself. You have powerful enemies."

Across the swarthy features of the man who is still an American mystery, surprise, anger, fear, and cunning followed each other in quick succession. Motioning to Daniel Bread to conduct the Frenchman into the house before Joe's speech of renunciation was completed, Williams advanced to the boy and laid a hand upon his arm. Joe would have flung it off and fled out of temptation and along the road to the fort, but his "patron" prevented him.

"And where should you go for the truth, Joseph, — to my enemies?" demanded the Reverend Eleazer. "It is from me, from me who has never deceived you, that you should hear the truth. I have shared with you my secret thoughts, son," he added, as, linking his arm into that of the boy, he led Joe down to the river bank, and, beneath the great oaks, proceeded to undo the lessons that Joe had learned through the experiences of his wandering.

"I have shared my secret thoughts, my noblest desires, with you," he repeated; "and behold! when things go wrong or false friends counsel him, Joseph, my son, upon whom I depended, deserts me! It is the way of the world, dear lad," he added, pathetically, "and I ought not to be surprised. But I did not look for it from you, Joe; I did not look for it from you."

"I'm sure I don't want to misjudge you, sir," said Joe, touched by the man's words; "but see how things have all come out. I very nearly lost my life, and was really arrested twice for taking your message to Black Hawk. Instead of peace, the chief has rushed into war, and is murdering and scalping all over the territory. Instead of the great union of the Western Indians you promised, the tribes are all at swords' points, trying to cut each other's throats. The Eastern Indians are not to come here, as you said they should. Colonel Stambaugh says they shall never come. And, worse than all, men whom I have learned to trust and believe say that you are plotting to work against the best interest and the real safety of the United States by joining the Indians in a rebellious and bloody league, and that, if I go with you, I shall be a traitor and an enemy of the republic."

"Who said all that, Joe?" demanded Williams.

"Why, Governor Cass said so at Detroit, and so does Colonel Stambaugh," Joe replied.

"Two men who hate me, because they are my bitter rivals, and are angry at my hold over the Indians, who have learned to trust me," said the missionary.

"General Atkinson said so, too, at Fort Armstrong," the boy continued, "and so did Colonel Taylor and Lieutenant Anderson."

"Army men who want the Indians hunted down, and know no law but that of the cruel service to which they are slaves," Williams declared.

"And Captain Lincoln said so," said Joe. "He's no army man."

"Lincoln — what Lincoln? I don't know him. Who is he?" queried Williams.

"He's captain of the Sangamon company in the militia," explained Joe. "He's been brought up among these people and knows a lot."

"A frontiersman who believes nothing but lies about the Indians, and can't see any good in them," said Williams.

"Well, he's a good man," protested Joe. "He saved Daniel Bread's life," and then he hastily told how.

"Well-meaning; but an ignorant fellow, as are all these rough frontiersmen," Eleazer Williams declared,

as he listened to the tale. "What can he or any of these men know of my beneficent plans, which include not only the well-being of these Indians, but the protection and comfort of this savage border-land? Nothing, I tell you, Joe; nothing. And as to your being a traitor and a foe to the republic, son—have you no faith in me that you listen to such senseless chatter? I, only, am the friend of the republic; they are the real foes, for they would harm and cripple their country. Had I not been hampered and persecuted by such men as Cass and Stambaugh, who think only of their own selfish interests, I would even now have my Eastern Indians here, and my grand plan of union would be in force, to the real benefit of the republic.

"But," he continued, "I compel no man, Joe Harvey, certainly no bright boy like you, who has so high a sense of duty and should know me better than to think me a traitor and a schemer. Go back to your colonel, son. If you believe Stambaugh and do not trust me, go back to him at the fort, and leave me in sorrow and in sadness to do my work alone, and to sigh over the loss of him upon whom I looked as the one faithful comrade I had made, for whose brilliant future I had planned, as the sharer of my successes and the companion of my day of triumph. Go, Joe; I would not seek to hold you. See! I give you back your promise. You are free."

He turned away, and walked slowly back to his house, leaving Joe beneath the oaks torn by conflicting thoughts. Things did sound so differently, the boy decided, when different people said them.

Suddenly Eleazer Williams turned about and came back to the lad.

"A canoe is just going down the river, Joe," he said. "Jean, the old voyageur, is taking some vegetables down to the fort. I'll hail him and ask him to take you back. And here's your money, Joe. I shall not keep it. I ask no man to serve me, empty-handed. You did faithful work for me while you trusted me. This is but your well-earned wages. Keep it, and try to think better of me. Wait here, and I'll have Pierre take you in. Good-by, son, and God bless you! Some day you will see how right I was and be sorry for your lack of faith in me."

Again he turned and walked away, while Joe, with the money in his hand, looked at it and at the patron he was deserting.

For, spite of his decision to go back and keep his word to Colonel Stambaugh, Joe felt that it was a desertion. He felt mean and sorry over his action, and began to believe that he alone was in the wrong and that Mr. Williams was right. But he must go back to the fort.

The old voyageur came floating down the stream. He hailed the boy on the bank and shot his canoe in beside him, bidding him come aboard.

"Mestair Villiams, he say you go to the fort wiz me, *garçon*," he said. "*Arrechez!* come along. I must go wizout ze long air wait."

Mechanically Joe stepped into the frail craft, and dropping to the bottom of the canoe, was soon shooting down the river.

The old voyageur was not a talkative companion, and Joe had plenty of time for thought. He felt that he was turning his back upon the great opportunity of his life. But why did Mr. Williams let him off so easily, he wondered. He had expected a tussle, bitter words, perhaps; certainly, harsher language than had been given him. Perhaps he was all wrong in his thoughts and actions; but "I'd rather make a mistake than be a traitor," he declared to himself.

"Ah! I am forgetting," the old voyageur said at last, breaking in upon Joe's unsatisfactory reveries. "He bid me tell you, ze boy, zat you ask ze comandant, ze agent Colonel Stamboo, is it not, zat he would speak wiz him. He would talk about ze Menominees, and how zay be kept quiet."

Joe nodded.

"But will they be quiet?" he queried. "They are

here to go on the war-path against Black Hawk. What can Mr. Williams do?"

The old voyageur shrugged his shoulders in non-committal fashion. Then he pointed his paddle straight at Joe, in direct query.

"See here, boy," he said; "how long you know M'sieu Villiams?"

"Oh," replied Joe, "a few months."

The voyageur shrugged his shoulders once more, dipped his paddle for a few vigorous strokes, and then pointed it straight at Joe again, this time with a gesture of conviction.

"Few mont's! *eh, bien,*" he said, "vat es few mont's, *garçon*? I know M'sieu Villiams, two, three—eight year. He ver' smart man. You think Injuns, Yankees, any one get ahead of M'sieu Villiams? Nevare! He have it all his vay, 'fore you vake up some fine mornin'. Those Injuns all do vat he say."

"You don't mean he'd fool 'em, cheat 'em, do you?" queried Joe, somewhat at a loss to give the voyageur's assertion a meaning.

"How you call it—fool—oh, cheat 'em? Him?" replied the old man. "Listen, *garçon*. It not so easy to cheat Injun. He got eyes, ears, he see all. Me? I try it; I try it twenty, thirty years, and I never do it yet."

"Well, how's Mr. Williams going to get the best of 'em then?"

For answer the old trader and voyageur only plied his paddle dexterously, and once more gave his non-committal shrug.

"You watch out, boy," he said. "M'sieu Villiams do it yet, I say. He is monstrous smart."

And not another word of explanation would he give.

They speedily reached the fort, and Joe at once proceeded to hunt up Colonel Stambaugh. He saw him soon, still in consultation with Oshkosh, the Menominee, and his chiefs.

"Hullo, Harvey!" cried the colonel. "You're around, are you? I thought you'd taken leg bail. Where is Bellenger? What you done with him?"

Joe Harvey had clean forgotten his kidnapped Frenchman. From the excitement of his interview and farewells at Eleazer Williams's home, he had come away so filled with worrying thoughts that he never remembered that he might be held responsible for Bellenger and his doings.

"Why, sir," he replied, startled into one of his customary direct replies, "I—I left him with Mr. Williams. Whew! won't he be hopping mad!"

CHAPTER XVI.

JOE HARVEY SEES THE LIGHT.

THE colonel strode out from his redskin council and caught the boy by the shoulders.

"Mad! I should say so!" he exclaimed. "But what about me? Have you been playing me false, boy? Have you been making your spy report to that sneak of a Williams?"

"Colonel Stambaugh!" cried Joe, "you have no right to say that to me, sir; I am no spy. I have made no report nor have I said a word as to your actions. I saw Mr. Williams and demanded that he release me from my promise. I will be honorable, even if I do back out from my agreement. And he treated me like a gentleman, he did. He said to me, 'God bless you and good-by,' and did not try to force me to stay."

"He said God bless you, and good-by, and did not try to force you to stay?" the colonel repeated mechanically. "He didn't try to worm any secrets out of you or get you to block my plans? Why, what's come over the Reverend Eleazer? He's either sick, or crazy, or is

playing some low-down game. What did he keep Bellenger for? Did he send you word to kidnap the Frenchman?"

"No, sir; that was my doing, just to keep him quiet," Joe replied. "He was trying to force us back to the front, and I settled him by taking him with us,—and then forgot him."

"Hm," grunted the colonel; "then the old rat thinks Bellenger is better game than you are, I reckon. He'll work him into some scheme, see if he doesn't. You have to get up early in the morning to get ahead of Eleazer Williams. He's a mighty smart chap, as I've found out more than once. You just want to watch out for Eleazer, boy."

It was the same declaration that the old voyageur had made. Joe wondered what they meant. Then he remembered Mr. Williams's message.

"Oh, colonel," he said, "Mr. Williams sent word to me by the boatman who paddled me down the river that he wished to talk with you about these Menominees."

"Ah ha! he did, did he? The wind's in that quarter, is it?" said the colonel. "I thought he had some kind of a plan, he let you off so easily. Don't you see through it, boy? He's used you all he can; he's come to the end of his rope, and he wants to make terms with

me. You can't do him any good at the Little Kakaulin; but you can do him good here at the fort. So he lets you come away and then sends a message by you as if it were an afterthought. Yes, yes; he's a smart one, I tell you. But I'm up to him. I've got the whip handle, and it's my turn now. Watch out, Eleazer; watch out! I've got my eye on you."

Joe resented the colonel's inference that Eleazer Williams, having come upon a disastrous turn in his affairs, had no further use for his young associate, and was quite ready to drop him, while seeming to make the reason for the break the boy's desertion rather than his own desire to be rid of him. But Joe Harvey was slowly learning the ways of the world, and had already discovered that man's selfishness was at the bottom of most of man's doings, though it was often misnamed duty, patriotism, or right. It is so hard, sometimes, for well-intentioned people to separate the good from the bad, where both seem to wear the same expression of countenance.

He did not answer Colonel Stambaugh, however. When men have fixed opinions, it is useless for a boy to combat them. And Joe knew that Colonel Stambaugh had no faith in Eleazer Williams.

"I'll watch out myself," he said to himself; "but I'll watch both sides of the fence."

"What can I do, colonel, to show my willingness?" he inquired. "Or am I a prisoner, sir?"

"I suppose I ought to hold you as hostage for Bel-lenger, Joe," laughed the colonel. "After kidnapping that flaring firebrand and then clean forgetting him, the least you can do is to bring him back. Go back to Little Kakaulin, lad, and release him."

"But that will bring me under Mr. Williams's influence again, sir," said Joe, slyly; "and you say that is the worst thing that could happen."

"Ah! but you're getting your eyes opened, Joe," said the colonel. "You're no longer a blind young cub; you're beginning to see things. I'll make a test of you. If you can stand against Eleazer Williams's wiles, you're all right; if you can't—then you're no good to any one. But if you really wish to serve your country and prove your new devotion, go up to see Williams,—and see him, Joe!"

"See him?" queried the boy, not altogether fathoming the meaning of the colonel's emphasis.

"Yes, see him," echoed the colonel. "S—e—e him. That means, see what you can and all that you can; hear all that you can and find out more, and then let me know all you've seen and heard and found."

"Do you mean, colonel," said Joe, slowly, as the

meaning of his mission dawned upon him, "that you want me to play the spy on Mr. Williams?"

"Did I say spy, boy?" demanded the colonel.

"No; but I think you meant it, sir," Joe replied, "and a spy I will not be. I'll do anything, sir, but that. Mr. Williams has been a good friend to me, and to play false with him would not be honorable. My father told me they used to hang spies in the Revolution—and served 'em right."

"That depends what side they were on, Joe," said the colonel. "It was right for us to hang British spies, like André; but the spies who worked for the Americans, as Nathan Hale did, were heroes. Can't you see that between the two there is a great gulf?"

"No, I can't, sir," replied honest Joe. "A spy is a spy, and I'll never be one,—especially on a man who has done so much for me as Mr. Williams."

"Stuff and nonsense, boy!" cried Colonel Stambaugh; "a lot he's done for you, if your story is true. He lured you from your home and your duty there with the bait of glittering promises and a most unsubstantial dream of riches, position, and power. Has one of these been fulfilled? Not one. Here you are, far away from your home, cast off by Williams and suspected by your own people. Why, there isn't another officer in the service who would do what I

am doing with you. No, sir; they'd hustle you off to the guard-house, or drum you out of camp as a suspect. If you think you are owing anything to Eleazer Williams but harm, you're not the far-seeing boy I take you for. If you think you owe nothing to me, as a representative of the government, who really ought to punish or imprison you, then you haven't a clear idea of gratitude. Do you mean to fail me?"

"No, sir, I don't," replied Joe, remorseful and yet determined. "I am grateful to you, Colonel Stambaugh, but I can't be a spy, sir. Please don't make me one."

The colonel swung on his heel as if he would leave the boy to his own stubbornness. Then he faced Joe again with a laugh.

"Hanged if I don't honor you for your convictions! you good-for-nothing piece of blundering persistency," he said. "I ought to make you do as I say, or lock you up as a matter of discipline, Joe. But I won't do either. Here! I'll give you a mount, and do you ride up to Little Kakaulin. Bring that Frenchman Bellenger back with you and tell Mr. Williams I have neither time nor inclination to see him just now. The government has decided about his Injuns — so you can tell the Reverend Eleazer. I have despatches that tell me that. Tell him that the commissioner of Indian affairs will let

no more of the New York Indians come this way. Those who are here will be placed on a reservation, eight miles by twelve, on the banks of Lake Winnebago, or on another, twelve miles square, on Duck Creek, as the Senate may decide. That's all the stock the government takes in Brother Williams's scheme. And much good may it do his reverence! As for the Menominees, I have the word of their chief, Oshkosh. They will follow my lead to the war with Black Hawk, and if we don't finish up that old rebel pretty quick and put an end to all this talk of an Indian league or an Indian confederacy, then my name is not Stambaugh. My compliments to Mr. Eleazer Williams, and tell him it's my turn now. My advice to him is to crawl into a hole and pull the hole in after him. The United States has no use for him, and I don't believe the Indians have either. Go to the mess-tent, Joe, and get something to eat. Then report to me, and I'll give you a mount to Little Kakaulin. See that I have Bellenger back to-day. I've got use for him."

Joe sought the mess-tent as directed and ate a hasty but very thoughtful meal. He felt that Colonel Stambaugh had pronounced the death-warrant of the great dream of Eleazer Williams. Was not it also the death-warrant of Joseph Lafayette Harvey's dreams? All that he had left home for, all that he had lived and

labored for, was cast down in defeat. Well, at any rate, he had not waited for the catastrophe before seeing his duty and doing it. No one could charge him with being false to the republic, and as for his vanished dream — pouf! good-by! He wasn't any kind of a go-ahead American boy, if he couldn't win a name and success some other way. He remembered something from his reading book at school: —

“ 'Tis not in mortals to command success ;
But we'll do more, Sempronius ; we'll deserve it.”

Joe Harvey was bound that he would deserve success ; he was not at all sure but that, somehow, somewhere, he would put himself into position to command it, too. A little thing like that never staggers a wide-awake American boy.

He found the horse in readiness, and once again he pushed up the river road from the fort at Green Bay to Little Kakaulin, with some misgivings, it must be confessed, wide-awake and go-ahead though he was ; he dismounted before the house of Eleazer Williams. Somehow or other things do not always look the same when you anticipate them as when you really face them. But here was Joe Harvey's opportunity to “command success.” Could he? he wondered.

A pleasant-faced young woman opened the door.

It was Mary Jourdain—the pretty but uneducated half-breed wife of the man who, years after, was to boldly claim the throne of France, and declare that his young Indian wife (she was but little more than one-third his age) was a blood relation of the kings of France.

This royal descent was, however, unsuspected and unknown when the door opened to Joe Harvey at Little Kakaulin, and Mrs. Williams greeted him with a smile of inquiry.

“Mistair Williams?” she said, as Joe stated his wishes. “He is busy over some writings that have come to him. Who is it would see him?”

Joe gave his name.

“Ah, so! You are Mistair Joseph—the young boy he has talked of?” said the missionary’s wife. “He is saying you have cut him to the heart. Are you, perhaps, of the Sacs who are on the war-path, and have a knife in your sleeve? I think it not possible. So come you in. I will tell Mistair Williams.”

She ushered him in with a smile that certainly did not look like a welcome to an assassin, and Joe soon stood face to face with his former patron and chief.

“Ah, it is you, Joseph!” said the missionary. “And why? Have you thought better of your decision? Have you come again to join your fortunes to those

of the man who loves you like a son? I fear it is too late, my boy. This miserable war into which Black Hawk has plunged the border has set my plans back sadly, and I must delay the fulfilment of the dream we had together by the side of your storied Brandywine."

"I know it, sir," replied Joe. "Colonel Stambaugh bade me give you the latest word he had from the government. He says the Eastern Indians will not be permitted to come here to you." And then Joe gave to Mr. Williams the message from the colonel.

"I have heard it, too, Joe," Mr. Williams said, as Joe concluded. "Our friend Mr. Ogden, whom you remember in New York, has sent me secret copies of the treaty which is to be made with the Menominees, to purchase their help in this war on Black Hawk. Listen; I will read it to you." And he read from the papers he held in his hand:—

"‘The Menominee tribe of Indians declare themselves the friends and allies of the United States, under whose paternal care and protection they desire to continue,’—that’s some of Stambaugh’s sly work, I know,—‘and though always protesting that they are under no obligation to recognize any claim of the New York Indians to any portion of their country; that they neither sold nor received any value for the

lands claimed by these tribes' — No value! for what, then, was the fifteen hundred dollars I paid them long ago? For that they ceded to my Indians a right in common to the whole of their lands! — 'claimed by these tribes, yet at the solicitation of their Great Father, the President of the United States, and as an evidence of their love and veneration for him, they agree that such of the land described, being within the following boundaries, as he may direct, may be set apart as a home to the several tribes of the New York Indians, who may remove to and settle upon the same within three years from the date of this agreement.' And then it goes on to say just how much land we are to get — just about what your dear Colonel Stambaugh, in such gentle language, announced to me through you, Joseph, my late associate — may the father of lies fly away with him! Watch out for him, Joe; he's not to be trusted!"

"That means, I suppose, sir," said Joe, feeling, in spite of himself, a deep sympathy for the man whose great plans were thus effectually blocked, "that you'll have no good place to bring your Iroquois to, even if they wanted to come. That does seem kind of rough."

"Rough, Joseph? It is brutal!" said Williams, shaking his head sadly. "But listen to this. Mr.

Ogden writes me: 'I understand that even this concession to the New York Indians is to be made valueless by a clause permitting the grant to your Indians to be submitted to them for approval. And if they will not accept it,'—which of course they will not, Joe; it's not what they have expected,—'if they refuse to accept and remove to the lands set apart for them,' so Mr. Ogden writes me, 'then the President will be requested by the chiefs of the Menominees to remove the New York Indians at once from their country. That looks like good-by to our land scheme, Brother Williams,' he adds—as if I had any such sordid interest as a land scheme in all this matter—I, who, for twenty years, have been nourishing and advancing this great plan for the improvement of the Indians and the establishment of the Gospel in all these Western lands!"

"And your empire, sir?" queried Joe. "Does not this treaty put an end to it all?"

"Joseph, my son," replied Eleazer Williams, drawing himself up as with a pride of conscious superiority over governments, treaties, agents, and chiefs, "the value of true royalty is in its ability to rise superior to all obstacles. You and you alone know my secret. Not even my own wife—whose family, too, I believe is royal—knows what you do. Will you swear to me

secrecy on that point, Joe Harvey? I told it to you in confidence; will you keep my confidence?"

"About your being the king of France, sir?" queried Joe, almost too unimpressively, Mr. Williams thought.

"Of course, of course; what else could I mean?" he replied almost testily. "Sometimes, Joe, I think your wits are wandering. Evil communications corrupt good manners, son, you know, and you've been so much lately with persons who have not my royal though unacknowledged standing that I fear you have suffered in your associations with your Lincolns and Taylors and Andersons and their like. But do you promise to keep my secret until I give you leave to speak?"

"Why, certainly, sir. I have never spoken a word of it since that day you whispered it to me from the one-horse shay," Joe assured him. "Fact is, sir," he confessed, "I haven't thought much about it. These other things seemed more important."

"More important! What? This herding with red savages, this living in miserable cabins, when my right is a palace and a throne?" cried Eleazer, carried away by his own observations. "Joe Harvey, do you suppose I think for a minute of all this miserable business, save as a stepping-stone to higher things? I am the Dauphin—a prince of the blood; I am the

rightful King of France; what value to me is all this farce of teaching Injuns and preaching a brotherhood in which I do not believe, save as it proves the way to getting back my rights, both royal and divine? But let my enemies tremble! Even the smallest and meanest of things I will use to my own benefit. Let the government of the United States and its tool Stambaugh hamper me all they may. I am still superior. Let them take from my faithful Indians the rights that belong to them. I can wait. It shall all be mine in time. Here are a few who will remain true to me. I will hold them together. I will train them in leadership. Then, when all is ready, and this war with Black Hawk—which can only end in his defeat—has cowed all these Western Indians into a submission founded upon rage and hatred; lo! like another Moses I will lead my faithful ones out from their prison of a reservation. I will preach a new crusade to the unsettled tribes of the West; together will we spoil the Egyptians, and the power in which I promised you a part shall be mine at last, when, with France as my heritage and England as my ally, this pitiable republic shall go down in destruction, and the Corsican's dream of an American kingdom ruled by a Bourbon shall be made fact by me—by me, Eleazer Williams—the new Louis of France!”

The sweep of the man's overwhelming confidence, emphasized into a spirit of bravado by the apparent ruin of his plans and by his anger at the summary success of his enemies, had led him farther than his caution usually carried him; while his belief in his own abilities as organizer and leader gave to his vamping and unthinking words the last thrust that was needed to open the eyes of young Joseph Harvey.

"Why, but that is treason, Mr. Williams!" he cried. "You wouldn't overthrow the United States, would you?"

"Does a man stop to consider sentiment, boy, when that or any other foolish affair blocks the path to empire? Did Alexander, or Cæsar, or Napoleon, the Corsican, all of whom had less to build upon than have I — the Moses of the Indians this republic has so juggled and deceived? Napoleon won the throne of France. Why should not I, with better means at hand than had he, carry out on this continent the plans he had in view? Why, Joe, — here, where is that Frenchman?" He darted from the room an instant, and returned, fairly dragging in the unresisting Bellenger.

"Here, monsieur, tell this boy what you have told me of Napoleon's scheme. Yes, yes; go on, it is safe. He is to be trusted."

"It was after Wagram," said the veteran of Napo-

leon's wars. "I was sentry at the tent of my emperor. 'The world shall be mine,' I heard him say to Duroc. 'Prussia, Austria, Italy, Russia—where are they? In my grasp. There, too, shall England be. I will strike her through India and in America, and when the New World is mine I will carve out of the United States and of Canada—which were once and shall again be French—a vassal kingdom for some son of King Louis—some Bourbon prince to whom it belongs of right.'"

Such was the story that, in his imperfect English, the worshipper of Napoleon told to the American lad.

"Huh! he couldn't have done it," cried Joe, contemptuously; "we would never let him conquer us."

"My emperor knew no such words as 'could not,' boy," said Bellenger. "He would have been emperor of the world but for traitors, false friends, and the perfidious English."

"And I will succeed to his unfinished plans," said Eleazer Williams, keyed to his highest pitch of overconfidence. "I am here; I am of the Bourbons; I am the heir to this empire, and it shall be mine. Of course," he said, with a forced laugh, as Joe turned upon him a look of wonder, "that is but just my talk, Joe. Monsieur Bellenger knows what I mean. He knows I have French blood in my veins, and he

knows that every Frenchman — whether Napoleon or the Bourbon is his king — hopes to see, at some day, these lands that once belonged to France back under her eagles once more.”

Joe felt that he must quickly remove himself from this atmosphere of treason to the Union, or he might forget his earnest words to Colonel Stambaugh and act the spy, after all.

“Come, Mr. Bellenger,” he said. “Colonel Stambaugh told me to bring you back to him. He has need of you.”

“Ah, so! and is it with you, *coquin*, thief, kid-a-napper, that I return?” demurred the Frenchman, remembering with rage the indignities that had been offered him. “It is better here; here are Frenchmen and not those miserable Yankees who know not the honor of a soldier of Napoleon. Here I stay.”

“All right,” said Joe, with the shrug he had learned from his French surroundings. “That’s your affair. I’ve given you the colonel’s message. Only, if you stay here talking treason, you know what the colonel is. He’ll make things hot for you.”

“Pst! that for you and your colonel,” cried the Frenchman, snapping his fingers. “I am talking with M’sieu Villiams now. It is not your business.”

“You’d best go with the lad, monsieur,” Williams

advised, recalling his present weakened condition and wishing to be freed from this new retainer. "We will talk of our matters later; but now it is not advisable, and you are better at the fort than here."

Joe gave the two a quick, shrewd look. "Is this a new conspiracy?" he wondered.

So, back with him to the fort, rode Bellenger. But the relations were still strained between the two, and they had few words. Only once did Joe put a question.

"Mr. Bellenger," he said, "what did Mr. Williams say when you told him that fairy story about Napoleon?"

"Fairy story, *garçon*? It was the truth I tell," the Frenchman replied, "and M'sieu Villiams, he believed it like one *gentilhomme*. 'Ah ha!' he say; 'it may yet be done, my friend. The French did not die out with our emperor; there are still Bourbons in the world.'"

"Hm!" It was Joe's only word, and then he relapsed into revery. Had Eleazer Williams, he wondered, through all the years of his scheming, been really plotting treason? Had he, through the months they had been together, been but training him, Joe Harvey, to be but a tool in his plots and schemes against the honor and glory of the republic. It was

well he had discovered them in time. He thanked his lucky stars that he had found friends who had helped him see the light before it was too late. He wondered how much he ought to repeat to Colonel Stambaugh. It was one thing to be a spy; it was quite another to be watchful against the foes of the republic.

Just how he would have decided cannot be determined, for he wavered from one decision to another. But, before the fort was halfway reached, Joe and his comrade met, face to face, Daniel Bread, Cornelius Bear, and a dozen or more of the Christian Oneidas who were supposed to be on their temporary reservations at Duck Creek.

"Ha, boy! ho, brother!" cried Daniel Bread. "Come back! you shall come back with us. You know this man who said he was our leader and our friend! He has deceived and tricked us. Come with us, that you, who are no Indian, may hear and write in your heart the words we would say to him."

"Why, Daniel, what's the matter?" said Joe; "you are Mr. Williams's faithful friends, or so he says; upon you he depends to carry out his plans. He has but just told me he will be your Moses and lead you into your Promised Land."

"Moses? He is no Moses!" returned the usually contained Oneida, now evidently roused to some deep

determination and anger. "He is Judas; he is our betrayer. Come! you shall hear our words."

The Oneidas, indeed, would take no refusal. So Joe begged Bellenger to go to the fort without him and report to the colonel that he had returned to Little Kakaulin with the Oneidas and that he feared there was trouble brewing for Eleazer Williams.

CHAPTER XVII.

A FALLEN MOSES.

AS he rode back once more to Little Kakaulin, Joe made several attempts to learn from Daniel Bread just what had occurred to thus rouse his indignation against his former leader and chief. But the young Oneida would give no explanation save to say that he had seen Colonel Stambaugh, and that they had been deceived.

Never since the day when, in the Prophet's town, by the rapids of the Rock, the Christian Oneida had taken the red wampum and almost dropped back into the savagery of paganism, had Joe seen him so excited.

"It's not going to be a real pleasant day for Eleazer Williams, I reckon," Joe said to himself, and then rode on in silence.

The Indian delegation proceeded straight to the house at Little Kakaulin.

"Ho! El-ezar; El-ezar Williams! come out tò us!" rang out the summons of Daniel Bread, as he smote on the closed door with his open palm.

The door swung open, and Eleazer Williams stood framed within it — clean-shaven, smiling, effusive, as was his wont.

“Ho, ho, my brothers!” he said. “You are welcome to the lodge of the chief of the Mohawks. What would you —”

But Daniel Bread broke in upon these words of welcome.

“Ho, son of Konante-wanteta!” he said, “and who made you a chief of the Mohawks? Did not we and our fathers who have known you since the day, many moons since, when your mother bore you in the lodge on Horicon? You, whom the black-coats taught in their schools, have taught us; but what has come from their teaching? We who trusted you have been deceived. Out of our homes in the East you have led us; you have promised us land and lodges, peace and power, here among the forests and lakes and rivers of Ka-ni-ga, which you called our land of promise. Where are the lands, where the lodges that were to be ours? You have lied to us, son of Konante-wanteta; you have sought your own and given us nothing; you have spent upon yourself the money that the good, truth-loving mission folks of our home-land gave you for our good — for our homes, and schools, and churches; you have told us the Great Father at Washington was our friend, and, behold!



'DANIEL BREAD BROKE IN UPON THESE WORDS OF WELCOME.'

he has taken from us our fathers' lodges; he gives us nothing in this land of the Menominees and the Winnebagoes. We have heard the tale. We know the truth. Son of Konante-wanteta, you have lied! You are no longer chief or leader of the sons of the Ho-den-o-sau-ne!"

"What has my brother heard? Who has filled his mouth with lies?" demanded Eleazer Williams, controlling himself with all the inherited stoicism of his Indian nature, at this unexpected arraignment and condemnation from those he thought his willing tools. Even Joe Harvey, who thought he knew the man so well, was surprised at the self-possession of his former patron.

"We have seen the war chief whom the Great Father sent to tell us the truth," replied Daniel Bread. "We have seen the treaty paper he would sign with the Menominees that sets us aside as those who come where they have no right, and must go where they are not wanted. Why has the Great Father done this? Is it because he knows you for a deceiver and a leader into evil, who would make of our misfortune a lining for your own pockets, and a hearth for your own home? Answer us; why did he do this?"

"My brothers," said Eleazer Williams, waving them aside and walking boldly before them, "you are fools and blind; you are moles and bats! Will you

trust one who comes to you with a mouth filled with lying as with sand? Will you sell for promises which bring nothing, your faith to me, who for moons and many more moons has been your teacher, leader, and friend? How long have I labored to make you men, better than your brothers who still are but pagans and children, to make you like the white men, in clothes and speech and knowledge, fitted to become, like the white men, leaders of your race, high chiefs in the new league which my brothers of the Six Nations were to lead? I have labored long; I have given home and health and life for your welfare. And how do you repay me? Now, when matters seem dark, — because of the lying tongues of the white men and the foolishness of the war chiefs of the Sacs, — but when, as I tell you true, my plans were never nearer success, you think the black cloud the end of all things, and fly to cover like Shin-gap-is, the water-hen. You are no better than your fathers, worshippers of Ta-wats, the hare-god — you who boasted yourselves men and Christians, leaders of that new nation of the world-owners you and I were to found. Go! I will find me other men. The sons of this land of Ka-ni-ga are worthier than you. You are not braves, but women who have no seat at the council-fire. I forbid you to work with me. I forbid you to listen to other black-coats, or follow other missionaries.

I will be great, but not by your help; I shall be a mighty Christian chief, but you shall slink back to your pagan ways, hateful to your brothers and the sport of the white man. Go! you are no longer brothers of mine."

The effect of their former leader's stern and biting words was threefold. In Eleazer Williams, himself, scarcely yet brought back to earth from the imperial flight he had taken in his talk with the Frenchman Bellenger, his own defiance to his backsliding followers wrought him to a pitch of Indian fury; upon Joe Harvey, still not entirely freed from the influence of this extraordinary adventurer, there came, at once, amazement at the man's courage under defeat, and fear lest he might be swayed back to his leadership; but the Indians, to whose stolidity and stoicism had been added the dictations of the stern faith preached to them by the very man they would now depose, were but little moved by the commands of one who, so they felt, had used them ill. The "ugh!" of half-approbation quickly changed to the "ho!" of denial, as Daniel Bread again took up their case.

"And who are you to say to us 'forbid' and 'go'?" he demanded. "For now many moons we have followed your counsels. And where are we to-day? Homeless, wanderers, cast off by the brothers we have

left, cast out by the tribes you promised we should lead. What promise to us have you kept? Not one. For our faith, you have given us neglect; for our following, you have done us heavy wrong; for our good-will, you have returned but deceit and lies, and now, when the Great Father favors those who would persecute us, you, too, would abandon us in the wilderness—our money spent, the schools, the churches, the religious privileges, and the power you promised denied us. You are no leader, but a false one; you are no teacher, but a lying one; you are no chief, but a traitorous one. Is it not so, my brother?"

And every Indian in his company, to whom the Oneida turned in appeal, responded with "ugh!" and "ho!"

"His mouth is filled with lies," they said.

"Go! do you say?" cried Daniel Bread, his voice heavy with sarcasm, censure, and repudiation. "No; it is we who say go. Is it you who say, I cast you off? No; it is we who tell you that. Son of Konante-wanteta! we are no longer brothers and companions. We dismiss you as our teacher; we scorn you as our leader; we separate from you, all of us; and we shall warn the Great Father and the agents he sends us, the State of New York which must help us, the Church and the good black-coats who were to aid us, that, from

this day and forever, no longer must they or shall we recognize you as having authority or command over us; we forbid you to speak in our name or in any way to meddle with our affairs, which are no longer yours. I have spoken. Son of Konante-wanteta, we go from you forever!"

"Ugh! we have spoken," echoed every man of the twelve, and turning without further glance or handshake or word of farewell, the representatives of the Six Nations, whom Williams affirmed he had "reclaimed," left their repudiated and deposed leader and made their way back to their lodges on Duck Creek.

For an instant Eleazer Williams stood annihilated and broken under the scathing indictment of those on whose faithfulness, whatever might occur, he had so implicitly relied; he clutched weakly at the horse-post before his house and then sank dejected and forlorn upon the doorstep of his home. His head dropped into his hands, and even Joe Harvey, who remained after the others had departed, felt an uncontrollable pity and sympathy for this repudiated leader, this fallen Moses of an "emancipated" race.

"I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Williams," he began, laying a hand upon the man's shoulder; but Williams, recovering himself at once, looked earnestly at the lad an instant and then, with a toss of his head as if he had

flung aside all his dejectedness and the sting of defeat, sprang to his feet.

"Ah! you remain, Joe," he said. "And you — are you true to me yet, even when these fickle fools of red-skins play into the hands of my enemies? Stick by me, Joe, and I'll get even with them yet."

But Joe Harvey shook his head.

"No, Mr. Williams," he said; "I'm mighty sorry for you, sir; for I hate to see any one who has planned so much get such a backset as this. But my mind has long been made up. It is my duty, sir, as a true and loyal American, to have nothing to do with schemes that mean harm or disgrace to the republic. I came back with Daniel Bread because he asked me to. Now I must go back to the fort. Good-by, sir; but if I can do anything for you that is right or that can really help you to get back into the good graces of the Indians, please let me know. I'd be glad to serve you in any honorable way."

The old defiant air came back to the downfallen leader.

"Good graces, eh! A lot you can do, Joe Harvey — you, whom I took out of your humdrum country life and tried to make a man of!" he exclaimed. "I'll have none of your help. He who serves me must do it unquestioningly and because I tell him to. Do you

think I am affected by all this balderdash these red betrayers have flung at me? Bah! that for it all!" and he snapped his fingers in contempt. "I am still commander and chief, for all they may boast and brag. There are still those who will side with me, even if you and yonder timid traitors go back on me. The State of New York, the land company, and the missionaries are still my friends. I'll have these immoral and refractory members of my charge disciplined by the Church, and punished by those upon whom they depend, so that every sneaking Oneida of them will come crawling back to my feet to sue for pardon and reinstatement. I've more cards to play than they know of, or you, either, Joe Harvey, for all the hold you think you have upon my secrets and my plans. The world shall yet be startled by what I do and say, and you, Joe Harvey, whom I loved as a son, and treated as my confidant, will live to see how you made the great mistake of your life in leaving me when fortune seemed to frown, and whined about your pity, which I will have none of, and your sympathy, which I despise. Go! I wash my hands of you."

He turned away and walked into his house; and Joe Harvey, amazed, and wondering at the audacity of the man, and curious as to what the new plan might be with which this fallen Moses of the Chris-

tian Oneidas would yet "startle the world," mounted his horse and took his backward way to the fort.

But on a slight rise in the road, from which he could get a last glimpse of the house at Little Kakaulin, the lad turned and looked back. His former leader had come again to the doorway and stood before it, evidently lost in thought. The western sun had lost itself in a cloud; the gloom of its withdrawal left the house in shadow, and the stout, well-built figure of the man in the doorway showed dim in the distance. But even as, with a final touch of pity, the boy turned away, through a rift in the cloud the sun burst out an instant and threw a fleeting gleam of light across the open door. As if it were the visitation of a new shaft of hope, Eleazer Williams turned his face toward it, and raising his hands high above his head, in true Indian fashion, seemed to welcome and make acknowledgment of it. Then the cloud closed again, the gleam of sunshine faded quickly, and the shadow settled once more upon the figure of the man in the doorway.

Joe Harvey rode slowly down the slope. It was the last sight he ever had of Eleazer Williams.

"I wonder if that sunburst meant anything?" he said, with a certain childish faith in omens. Then he shook his head. "No, it was sunset, I reckon,"

he added, and putting his horse into a gallop, rode swiftly to the eastward and the fort at Green Bay.

The Indians had turned off into their road to Duck Creek, and Joe did not catch up with them. But when he reached Fort Howard, he found Colonel Stambaugh and reported so much of the Indian visit and his own observation as might not seem tale-bearing or a spy's report. For though his confidence and faith in Eleazer Williams were gone, he would not permit himself to make merchandise of the man's misfortunes or disclose the words he had spoken in confidence.

"He'll startle the world, will he?" said the colonel, as Joe closed his report. The boy could not find anything in that threat of his former chief but the boasting and vamping of defeated ambition, and he was rather attracted by its dramatic effect. "Well, other folks can startle as well as the Reverend Eleazer, and now that even his Injuns have gone back on him, I don't see that the United States need tremble. He's nothing but a big bag of wind, I reckon; but the sooner we push that treaty through, the better. I'll attend to that after this Black Hawk business is over. Oh, speaking of Injuns, there's a chap here—a French chap—who knows Williams well, and has been asking about him. He's out here, too, to look into this

Oneida business. I had hard work to keep him and that firebrand of a Bellenger from coming to blows, but I've shipped off little Bellenger on a mission to the French Indians up the lake, so I reckon there'll be no civil war in France in this part of the world just now. I wonder if you know this new chap. He says his name is—hullo! there he is; hi, there! Monsieur, Mr.—what's his name?—this way, please."

And Joe, looking in the direction of the colonel's summons, saw coming toward them "that other Frenchman"—the "French Injun," as he had called him—De Ferriere, "the marquis," as Mr. Ogden had introduced him.

"Why, it's the marquis!" cried Joe, advancing to meet his former travelling companion when he had led his "retinue" on to Washington. "What are you here for, marquis?" he demanded, shaking hands with the swarthy-faced Frenchman who, years ago, had transported his nobility to the security of the northern forests of the Adirondack region.

The colonel left them together.

"See me again soon, young Harvey," he said to Joe. "I think I have use for you in this Injun business of mine."

The marquis answered Joe's inquiry with a puzzled look.

"I am come, young sir," he said, "to see the Injuns of Priest Williams; and behold, I found them not at — what you call it? — the Creek of the Ducks, yonder. They tell me Cornelius Bear and Daniel Bread have fallen out with Priest Williams. And why? Can you tell me, boy?"

Joe could and did. Fresh from the "act of repudiation" at Little Kakaulin, the affair was so prominent in his memory that he was able to give De Ferriere a full and vivid account of the break.

The Frenchman evinced but little surprise. Long contact with the Indians had given him a habit of repression foreign to the French nature.

"Ah, so! It has come, eh? I am not the — how you say? — surprised one. This El-ezar — this Priest Williams of ours — he has not been of so much helping to his Injuns as to Priest Williams. And where does he go now? What does he say?"

Joe reported this, too, — the first exhibition of despair by Williams over his treatment by the Oneidas, and his return to his defiant and over-confident position.

"He says he will yet startle the world, Mr. De Ferriere," said Joe. "How?"

"Bah! he has said that times in many," declared the Frenchman. "And how? Will he perhaps turn wild Injun and lead those red men of your West

on the war-path, or will he, my friend, spring on us, as you would say, his Bourbon dream, and say he is a prince of *la belle France*? eh, I ask you, which?"

"Well, but is he that, truly, marquis?" queried Joe. "He has told me some very strange things."

"Ah, I believe you, *mon cher*," replied De Ferriere. "It is at times that I have thought our Priest Williams was crazy—to have what you would call ze bee in his bonnet. A prince, he? The Dauphin perhaps. *Peste!* My prince is dead, long since dead." And the loyal servant of the old régime doffed his cap to the memory of the lost heir of the Louis. "De Beauchesne has told me so. He has written me thus: 'I saw the little Dauphin dead in the Temple, and it is a curse upon me if, possessing thus the truth, I should suffer myself to lie.' Priest Williams, the son of Louis the Martyr! Ah! he is a crazy—what you call the luna-tic—to say so."

Joe nodded.

"I never quite believed the story," he declared; "though, really, Mr. Williams did not tell me much. He only made a big bluff about what he was and how he would astonish folks with the truth, some day. But you're loyal still to your old king, I see, marquis. Napoleon didn't set you off, as he did your friend Bellenger, did he?"

"My friend! that slave of the Corsican, my friend, you say?" exclaimed the old Frenchman. "See! Napoleon, he comes, he goes! Pouf! it is over, but the house of Bourbon remains."

"I ought to be a bit of a Frenchman myself, I suppose," said Joe, "being named for Lafayette, my godfather."

"Ah, ze marquis! he was a dreamer too," said De Ferriere. "Like Priest Williams he would have led the French to great things, but the *sans culottes*, *hein!* zey led him ze dance almost to ze death. But he was true man, was the Marquis Lafayette, and never trusted the Corsican corporal. As for his bee in ze bonnet—well! my friend, it was you American people who put it zare."

"That's so," Joe assented. "But he did well for us. He helped us to our liberty. I'm proud to have his name."

"It is well; it is a good name, that," the old royalist said. "It is not I that have the quarrel with Monsieur the Marquis de Lafayette. Mine is with that *coquin* Napoleon who overthrew our princely house."

"And who said, so Bellenger told me," added Joe, "that one day he would divide up these United States and make a kingdom for one of your Bourbon princes."

"Pft!" the Frenchman fairly spat on the ground in his contempt, "and to what Bourbon prince—to the Prince Eleazer, perhaps? Said I not that Bellenger was crazy? And what said Priest Williams to that?"

"He believed it," replied Joe, "and said he might yet be the heir to the empire."

"My friend," said De Ferriere, solemnly, tapping the boy's breast with an emphatic finger, "the world is full of ze lu-na-tics, and this America of yours is where they find the asylum. Heed them not. Be you a real American, as I am Frenchman. Yes, I will return to my native land. The Corsican is long dead; my people are in their minds of right, is it not? I have had enough of the forest and the Injuns—all but my good wife—she have the best of the Injun blood. And now, she and I, we have farms and land; but I will die a Frenchman. I will sell my possessions and return to my estates in France. What is a man's life, if he be not a loyal son of his fatherland? I will die a Frenchman. Do you remain ever an American. Ze Injun is past; ze America is for such as you, who can make it free and great and noble. Stick you by ze stars and stripes, as I will die beneath the *fleur de lis*."

In the fervor of his loyalty he pressed the boy's hand effusively, and Joe caught the inspiration of his patriotism.

"Yes, America for me, sir!" he said. "I don't know how I ever came to be led away by Mr. Williams's flighty schemes."

"He has a marvel of a tongue, boy, has Priest Williams," De Ferriere replied. "I blame you not. I, too, have felt its fascination — what you call its *charme*! But I have never given him the trust in me; he and I were often at the points of the swords over his ways. Be done with him, my son, and live for your country. Ze man who follows ze *aventurier* — ze adventurer — is to wake of himself some day and find of himself a man wizout a country. *Hélas!* and that is sad. I have tried it."

Joe felt so, too, and when, later, he sought Colonel Stambaugh's quarters for orders, he felt prepared to do anything, to go anywhere, if he could but show his devotion and loyalty as a son of the republic.

The colonel's orders were a bit startling.

"Harvey," he said, "I want you to go to Washington with despatches for the President."

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHAT THE PRESIDENT SAID.

TO Washington! Joe could scarcely conceal his surprise. But he said nothing to indicate this surprise. Already had he learned the lesson of obedience through his manifold disciplines and experiences.

"Yes, sir," he said, acknowledging the order.

But the colonel evidently felt that some explanation was due, even to his young messenger.

"You see it's this way, Harvey," he said. "This treaty-making business will be something for the new Indian agent, Colonel Boyd, to attend to when he arrives. I've got my hands full of this recruiting the Menominee friendlies whom Colonel Childs is rounding up for me. We've got about three hundred of 'em now, and it's a job to put 'em into condition. But one of the arguments we've used with the Menominees is that the New York Indians shall not be given their lands. This is what I want the President to know, or there'll be some sort of a scrimmage between the War Department and the Indian Commissioner. That's why

I want you to make double quick time to Washington and get there before Colonel Boyd, the new agent, comes West. The *Walk-in-the-Water* is due to leave the Bay to-morrow. I want you to be ready to go back in her."

"I am ready now, colonel," Joe announced.

"I'll have my despatches ready to-night," the colonel told him. "After you reach Washington you can place yourself at the President's disposal. I shall have no further orders for you, and I'm not so sure, Joe Harvey, that it is wise for you to come back this way, just now. I'm not sure that the vicinity of Eleazer Williams, whether he's up or whether he's down, is healthy for so susceptible a young chap as you. He may take it into his crafty head to do some of that 'startling-the-world' business he spoke of, and I don't want to see him gather you in again among his tools—I don't say fools, you notice, Joe. For, after all, a bright and willing young fellow like you isn't apt to be fooled twice. Still, I don't think it is wise to place you in the way of temptation. You've got too good a name and too loyal a lot of forbears to be led into this union-splitting, treason-playing business, and I think a good, strong dose of Andrew Jackson will be better for you than a second course in Eleazer Williams."

"I think I've had my eyes opened, colonel," said Joe. "I've had one experience with Mr. Williams, and I don't think I'm likely to repeat it."

"No doubt you think so, Joe," said the colonel; "but you've been pitying him in his downfall, and there was one of those old poet chaps, I believe it was, who said 'pity is akin to love.' Eleazer Williams is just a fat, lazy, good-for-nothing Injun. But I will admit that he is cunning, crafty, fruitful in expedients to raise the wind, and unscrupulous as to his way of accomplishing it—as you are a living witness, Joe Harvey. I wouldn't believe him under oath; he is dishonest, false, and tricky, and you'll find, I think, that these Oneidas he's fooled won't be the only ones to bring charges against him. Such a man as that is not good company for a boy like you; for just such men as he are the ones to pull the wool over the eyes of just such ambitious, go-ahead chaps as you."

"But surely he's done some good, colonel," said Joe, not altogether relishing this severe judgment of the man to whom he had once pledged "his life, his fortune, and his sacred honor," as did the men of the Revolution when they signed the Declaration. He couldn't help feeling that Colonel Stambaugh was biassed in his opinion, blinded by his dislike, and over-influenced by his disbelief in Eleazer Williams.

"I don't think I'm putting it too strong, Joe," the colonel replied. "It isn't just my own opinion, Joe; it's that of most cautious people who've had anything to do with the man. I've had a long experience with Injuns though, and I will say this for the man: he is just what you might expect of a man with such upbringing as he's had. He's obstinate and he's sly; he's cunning and he's tricky; he's a boaster and a liar; but then, a man reared as he was, amid savage surroundings, ought to be judged, I suppose, by a different standard than—well, such a one as I'd be inclined to set up for you, Joe Harvey, brought up among good, honest white folks and the son of good patriots. You see, Joe, no one can, as in the case of Williams, fraternize from childhood with Injuns without becoming an Injun—and most of them I have found to be vain, deceitful, and boastful. That's just what Eleazer Williams is, and it won't surprise me if he does, some day, carry out the threat he made you and 'startle the world' with some new fairy story so as to get himself noticed and talked about. But such men are not the right kind of associates for a truth-loving, well-intentioned lad like you; so I'm going to send you into the more bracing air of Andrew Jackson. There's no such thing as falsehood or cunning, at any rate, about 'Old Hickory.' He'll let you know

what he thinks without mincing matters; and that's the sort of a man to tie to, even if he is a bit emphatic. A warm friend and a hot enemy! that's Andrew Jackson, President of these United States; and you know where to find him every time. You get ready to go East and find him."

Joe left the colonel for the few simple preparations for his journey. He could not help feeling that he was being removed from temptation rather than allowed to face it and prove his ability to do so triumphantly. But Washington was near home, and he had begun to feel that his duty lay by the side of his dear old father at Chadd's Ford, even if his brothers were inclined to be disagreeable and "bossy."

"I suppose," he said to himself, "it's all the more credit to a fellow to do his duty when things aren't just pleasant about him, than to have everything smooth and easy."

From which you can see that Joseph Harvey was being moulded by experience into a pretty brave sort of a philosopher.

It was in this frame of mind that, his few arrangements completed, he was strolling across the "parade ground" of Fort Howard. He was almost inclined to pay a good-by visit to Eleazer Williams at Little Kakaulin, and make a final test of his ability to withstand

temptation, when, almost midway across the parade, he ran against a long, lanky, honest-faced soldier whom he was sure he recognized, as he met the friendly look of those half-sad, half-humorous eyes.

"Why, Cap'n Lincoln!" he exclaimed. "What are you doing here?"

"Not cap'n, son, any longer, — well, I vow! it's the chap named for Lafayette, Joe Harvey, ain't it?" cried the soldier in greeting.

And the welcoming hands grasped both those of the boy.

"Not cap'n?" exclaimed Joe. "Why, what's the matter?"

"Nothing the matter with me, Joe," said Lincoln. "The matter's with my men. Remember what I told you down at Dixon's, that I'd come here to fight this thing to a finish, and I'd do it, even if I had to 'list as a private and march in the ranks. Well, that's just what I'm doing. I'm private Abraham Lincoln now, 'horseman' in Cap'n Jake Early's spy company, — scouts, you know. My fellows were mustered out at Ottawa and went home. They'd had enough of soldiering, they said. Well, so had I, as far as that. But I didn't go into this thing for fun; I went in because I thought it was my duty, so I've enlisted for the war, — and here I am. I've been sent across country with special

despatches, and I'm on my way back now, to camp. Haven't seen a smitch of fighting yet; but war isn't all fighting, you know. Somebody's got to fetch and carry."

Joe looked in admiration upon this long, awkward, honorable soldier, and, boy though he was, felt that he was seeing a real man, — one who, in simple and straightforward fashion, having a duty to do, did it, without waste of words or boastfulness of humility. To be ready for any service, high or humble, lofty or lowly, — that was the story of Abraham Lincoln's life; and how grandly he accepted burdens, did his "stint," and died, a martyr to that same sense of duty, all the world knows to-day, and hails him as the greatest American of the nineteenth century.

"You're a good man, Cap'n Lincoln — I'm goin' to call you cap'n, anyhow," said Joe, enthusiastically. "I'm glad I met you again. I'm off for the East to-morrow to do my duty — go home and help my father."

"Good boy," said Lincoln, nodding his head in approval. "A fellow that has a good old father, such as I'm sure you have, can't stick by him too closely if he thinks he's needed at home. This Western country of ours is a great place; and it's chock full of opportunities for a bright young chap to make his way in, and perhaps his fortune. But I like to see him take hold of

his fortune by the right end, and from all I can hear of this Eleazer Williams of yours, I don't think you had the right end, Joe. Did you go back to him, and have it out with him like a man, as I told you to?"

"That's just what I did, sir," replied Joe, and then he told "Private" Lincoln the story of his experience.

"Well, well!" said Lincoln, crossing his long legs, as he sat on the log to which they had both dropped for their talk. "You did have a siege, Joe. Well, you're better for it, I reckon, and I think Colonel Stambaugh has done just right in ordering you East. I like to see a fellow, even if he isn't much more than a boy, face what he's got to, and face it as you did. It helps make a man of him. I've been through some trying times myself, — even when I was younger than you, Joe, some of 'em came to me, — but I always tried to do what I had to, man-fashion, if I thought I saw my duty; and, please God, I'll keep on the same way, and I believe it does please God, Joe, to see a chap do his duty. He don't generally let a fellow like that fail. For don't you see, he brings out what's in you — even if he does it through what looks like failure; and failure sometimes turns out to be the best kind of success. You see, God looks at things different from what we do, and he knows what's best for us and how much we can bear. Well, I must be off," he said, pulling himself to his feet. "Oh, say,

Joe," he added, "I saw your foundling again — that little girl, you know. Old man Dixon found her folks for her, and I tell you, I give 'em a piece of my mind. What do you s'pose the little thing said, though? Says she to me, 'I want to see my boy. Where's my boy?' That's you, Joe. I told her you were fighting Injuns, and she said, 'Don't let them hurt him; he was so good to me, I want to see him.' That's loyalty for you, Joseph. You're beginning early with the ladies, though, son."

Joe laughed with his friend. But his heart went out toward the little waif.

"I'd like to see her, too," he said. "She was mighty cute, wasn't she? Some day when I come out West here, to make that fortune, you know, I'm just going to hunt her up and let her have some of my good luck — if I have any."

"You'll have it, don't you fear, son," Lincoln replied. "Just you keep your head, and do what comes to you the best you can. Just you have faith that right makes might, — not the other thing, — and in that faith just you go ahead and do your duty as you understand it, and I'll trust the end to come out all right. Good-by, Joe. If you ever get out into this country again, hunt me up down in Sangamon County, and we'll have a good talk over old times when you and I, Joe Harvey, fit, bled, and died (!) in the war against Mr. Black Hawk."

One more hand-clasp, and the long, young private who had been a captain, but was ready to serve in any way that seemed best, was gone. But Joe Harvey never forgot him, and strengthened by his good advice and by the friendly helpfulness of the man turned to the East where now his duty lay.

The wheezy old steamer *Walk-in-the-Water*, which did little more than walk in the water of the great lakes for a score of years, took the "messenger to the President" on board at noon next day, and after long days of journeying, by many conveyances, Joe Harvey stood once more in the streets of Washington.

He hastened at once to the White House with his despatches.

"A messenger from the Injun country, eh?" said the President, as Joe was shown into the little room that was the old hero's "den," and where he found him, as he had before, smoking his dearly loved corn-cob pipe. "Well, what you got for me, son?"

Joe handed him Colonel Stambaugh's despatch and made his brief explanations.

"O ho! it's that treaty business with the Menominees, is it?" the President said, looking from under his shaggy eyebrows at the youthful messenger. "No, Colonel Boyd hasn't gone yet. But he starts in a day

or two, I believe. I'll look into these papers and see him about Stambaugh's advices."

Again he eyed the boy sharply.

"Pretty young messenger to be taking that long journey, aren't ye?" he queried. "But haven't I seen you before? There's something about your face that looks mighty familiar."

"Remember that day, general, when you marked out the new treasury building with your cane," said Joe, delighted to think that he was recognized by Jackson. "I lent you my lucifers to light your pipe, you know."

The President slapped his knee.

"That's it!" he cried. "I thought I knew you. I've got a right smart memory for faces. You're the chap that was named for Lafayette, aren't you—some relation, or something?"

"His godson, sir," replied Joe, proudly.

"That's it; that's it," repeated the President. "Well, what you been doing with yourself, son, away out in that Western country,—nothing to disgrace your name, I hope."

"I hope not, sir," Joe replied, but his heart sunk a bit, even as he made the answer. He wondered whether General Jackson would think he had disgraced his name by going with Eleazer Williams.

Again the President sent that searching glance straight to the boy's face.

"Hm!" he grunted. "You don't say that right confident, son. There shouldn't be any hesitation about a straight-out answer to such a question. What you been at? Why! see here; weren't you along with that fellow that was trying to run the New York Injun end of this Michigan territory business — what's his name — Williams? Weren't you in his train?"

Joe acknowledged that he was.

"And you went out West with him, eh?" said the President. "Did you give him my advice to stick to his preaching and give up politics? Oh, you did. And he wouldn't take it? well, you see where it's landed him. Remember what I told you — that we weren't going to let those Injuns spread themselves, and that I didn't see where your Mr. Williams and you would come in. Well, you didn't come in, did you? Looks as if that parson was going to come out, though — at the little end of the horn, too, eh?"

And the President laughed heartily at his own joke.

Joe felt that he could not long withstand the searching questions of this straightforward old man. He did not intend to be misunderstood. If he must make a clean breast of it, he felt that he had better do so at once, and have it over.

"Do you remember what you said to me, general, that day when I gave you the lucifers?" he began. "You told me not to take any high-flying chances at glory or gold getting—and to look before I leaped. I took the chances, sir. I believed in Mr. Williams and his great plans for success, and—"

The boy hesitated.

"And here you are, eh? You took a header, did you, and landed in the ditch?" queried the President. "Tell me about it; wait till I light up again. There now, fire away."

Joe told his story briefly but honestly, while the President listened in silence.

"Um, hum!" the general said, knocking the ashes from his pipe, as the boy concluded. "So that's it, eh? 'Member what I told you, not to strike out until you saw something worth striking for. Well, you struck, didn't you—but, great glory! what did you strike at, son? The impossible. Did you think for a moment that crazy scheme of a great Indian confederacy on the borders of the republic would ever be permitted? This land is ours, son, from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and no red Injun, blasted Britisher, or parley-vooing Frenchman is going to get it from us, you mind that. No, sir, and no fire-eating, big-talking nullifier is going to stand in our

path either, and try to break up the Union, as long as Andrew Jackson is in the saddle. We're wide-awake here, we are; we know what's going on. The Union will be preserved, as Mr. Calhoun and your Mr. Williams will both of 'em find out. There has been too much blood and treasure shed to obtain it by just such men as your father, the Revolutioner, and the Lafayette you were named for, and others who came after them; and we won't let it be surrendered without a struggle. Surrendered? By the Eternal! it shall never be surrendered! Our liberty and that of the whole world rests upon our maintaining the Union unbroken just as much as do the peace, prosperity, and happiness of these United States. The Union shall be preserved, I say; it must be perpetuated!"

The old hero was fully wrought up now, and was striding up and down his little "office," his face flushed with determination. Joe really trembled. He saw how nearly he had been brought to treachery and disloyalty.

But Andrew Jackson had quite forgotten Joseph Harvey. His mind was filled with a mightier danger than that of the crack-brained scheme of an Indian adventurer. To his great and ever dominant loyalty to the Union the schemes of those who threatened

its disruption were, indeed, the crime of the century, and he was ever brooding upon his duty and his policy.

"They've passed some sort of an ordinance down in South Carolina," he said, continuing his walk. "That ordinance and the governor's message are rebellion, and war against the Union. The raising of troops with which they threaten to resist the laws of the United States is absolute treason. But I'll meet 'em. I'll put a stop to these proceedings. And so will the people. The people of this republic will speak in a voice of thunder that will make the leaders of the nullifiers tremble, and bring the citizens of South Carolina back to the Union they have sworn to support. This treasonable work against the Union is a blow, not only at our liberties, but at the liberties of the world. I will not acknowledge the right of any states to absolve themselves at will, and without the consent of the other States, from their most solemn obligations, and hazard the liberties and happiness of the millions composing the Union.

"Folks call me 'Old Hickory'; well, hickory is tough. The man who runs himself against me has got to look out. I'm a forbearing man, up to a certain point; but open and organized resistance to the republic I will not countenance. I'll put it down, or

my name's not Andrew Jackson. The supremacy of the laws shall be maintained if it takes the army and navy of the United States and General Scott, too, to maintain it."

Joe fairly quailed before "Old Hickory's" determined and resistless words.

"I wonder where that will land Eleazer Williams," he said to himself, "and where would it have landed me, if I had stayed with him?"

He kept his thoughts to himself, however, and, gradually, his excitement worked off, the President came to himself, and recognized that he had been expressing himself so vigorously in the presence of a boy and a messenger who needed attention. He laughed softly, as he laid a firm hand upon the lad's shoulder.

"Well! I didn't mean to read you all this lecture, son," he said. "I reckon you don't need it; but when I get to thinking over the way some folks who should be good and loyal Americans are carrying on these days, and trying to play with treason, it riles me a heap, and I just talk right out. I wish the people of the whole country would do so, too. If this thing is faced at once and frowned down by public opinion, it'll be better for all hands and may mean the salvation of the Union. Don't you ever be afraid to speak out, Joe Harvey, if you see a wrong being committed.

It clears the atmosphere for a brave man to speak his mind."

"Yes, sir, that's the way Cap'n Lincoln did when his men bullied the Injun," said Joe.

"Who's Cap'n Lincoln, Joe, and what did he do?" inquired the President.

Joe told him the now well-known story of Abraham Lincoln's protection of the unfortunate; Jackson listened and nodded in approval.

"Good piece of work, that was," said the President. "I've been in just such positions myself. I saved a little Injun baby on a battle-field down in Creek County once, and I've never regretted it. I raised that little chap to be quite a boy, and I was mighty sorry when he died. I thought a heap of him, I did. I tell you, Joe, people think I'm a fire-eater and a fighter. I've had to be, sometimes; but, bless you, I'm ready to forgive my enemies,—if they show a proper spirit,—and as for looking out for the weak, the defenceless, and the unfortunate, why! bless you, I'm a good deal like your friend Lincoln; I believe it's a heap like that poet fellow says—I learned those lines by heart, I liked 'em so much:—

"Farewell, farewell; but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding-guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man, and bird, and beast.

“He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.”

Joe thought that was fine, and even the President was visibly affected by his own quotation.

“Well, Joe Harvey,” he said, extending a hand to the boy, “you aren’t exactly a wedding-guest, but we won’t let it be a funeral if we can help it — except perhaps for Eleazer Williams and the nullifiers. I’ll say farewell now, and — stop, let’s see — do you go back with any reply to these despatches from Colonel Stambaugh?”

He looked hastily over the colonel’s letter.

“No, he asks for a conference between me and Colonel Boyd,” said the President, “and I’ll send any return despatches by the new agent. But what’s to become of you, son?”

“I think I’ll go back home, sir,” replied Joe, bravely facing the inevitable.

“That’s right, son,” said General Jackson. “Home’s the best place for any boy who really doesn’t know his own mind. You go and talk things over with your father. And here — hold on! I’ll give you a note to him. You’ve done good service for your country, even if you were switched off once by a

false guide, and your father ought to know how you were tempted, tried, and then — did your duty."

"You don't really think my duty is out there in the Wisconsin region helping to put down Black Hawk?" suggested Joe, in whom the taste for adventure had not yet died out.

"Bless you! no, son," replied Jackson. "General Scott will finish that business up in short measure. He's gone out there with a thousand regulars to take things in hand, and I'll back him against every red-skin this side of glory. Those militiamen you told me of — Cap'n Lincoln's men, and those chaps that made that disgraceful defeat for Stillman — I don't really blame 'em as much as I ought to. But I'm a backwoodsman and a frontiersman myself, Joe, and I know how hard it is to lick militiamen into disciplined troops. They do just naturally hate to be bossed. But they make A 1 soldiers in time. Look at the boys that helped me at New Orleans! They were just the same kind, but we got 'em into trim; and then, too, New Orleans was no picnic, and that's what the Illinois volunteers thought this Black Hawk business was going to be — when it wasn't.

"No, Joe, you go home to your father; there's just as much bravery in being a home guard as there is in running red Injuns off the field. Here,"

he dashed off a few lines and, after sanding them, folded the paper and handed it to Joe, "you give that to your father with General Jackson's compliments, and tell him his son is true to his name; for even above the questionable honor of a king—that's what that crazy Williams expected to be, wasn't it?—he places at last the nobility of an American."

He shook hands warmly with Joe, and gave him a generous requisition in payment of his services; then Joe, thanking him for his kindness and his advice, bowed himself out of the room, and the last glimpse he had of Andrew Jackson was as he saw the old man standing before a map of the Union—so much of which he had helped to establish, defend, and win by his courage—as if to strengthen his determination to keep it "one and inseparable," in spite, as he had declared to Joe, of "Eleazer Williams and the nullifiers."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE NOBILITY OF AN AMERICAN.

SO the prodigal returned.

“But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion on him, and ran and fell on his neck, and kissed him.”

He didn't do exactly like the old father in the parable, of course; for Captain Harvey, of Chadd's Ford, was an American, while the man in the parable was an Oriental, and the ways of Orientals and Yankees are not precisely the same. But he did recognize his son as, footsore and weary, the boy came tramping down the Baltimore pike, and stood at the ford of the Brandywine.

“Hullo, Joe! is that you?” the old man called out across the stream. “I thought it looked like ye. You just stay where you be till I come over for ye.”

And, standing there beside the ford of the Brandywine, where first he had encountered and listened to Eleazer Williams, Joe waited for his father, who drove through the shallow stream in a rattling old one-horse shay, drawn by a limping roan.

Joe recognized the team at once. It was the identical rig in which the would-be "king of France" rode when he accosted Joe from the bank of the stream, and in which, guided by the boy, he had ridden on to the blacksmith's.

"Hullo, father!" cried Joe, struggling to control his feelings by a show of his old-time fun. "Where under the sun did you get that rig?"

"Why, I borrowed it up the road a piece," the old captain replied. "Bill Snedeker was bringing it over from Chester for a chap; and, as I was going to the blacksmith's to get your white colt shod, Tom Pyle, from down Wilmington way, said he'd passed a fellow back on the pike that he thought looked like you. So I borrowed this elegant turnout from Bill, and just drove off to meet you. I've done it before, boy," he added, "and I'm mighty glad it's come true this time. How be ye, anyway?"

He shook hands sedately enough with his boy; but the old hand that had carried a gun at Brandywine shook visibly as it grasped that of his returning son, and the pressure it gave was warm, tender, and welcoming. As for Joe, he broke down altogether. He just flung his arms about his father's neck, and "blubbered," as any repentant prodigal of decent bringing up would surely do.

"There, there, boy," said his father, soothingly; "don't take on so. How be ye, anyway?"

"Mighty glad to get home, dad," Joe replied, "and as ashamed of myself as a mink in a rat-trap."

"Oh, well! that's all right, Joe. I hope ye ain't got anything to be real ashamed of, cause that ain't like a Harvey," his father replied. "And, bless ye, other boys have run off afore, and come back again. As long as you're glad to get back, and ain't done nothing to spile your name and yourself, too, Joe, what's the odds? I vow I'm glad to see ye. I've missed you awful. Let's kiss and call it square."

And, fairly drawn out of himself by his pleasure at his boy's return, the dear old father kissed his son full on the lips, and Joe Harvey knew he was forgiven without question.

"What do the boys say, father? Do they know I've come back?" asked Joe.

"No, they don't know it yet; they may hear of it at the blacksmith's; but don't you be afraid of them, Joe," the old man replied. "I've been thinking things over since I got that note you sent me from Chester, and I've had many a good, square talk with the boys. They didn't always treat you just right, Joe; I know that. I've told 'em so; and, more 'n that, I told 'em if ever you did come back while I was alive, I wasn't

going to have you pestered and picked on. You're my son, I told 'em, same as they be, and you had just as many rights, and just as much due ye, as they had. They'll be all right, don't you fret. Besides, you've seen a lot of the world, and I reckon you know how to hold your own now. Where ye been, Joe, and what ye been a-doin'?"

Joe put his hand in his pocket, and drew forth the President's note.

"Just you read that, father," he said; "I'll drive."

He took the reins and turned into the by-road that led to the Harvey farm, while his father, adjusting his big spectacles, opened the note.

"What! from Gin'ral Jackson?" he said. "Well, well, Joe! you have seen things."

And then he read the "President's message."

"My dear Captain Harvey," it said, "I send you this by your son, Joseph Lafayette Harvey, who has served his country loyally as a true son of the republic, who has learned to withstand temptation, to do his duty, and to make his father as proud of him and of his name, as is yours respectfully, Andrew Jackson."

"By George, Joe!" cried the old man, enthusiastically; "that's something to keep, that is. And Andrew Jackson writ it! What's he mean? Tell us all about it."

Then Joe Harvey told his father the story of his adventures—there, as they jogged up the hill in the old one-horse shay, and later, on the broad step before the door of his home, where father and son sat long in conversation, while the limping roan cropped the grass at his will and wondered where he really belonged, anyhow.

So the home-coming was all that Joe could desire. Indeed, he would have welcomed a certain amount of censure, sternness, and criticism as justly his due. But none of these came from his good old father, who was too happy to have his "Benjamin" by his side once again to question his actions or find fault with his motives.

"I suppose any other wide-awake young fellow like you, who didn't know any more of the world than you did, would have done the same thing, Joe," he said. "But I reckon it's been a mighty good lesson to you. 'All is not gold that glitters,' is what your copy-book says, you know, and ye've found it so, Joe, ain't ye?"

"Yes, I have, dad," the boy replied. "I found it out for myself, and I learned it, too, from what Lieutenant Anderson and Cap'n Lincoln told me. I tell you, father, they're fine men, they are. I'll bet we'll hear great things of them some day."

"You may, my boy," the old man replied. "I reckon I won't be in the land of the living, though, when they get to be old enough to do things. But I'll tell you, boy, it's because we old chaps—me and Lafayette, your godfather, and Gin'ral Jackson, and the rest of 'em—stood true to the colonies and the Union, and tried to keep up what Washington taught us and led us into, that such new fellows as those you tell me about, and such boys as you who are going to be men in time, will work and act and die, if need be, to keep the republic up to the mark, defend it from all danger, inside and out, and just show the world that there is something greater than kings and princes—what Gin'ral Jackson called the nobility of an American!"

The years went by; and Joe Harvey, true to the lessons of duty and loyalty learned from his adventures and experiences, became the man and the citizen his friends had prophesied.

His old father, the soldier of the Revolution, died beside the flowing Brandywine, where, under Washington and Wayne and Lafayette, he had, even in defeat, helped to stay the invading force of Cornwallis and the Hessians, and made Yorktown possible and the republic a fact.

Joe's brothers, visibly impressed by the story of the

boy's adventures, the great men who had befriended him, and the letter from General Jackson, changed their manner toward him, and, as their father demanded, "gave the boy a chance."

His chance proved a much better one than his Western dream of success could have given. He farmed the fair acres his father gave him into profitable returns, and, all the more earnest a worker because he was so true and good a citizen, became a real American, loyal in his support of his government through good and evil times, honored by his neighbors, and a rising man in the community.

The tidings of the hopeless war in the West, where, amid the beautiful dells and valleys of the Wisconsin country, Black Hawk, driven to bay, gave up at last in utter surrender and became a prisoner and a "show" to curious Americans, reached the farmhouse at Chadd's Ford through the slow news channels of those ante-telegraph days.

In spite of his devotion to the republic, Joe Harvey could not help feeling both pity and sympathy for this deceived, misguided, and badgered Indian chief, who had saved him from the uplifted hatchet of the murderous Prophet, and who—his lands; his lodges, his tribe, his liberty, all taken from him—had become a homeless wanderer, captive, and "peep-show" to the white man he had dared withstand.

But Joe Harvey lived to learn that even a courageous patriotism must yield to the advance of a broader and more lasting civilization; and when he saw how out of the bloody and sometimes disgraceful Black Hawk War came a knowledge of that fertile and splendid Western country which too long had remained the useless hunting-ground and trackless fastness of savage tribes; when he saw the waves of emigration setting that way, and how, under the care of hardy pioneers and home-making settlers, the park-like region of the Four Lakes, the highlands of the Wisconsin, and the prairies along the Rock began to blossom into a fruitful civilization, he realized that the Black Hawk War was really the beginning of a new era in Western development, and was ready to find a new meaning in the old hymn he had sung again and again:—

“God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.”

Joe Harvey became a home-stayer; but he did go West once or twice. He couldn't help it. He wished to observe for himself this wonderful Western development; he was curious to see the trails he had travelled in danger and disgrace turned into highways along which prosperous homes and growing towns were springing up; his faith was strong enough to

make him an investor in Wisconsin lands, and that investment brought him profit and comfort.

It brought him something else. It brought him a wife. And who do you suppose it was? Susie, his "foundling."

Of course he hunted her up; and because he saw how promising a child she was, and found that her father was dead, her mother married again, and Susie's opportunities for womanly growth rather dubious in a poor, over-crowded frontier cabin, he prevailed upon the girl's mother to let him help. Susie was sent East to school for her education, and in time — well, I don't need to tell you the story — Joe Harvey married her, and, like the "immortal two" of the old fairy stories, "they lived happily ever after."

As to Eleazer Williams, though Joe Harvey never saw him again, he did, as he had promised, "startle the world."

His dream of Indian empire had come to naught; his treasonable schemes against the unity and strength of the republic had fallen before the breath of practical, invincible Americanism; the tide of white civilization had overwhelmed and scattered his Indian "subjects," and even the New York Indians he had counted upon as his "nucleus" of authority were confined to a small reservation, and utterly refused to be guided by or listen to him.

Stung by neglect and defeat, Eleazer Williams lived on at Little Kakaulin unhonored and almost unknown. But, gradually, finding certain people quite as credulous and even less practical than Joe Harvey, he conceived the brilliant idea of boldly claiming what he had secretly confided to a few followers like the boy from Chadd's Ford, and almost twenty years after Joe had left him, he "startled the world" by declaring that he, Eleazer Williams, the half-breed missionary of Green Bay, was the "lost Dauphin" of France, the son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, and therefore the rightful king of France.

The news came to Joe Harvey at Chadd's Ford, and while it did not surprise, it did "startle" him. He had almost forgotten the far-away episode of his boyhood; he had almost forgotten the existence of this man who had tried to lead him from the path of duty and loyalty. But with the tidings of this new "scheme," all the old memories revived, and he knew that the "adventurer" had made the last grand effort of his life, and had kept his threat of the bygone days.

Of course Joe Harvey did not believe it. But other people did; and to this day there are those who still say "yes" to the old question of fifty years ago, "Have we a Bourbon among us?"

But even this last grand scheme of the most remark-

able of American adventurers failed, as had his others. Eleazer Williams could not establish his claim, and he sunk again into obscurity and defeat,—a subject for magazine discussion and the debates of curious investigators, never to become the acknowledged heir of the Bourbons, nor the “issue” that was to throw all Europe into war. To-day, Eleazer Williams is given a place among the picturesque impostors of the world, one of those numerous “claimants to royalty” who had really nothing to claim and no royalty to prove.

Joe Harvey lived to see, and understand, that royalty is not alone the prerogative of kings, nor nobility the property of princes; he discovered that patents and decrees do not make a royal soul; and that as Shakespeare says:—

“Whoe’er amidst the sons
Of reason, valor, liberty, and virtue
Displays distinguished merit, is a noble
Of Nature’s own creating.”

He was fond, too, of quoting to his children those noble and inspiring words of Webster,—the Webster whose great speech he had heard, that wonderful “Black Dan” to whom he had given a lesson in bicycling,—“I was born an American; I live an American; I shall die an American.”

Joe often found himself wondering what would

have been his feelings and condition if the brilliant dreams of Eleazer Williams had "come true" and that wonderful "empire" he promised had been established. He knew, however, that such a thing was impossible on American soil and that it must speedily have crumbled to pieces before the irresistible progress of American liberty, American manners, and American expansion.

When, in August, 1853, Eleazer Williams died "in great poverty, suffering from want of attention and the necessaries of life," Joe made it his duty to befriend the widow of the self-proclaimed "prince," and to help the son, who, in time, erected a monument above the father's lonely grave. The lesson of Eleazer Williams's life gave him food for quite a sermon, and as an offset to the "vanity of human wishes" Joe learned to quote, as embodying the idea of what may be the real nobility of an American citizen, those jubilant verses of Whittier, the poet of American freedom, that emphasized the royal prerogative of the American voter on election day:—

"The proudest now is but my peer,
The highest not more high;
To-day of all the weary year,
A king of men am I!
To-day alike are great and small,
The nameless and the known;

My palace is the people's hall,
The ballot-box my throne!

"To-day let pomp and vain pretence
My stubborn right abide;
I set a plain man's common sense
Against the pedant's pride.
To-day shall simple manhood try
The strength of gold and land;
The wide world has not wealth to buy
The power in my right hand."

"I would have been a nice party to set up a throne and pose as the heir-apparent of a king, wouldn't I?" he would say, and then he would fall back upon his favorite story of his godfather, General Lafayette, the old hero who, after he fought for America's liberties, never used and never allowed others to use his hereditary title of marquis. "A crown! what would I do with a crown?" exclaimed the old hero when the people of Belgium, in 1830, offered him the crown and the title of King of Belgium; "why, it would suit me about as much as a ring would become a cat."

And then Joseph Lafayette Harvey would laugh the merry laugh that kept him young in old age and was a sign of the cheery nature that made him a true American optimist; and he would tell again, for the hundredth time, to the grandchildren who

clamored about his knees, the story of his boyhood days, when, from the forge beside the Brandywine, he rode off in the one-horse shay on his quest for empire, only to discover that, after all, the godson of Lafayette could find no better empire than his home on the farm, no higher title of nobility than to be just a true American, and no grander heritage than to be a loyal and ever willing son of the republic.

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